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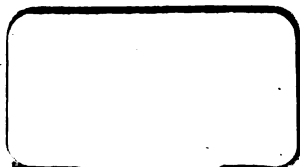
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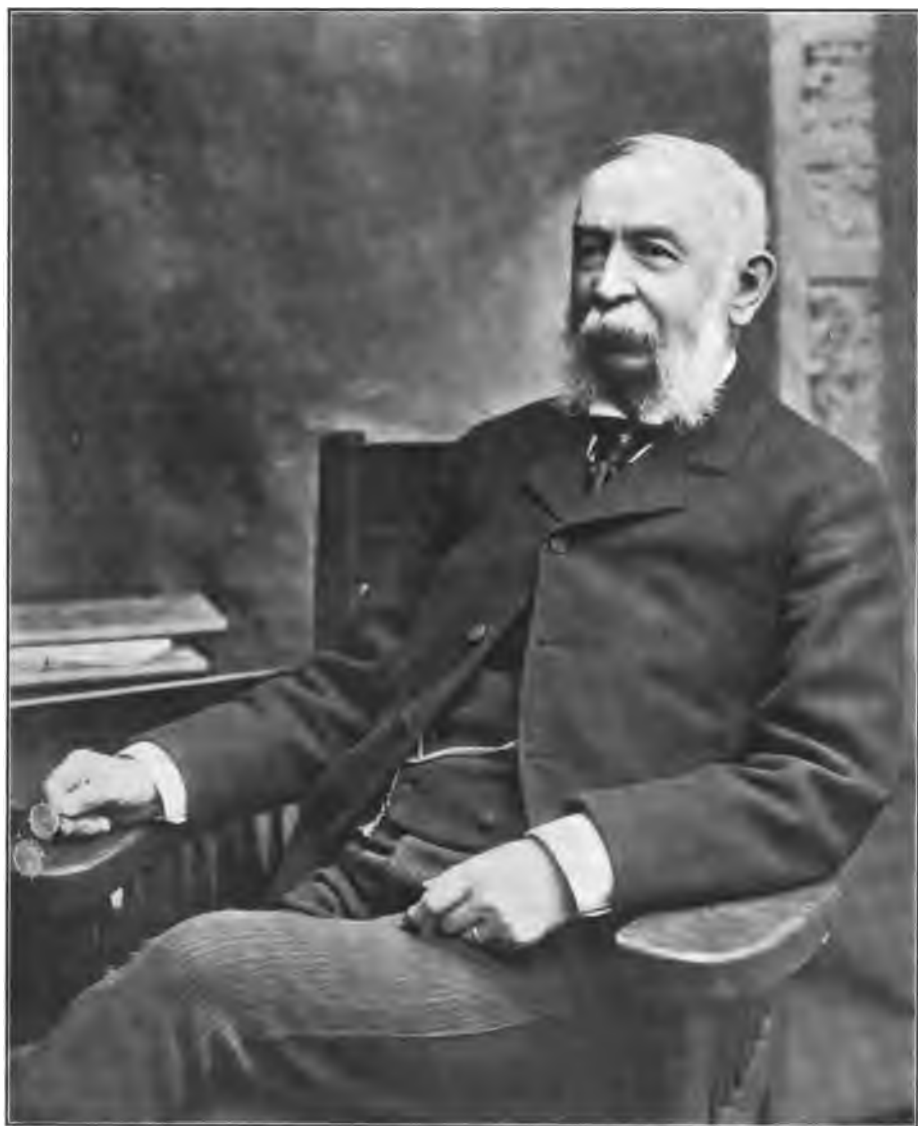
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1901

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THE RAMBLER

THE retirement, on the twenty-second of this month, of Doctor Gilman from the presidency of Johns Hopkins University, whose policy he planned at its foundation, and whose wide field of usefulness he created and organized during the first quarter century of its existence, which measures also the length of his leadership, is an event of far more than local interest, for Dr. Gilman ranks high among the leaders in our modern higher educational system. His services in that cause have been to the nation, not merely to the city and state that harbor Johns Hopkins.

Born at Norwich, Conn., on July 6, 1831, Mr. Gilman was graduated at Yale in 1852. He then studied for three years in Berlin, returning at their expiration to his Alma Mater, to be successively her librarian, and professor of physical and political geography. From 1872 to 1875 he was president of the University of California, and was then invited by the trustees of the institution endowed by Johns Hopkins to guide its fortunes. He assumed his new office on May 1, 1875, and opened the doors of the new University to students on October 3, 1876, mak-

ing it from the very beginning what he declared in his inaugural address that a university should be, "a place for the advanced special education of youth who have been prepared for its freedom by the discipline of a lower school."

A trained teacher himself, Dr. Gilman was, above all else, an organizer like President Eliot, of Harvard, and Andrew D. White, of Cornell, and he ranks with them as a pioneer in the making of our great universities as they exist to-day. Like Mr. White, moreover, he has served his country in another field—as one of the five commissioners selected by President Cleveland in the Venezuela boundary dispute. He gave his services in the making of our city charter, and ever was active in the cause of civil service reform. At its latest annual meeting, the National Civil Service Reform League chose him for its president, on the retirement of the Hon. Carl Schurz.

His life work, however, is the Johns Hopkins University, which, under his able guidance, rose to a place among the great educational institutions of the country. It is hampered by lack of funds, but there can be little doubt that these will

be provided. No better tribute can be paid to the value of services of the retiring president than the donation of an ample endowment for the maintenance of the centre of learning he has created.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose "Herod" is reviewed upon another page, was born near Oxford on the 28th of July, 1868. His father was the precentor of Peterborough Cathedral and had his son educated in the grammar schools of Stratford and Peterborough.

It is said that Mr. Phillips claims descent through his mother from Wordsworth and from the Lloyds, who were well known as the friends of Charles Lamb and Coleridge. In his early years he had a boyish distaste for verse, but while lying on a sick-bed when he was about fifteen his mother read to him Coleridge's "Christabel," a reading from which he dates the charm of the influence of poetry. In 1886 Mr. Phillips went to Cambridge and entered as a student of Queen's College, but his university days were cut short at the end of his first term. Frank Benson, with his troupe of Shakespearian actors, came to the old town and so struck Mr. Phillips' fancy that he left the university and joined the players. Mr. Gosse has recently noted that, like Shakespeare, he played the ghost in "Hamlet," and, also, that he played it with great dignity. The troupe visited various towns, and among others Oxford, and while there Mr. Phillips was again drawn to the study of poetry. This time it resulted in the publication, in that town, in the year 1888, of a small book of verses entitled "Primavera." In 1892 he left the Benson company and gave himself up to quiet study. In 1894 he published an attempt in blank verse, which gives little hint of the results he has since achieved in that form. The poem was entitled "Eremus." Neither of these

books, however, had a circulation wider than is usual with privately printed works, but in 1896 he caught the ear of the populace with his "Christ in Hades," which was issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews, of London, as one of the "Shilling Garland" series. This was succeeded in the following year by a collection of "Poems," which included "Christ in Hades," "The Woman with the Dead Soul," "The Wife" and "Marpessa." In 1899 appeared the blank verse tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," a poem which critics hailed as a masterpiece. It was written at the suggestion of Mr. George Alexander, the actor. Mr. Alexander has not yet produced this play, but we understand he intends to do so shortly. His last play, "Herod," was written for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who has made a great success with it in London. It is to be played here by Richard Mansfield in the coming spring.

"Selma White," the much-discussed heroine of Mr. Robert Grant's very successful novel, "Unleavened Bread," will have made her debut on the stage of the Savoy Theatre by the time this issue reaches our readers. As the play has been rehearsing for some time we are fortunately able to reproduce a portrait in character of Miss Bessie Tyree, who is to play "Selma." She is to be supported in the more important rôles by Miss Eleanor Robson, as "Flossie," Mr. E. J. Morgan as "Littleton," and Mr. George Fawcett as "Lyons." The fact that the play deals with situations and types of men and women who are distinctively American, and that its characters are familiar enough among us to respond to almost everybody's memory, argues well for the popularity of the piece in such capable hands.

While we are congratulating ourselves upon the popularity of American books, notably novels, among American readers;

while some of us are even asking "who reads an English book now?" an entirely uncalled for taunt—we have, none of us, yet bethought ourselves of thanking the gentlemen who advocated international copyright and secured it for American authors. It was not protection our writers needed, but equal opportunity, and this the international copyright law gave them. Considered from this point of view, the growth of the American reading public has perhaps not been quite so great as has been believed of late. The cheap libraries of unauthorized English reprints were very profitable in their day, evidences of the existence of an enormous reading public before the coming of "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," and "To Have and to Hold."



At the same time we have grown in a literary sense during the last two years, grown rapidly and soundly; even though none of the great successes of the last two years can be called a masterpiece. The older men and women, those who made their names amid the adverse conditions of piracy, still retain their artistic supremacy, Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable and Mr. Harris, Frank R. Stockton, Henry James, Miss Jewett. Miss Wilkins is practically a contemporary of the international copyright law; Mrs. Wharton, the truest artist of the day, is the youngest of our writers. But beside the leaders we have now another school, worthy of our suffrages, if it cannot be ranked with them, notwithstanding its popularity. Formerly it was the leaders, *et pretere nihil*.



"Is 'Daniel Deronda' an old book?" asks one of the two sisters in "The Rise of Silas Lapham." "It has only just got into the Seaside Library." Popular authors now "get into the 'Seaside Li-



ELIZABETH TYREE

[As "Selma White" in "Unleavened Bread."]

brary'"—come within the ken of the multitude—at once. International copyright has had much to do with this, as have the modern methods of the American publisher. We have always been a reading nation, but we have never been made aware of it so strongly as of late, through the great successes of a half dozen native authors. During the heyday of their popularity it should not be forgotten, however, their great English rivals were silent—Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Ward, and James M. Barrie, besides Mr. Stanley Weyman. Only Mr. Hope continued to publish, but he turned from the story of adventure to a more serious, thoughtful, analytic kind of work, of a far higher class, no doubt, but less well calculated to attract the mass of seekers after entertainment.



"The Inlander" is the title of a new tale of Kentucky by Mr. Harrison Robertson, the editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, and the author of "Red Blood



PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

and Blue," which the Scribners are to issue during the month. It is a story of the "New South," in which are detailed the experiences of a young man born and bred under the old *régime* who finds himself thrown on his own resources, and compelled to demonstrate his superiority to his surroundings by taking the world as he finds it, and achieving success by sheer force of character both in his day's works and in his love affairs.

Prosperity has been named as one of the causes of the present development of the American book-trade. This argument considers books as a luxury. In reality, they are the most economical form of intellectual enjoyment. The French publishers found their golden age after the war of 1870, when the country was stag-

gering under its gigantic war debt. Theatres, and the vendors of real luxuries, suffered; the bookseller found his market enlarged. The Frenchman, feeling the economic effects of his defeat, stayed at home and read. Books are luxuries, no doubt, to some. But to the majority, especially in this country, they are among the necessities of life, companions which repay their cost a thousandfold.



A new volume of special economic interest to the American people at the present time is Mr. William Hannibal Thomas's forthcoming volume entitled "The American Negro: What he was, what he is, and what he will become." There is probably no other representative of the colored race better qualified than Mr. Thomas to write with authority on this subject, unless perhaps it be President

Booker Washington of the Tuskegee Institute, whose book on the future of the American negro is already very widely known, though it has been published but a few months. Mr. Thomas served in the civil war and afterwards as a legislator of South Carolina during the reconstruction period. He has been trained both in theology and law, and finally became a successful practitioner in the Southern courts. He concedes the inferiority of the race, and forcibly indicates how the mental, moral, social, industrial and political elevation of the freedman may be accomplished. It is interesting to note that both Mr. Washington and Mr. Thomas believe that education in agriculture is best worthy of consideration as the solution of the negro problem.



THE COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

We have been told by an English critic that Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology" is, in the main, a collection of mediocrities, especially so far as contemporaries are concerned. But is England much richer in the possession of young poetic genius? About Mr. Stephen Phillips there are two opinions even in London: while he is hailed as a poetical dramatist there, many deny that he is a true dramatic poet. And who is there to wear the mantle of the last of the great singers of the Victorian era—of Swinburne? None, so far as we can see. In poetry, at least, the glory and strength of our common literature, England is no better off than we are, and more's the pity. A great poet of our tongue, English born or American, would be welcome; but we look for him in vain.

There are evidences that the Shake-

spearian boom which began last year is to be continued, writes an occasional correspondent in London. Mr. Lewis Waller, who is brother-in-law to Mr. Clement Scott, has staged "Henry V" in a magnificent way at the Lyceum Theatre, to which Sir Henry Irving does not return until April. Mr. F. R. Benson at the Comedy is running a Shakespearian season during which he will produce eight different plays, including the second part of "Henry IV," and Mr. Tree is credited with the intention of producing "Twelfth Night" after the run of "Herod." In view of these productions special interest attaches to the curious composite portrait of Shakespeare which is owned by the Manchester Gallery. It was painted by Ford Madox Brown in the end of 1849 and was carefully compiled from the different known portraits and from the bust at Stratford. The picture, as Mr. Brown described it, "is the attempt to supply the want of a creditable likeness of our national poet, as a historian recasts some tale told long since in many fragments by chroniclers." Mr. Sidney Lee has issued an abridged edition of his "Life of Shakespeare" and he wrote a historical account of "Henry V" specially for the Lyceum production.

The thousands of people who have enjoyed Mr. Batcheller's entertaining story of the North country "Eben Holden," which still sells in great quantities throughout the country, will be glad to hear that the scene of his new story "D'ry and I" is again laid in Northern New York, and at the time when the French refugees in the opening of the nineteenth century bought large tracts of land, built great chateaux, and lived, entertained and ruled in true baronial style. It is against that background of foreign customs transported to the north woods that Mr. Batcheller's story

is wrought out, and in it there are love and fighting galore, with many of the amusing character sketches in which the author excels. The hero is another quaint creation like "Uncle Eb," and yet not the same. This story will first appear serially in the *Century Magazine*, and afterward in a book from the press of the Lothrop Publishing Company, who were the publishers of "Eben Holden."

✱

Miss Imogen Clark, whose sympathetic story called "Will Shakespeare's Little Lad" found many admiring readers two or three years ago, has written a novel called "God's Puppets," a title whose reference is, of course, to Pippa's song. It is a story of New York life in the eighteenth century, and against a background of the interrelations of the Dutch and the English, is drawn a fine love story with a strong plot. The author has created a fine atmosphere of those early New York times in her story, but it may be noted that no historical personages enter the scene, and no historic events are described. The story depends upon itself for its interest. It is to be published by the Scribners.

✱

Alexander Blair Thaw, the author of a volume of poems just published by Mr. John Lane, is the son of the late A. D. Thaw, of Pittsburgh. He was educated for the medical profession, although he is not now in practice. Dr. Thaw spends much of his time, and a large portion of his means, in philanthropy. Dr. Thaw's poems are distinguished by delicate and lofty sentiment, and have a certain mystical quality which sets them quite apart from the present fashion in verse. There is no morbid note, no note of that general regret for the state of the universe which has been sounded so often; on the contrary, their spirit is often al-



ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW

most devotional, and uniformly optimistic. At the risk of choosing a poem which does not fully represent the beauty of the whole collection, we reprint one, and wish there were space for more.

THE LIFE SPIRIT

"And from the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

WHOSE is the finger that gives form
To everything that lives?
Whose mystic touch turns dark earth's dust
To Beauty's flesh and blood?
Whose is the mind that made the Word
By which a thought may live,
Whose subtle breath shall make a child
The prophet of all time?
Whose is the hand that marks the hours
With the sharp knife of Time,
And with our lives doth measure out
The life of Time himself?
What is the force of awful change
That brings sweet Life to death,
And gently then, raising Death's veil,
Hints larger life within?
Thy scarce seen footsteps mark the path

To earth's own Paradise,
 Thy heart-beat sounds the melody
 And measure of Life's song!
 Still let me ever live to be
 A servant at thy shrine,
 Kissing the feet that lead me on,
 The hand that bears the knife,
 Till, with my head close to thy heart,
 I catch the cadence deep, divine,
 Of earth's immortal strain.



A decided novelty in the literature of our new island possessions will be issued by the Scribners within a few weeks. It is the narrative of Mr. Albert Sonnichsen, who was quartermaster on the U. S. Transport *Zealandia*, and is called "A Prisoner among the Filipinos." When the ship reached Manila Mr. Sonnichsen, who though of Danish descent, writes entertainingly in fluent English, did work for the *Manila Times*, and fell into the hands of the natives while on a photographing excursion with a party of friends belonging to the Utah Battery. He was captured at Malolos, and for eleven months was held a prisoner in the northern part of Luzon. His book is highly interesting in style and subject matter, and is in no sense controversial.



The few posthumous poems of the late Philip Henry Savage have been collected and published, together with the contents of his two slight volumes, in a memorial edition with an appreciation by Daniel Gregory Mason. Mr. Savage was born in 1868 and entered Harvard College in 1889, after several years experience as a commercial traveller. He later became an instructor in Harvard and in 1896 he entered upon duties in the Boston Public Library, which he discharged until his death, which occurred June 4, 1899. In the "Last Songs from Vagabondia" Bliss Carman has included an especially appropriate poetic appreciation of Savage.

"The Sacred Fount," a novel by Mr. Henry James, "The Disciple," M. Paul Bourget's most characteristic psychological study, and "Crucial Instances," a new collection of short stories by Mrs. Edith Wharton, are important items in the Scribners' announcement of fiction to appear during the spring.



A new life of Jean Paul Marat by Ernest Belford Bax, the author of several books on Socialism published in the Social Science Series, is announced for publication this spring by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. This is said to be the first instance in which Marat's real inner life has been set before an English-speaking public, and the book is especially readable and instructive to those who are following the new light which research has thrown on all the actors in the French Revolution. Mr. Bax's volume may be expected to controvert many of the accepted theories in regard to Marat, whom the author terms "the best abused man in modern history."



We are indebted to Mrs. Mary J. Reid, of Chicago, for the accompanying portrait of Mr. Martin Roswell Field, who, as we noted last month, has associated himself with the staff of the *Youth's Companion*.



Mr. John Kimberly Mumford, the author of "Oriental Rugs," is of New England descent, but was born in the village of Watkins, New York. He passed most of his boyhood and youth in Syracuse, where he studied the rudiments of art with a view to making a life work of it, but circumstances have led him into the newspaper field. During his collegiate years at Princeton, where he entered the class of 1885, he devoted much time to the study of language and certain phases of archæology, but the newspaper leaning was strongest. He held a place on the editorial board of the *Princetonian*,



JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD
[From a photograph by Wilhelm.]

and was editor of the *Princeton Tiger*. Upon leaving the University he returned to newspaper work in Syracuse, and for the past dozen years has been engaged upon various newspapers in New York, in all branches of local work and as correspondent. He has traveled quite extensively in this and other countries. In the ruins of Central America, which he visited several years ago, Mr. Mumford found designs which he had hitherto supposed to be distinctly and solely Asiatic. This, he says, revealed to him, more than any other thing, the scope of the Oriental rug symbolisms, and the amazing depth of their significance.

The rug book, which has met with such immediate success, was made with infinite slowness, in the irregular intervals of newspaper work. When the book had been under way for some three years or more, its author went, upon the shortest of notice, to Cuba, as a correspondent. Before leaving he bundled all the book material, notes, manuscripts, memoranda and pencil sketches, into a sheet, and thrust



ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD
[From a photograph by Brownell, Page & Co.]

it into a clothes-press. Returning home, reduced to a shadow (though still a somewhat substantial one), by yellow fever, he took up the work again. That he did so he attributes in large measure to the enthusiastic counsels of Stephen Crane, with whom he was frequently brought in contact in the Indies, and who was himself so deeply interested in the Eastern weavings that he paid tribute to them in verse.

“The Historical Novel and Other Essays” is the title of a forthcoming book by Mr. Brander Matthews. Many of the other essays deal also with the art of fiction in one or another of its most modern manifestations. But all the papers are on literary topics, Mr. Matthews discussing in one “Literature as a Profession,” and in another the “Relation of Literature and the Drama.” The volume will be published shortly by the Scribners, who will issue at the same time the third and final revision of the same author’s standard work on the “French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century,” originally published a score of years ago, and now



BRANDER MATTHEWS

made complete by a new chapter covering the last years of the century.

✱

Mr. James Britton, one of the pupils of the Connecticut League of Art Students, recently made a poster for an exhibition at the League which we reproduce herewith, of course much reduced in size, as an interesting bit of original work. The poster was both drawn and engraved on wood by Mr. Britton, and is specially worthy of notice, since it is the first production of the artist's graver. The Connecticut League of Art Students, as is pretty well known among persons informed as to the different art schools in the country, is a self-supporting body of young men, whose organization was formed in Hartford about twelve years ago through the zeal and practical sympathy of Mr. Charles Noel Flagg, who has given his time and attention gratuitously to the League's work, and still remains its chief instructor.



CONN. LEAGUE OF ART STUDENTS

MR. BRITTON'S POSTER

Since Mr. Theodore Hamilton, the fluent advertising manager of Barnum's circus, has gone to live and advertise his show in Germany, where he finds a keen delight in the possibilities in word-building afforded by the structure of the German language, for making effective posters, his mantle seems to have fallen upon certain English and American publishers, whose methods of advertising startle the conservative. The methods employed in England to advertise "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" have reached high water mark in their latest achievement, noted in an English paper. It is announced that a remarkable series of letters has just been discovered, which dovetail in with wonderful accuracy to the "Englishwoman's Love Letters," and that the new series will shortly appear under the title "An Englishman's Love Letters." We believe, however, Mr. Murray is *not* to publish this latest treasure.

The Rambler.

KNOWING BETTER THAN ONE'S AUTHOR

IT is a proof of greatness as well as of the limitations of human greatness when an author impresses upon his readers the fact that he himself does not know some of his characters so well as the reader does. It is a proof of greatness, because he must have given a convincing presentation of the character whose words or acts are questioned, or else the reader would not have a definite enough conception of him to worry himself over the discrepancy.

Our friend T. Sandys, for instance, was much more of an artist than his creator makes him out to be. To be sure, he was still very young when he wrote those answers to the advertisements; but one feels sure that, even at that age, his craft would have been less obvious, his workmanship more delicate. A boy with so fine a discrimination in shades of meaning would have done better. And later on in the book, when the excuse of extreme youth is no longer forthcoming, Barrie makes some strange mistakes about Tommy. In the conversation with "the very first lady Mr. Sandys ever took into dinner," he misrepresents him entirely. Tommy would have helped the lady to believe in the myth of his dead love, but he would have done it in a much more subtle, more artistic manner. Barrie has not given the conversation as it happened; his is a newspaper version of it, cheapened, coarsened, un-Tommyfied. Or else—Tommy is not the artist he would have us think, a supposition absolutely untenable in the conclusive proofs he has given us of Tommy's genius. If Sandys on *Woman* had been written with so heavy a touch it would never be the classic it has become.

And later on still in the scene with Aaron Latta, where Tommy thanks him

for his care of him and Elspeth, Tommy's sentimentality becomes farcical; indeed, the whole scene is farce comedy. Tommy could never have said:

" 'And yet,' said Tommy, looking at him admiringly, 'you fed and housed and educated us. Ah, Aaron, do you not see that your dislike gives me the more reason to esteem you?' Carried away by desire to help the old man, he put his hand kindly on his shoulder. 'You have never respected yourself,' he said, 'since that night you and my mother parted at the Cuttle Well, and my heart bleeds to think of it. Many a year ago, by your kindness to two forlorn children, you expiated that sin, and it is blotted out from your account. Forget it, Aaron, as every other person has forgotten it, and let the spirit of Jean Myles see you tranquil once again.' "

It is hard to understand why it was that Tommy could not write fiction. How did Tommy's skill in inventing tales about himself and his friends differ from the story-telling instinct? Given the necessary literary ability, which Tommy certainly had, any man could write good stories whose invention was as fertile as Tommy's. The scene with Grizel in the den, where he loses himself in the imaginary future of Corp, is proof enough that he could write stories. Tommy's imagination is distinctly of the creative order. If the Tommies of this world cannot write stories, it simply means that they have no power over words. Giving him this inability is a nice touch from one point of view, if it had only happened to be true. It is much more original to have it so, for all the literary heroes of novels have succeeded in the line of fiction, or of poetry. How strange it was, by the way, that Tommy didn't write poetry. Why, he must have done it! One doesn't want him to do it; there is much more distinction in not doing it; still, one cannot refuse to recognize the truth.

That dear Grizel is not always true to

herself, either; for instance, in that scene with Tommy, where she pretends that she has read his letter to her when she has not done so. Love is a great power, almost the greatest on earth, but it will not make uncandid a woman of the transparent openness of Grizel. She simply could not have pretended anything for any motive whatever. Let cynics say what they will about its rarity, a love of truth that has grown with a woman's growth, that is an integral part of herself, is the strongest compelling force in the world, not excepting that of love. Now Grizel was a girl to whom truth was the essential thing, as she shows conclusively later on in her inability to satisfy herself with a fiction, to accept the semblance for the reality. Those who have not felt the irresistible power of the habit of honesty do not know with what a force she had to contend.

A number of great authors have tried to make us accept their misconceptions or their inaccurate presentations of their characters, often to be attributed to insufficient thought, to haste, or even to laziness. Many writers who have had inspirations in the conception of character do not take the trouble to interpret it exactly. One resents it in Thackeray that he so often makes Becky Sharp fall below her own standards. She sometimes is so clumsy in her flattery that not even Jos. Sedley would have swallowed it; and if there is anything that the reader knows about Becky it is that she was past mistress in that delicate art. Thackeray caricatures her methods. Were people's perceptions less keen then; were they less keen to detect the motive beneath the labored compliment? I doubt it.

It is such a comfort when one finds an author that one can really trust to make his characters do and say only that which they would really have said and done, whose word you can take blindly in regard

to his characters. Here are a few in whom one can put blind faith: Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Louisa M. Alcott, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mary E. Wilkins. Strange to say, at this moment, I cannot remember a man, even among the greatest, whom it is safe to leave unwatched in regard to their women. For all that they have climbed to heights up to which women can only gaze, men writers have a way of applying certain little conventional rules to their women at certain critical moments. They cannot refrain from making their heroines kiss other women and call them by endearing terms, even when it is the last thing on earth that particular woman would have done. But tears are the worst pitfall for the poor men things who try to write novels. Though they may be writing the story of such a one, they cannot seem to learn that there are non-weeping women, even when it is a question of getting their own way.

It is not only in the presentation of individual character, but also in the relations of the characters to one another that one's author, both masculine and feminine, is often untrustworthy. Daughters adore impossible fathers when we know they hated them, no matter if they did do their duty toward them to the satisfaction of the most exacting conscience. Men are made to fall in love with women for whom they would never have cared, and *vice versa*. People marry and the author gives us to believe that they lived happily ever afterwards, when we know all the time that they could never have been even passably contented. Still, this is a form of untruth for which it is easy to forgive an author. There are few of us such rigid sticklers for truth that we cannot pardon a little perversion of it for the sake of making a book end happily.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

MORTALITY IN MODERN FICTION

TWO or three years ago a correspondent of *THE BOOK BUYER* brought up the question of the large number of deaths occurring in modern fiction, declaring them to be out of all natural proportion. She was challenged by another correspondent and words were bandied between them with the result that the first correspondent so far modified her opinion as to condone the "gallant" deaths of heroes and heroines, retaining, however, her objection to the ungallant takings-off, and to those that seem to cut too easily the knot of a difficult problem.

It is interesting to consider what this correspondent and her sympathizers must think of the death of Thomas Sandys at the hands of Mr. Barrie. At first sight the offense seems such a flagrant one. The mirage of a splendid or pathetically romantic death, for Tommy had so often misled us. We caught sight of possibilities very early in the game, when he plunged into the water after the drowning urchin. We were almost promised that his mother's cough would claim him, leaving him only time to finish his great book and waste away in Grizel's arms. There was a fair chance that he would wear himself out in attendance upon an insane wife. But none of these fatalities, any one of which would have been so sweet to him, occurred to illumine the last hours of that pyrotechnic life of his. Instead he grew stout and hanged himself to a spiked fence in such a manner as to fill the mind of the reader with admiration only for the sturdy thoroughness with which Grizel sewed buttons on to overcoats.

In Mr. Barrie's epilogue, however, he gives a perfectly logical if not a perfectly satisfactory explanation of his conduct. He wished, it seems, to deprive Tommy of all adventitious aids in gaining the liking

of the reader, or perhaps it would be more just to say that he wished to deprive the reader of all adventitious aid in attaining to a liking for Tommy. He used that disconcerting and humiliating demise as a touchstone to determine the extent of our sentimentality. There was to be no cheap appeal to our emotions to make us accept Tommy on false pretenses. Whether we approve of such stoical treatment or not we can but own that it has the virtue of sincerity, and while sincerity is seldom "gallant" it is usually stimulating. When we turn from "Tommy" to "Eleanor" we find death ending all again, but under quite a different form. Poor Eleanor is entirely tactful and ladylike if a little old-fashioned in her leavetaking. Nothing too definite is the matter with her. Her heart is diseased and her friends "believe that her lungs are wrong too." Her malady would have been called by a generation less keen for symptoms than our own "interesting." It is certainly convenient in its outcome and leaves us with a gentle pity for the generous lady who was willing to bequeath her love as another might her diamonds, and whose sufferings are never permitted to obtrude indelicately upon our sensibilities. But we have seen death too often in that quiet guise to welcome its dreary presence in our fiction. We have seen our friends thus drop out and the gap close up, with emotions at once too poignant and too debilitating to make us wish to place them at the service of a heroine who drops out merely to make room for such a union as that between Manisty and Lucy. Lustre is lacking to the final scene, and the wan light of the sick-room lingers even over the betrothal upon which the curtain conventionally falls.

It is not to be denied that if we want to miss the sting of death when it comes to our acquaintances in fiction, we must turn to those writers who know how to give it the aspect of a moral resurrection, a visible, undeniable resurrection such as the old masters gloried in depicting. A third novel of the present year, *The Voice of the People*, fairly represents the power over the imagination of a splendid sacrifice of life to an idea or to an impulse of what we call humanity. The hero, Nicholas Burr, is compounded of nearly all the unlovable virtues. He is ambitious, determined, unforgiving, just, reserved and courageous. After he has outgrown his red-headed, freckled boyhood there is little about him to entice us. Yet his death met in the effort to save a criminal leaves us with a valiant sense of triumph and magnificence. We feel as though we ourselves had had the glory without the pang of such dying, and we are prepared to exalt Burr for having provided us with so fine a glow of enthusiasm. It was something the same case with Beauchamps in Meredith's history of his career. How irresistibly the sympathy of the reader is gained by that closing page which shows us the dingy little boy whom Beauchamps died to save. With what acquiescent bitterness, and yet with what a personal sense of pride we echo the thought of the two men who

loved the hero, in looking at "the insignificant bit of mudbank life" remaining in the world in place of him—"This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamps!"

Perhaps, after all, we, the general readers of fiction, belong to the class described by Stevenson, who really long, he says, not to enter the lives of others but to behold themselves in changed situations. We want to die vicariously not the dragging, uncomfortable death that we are like to win, but royally. The great Slayer in order to please us must come as he comes in Dürer's picture, a stately figure on a caparisoned horse.

And if we wish to taste the joys of death without its sorrows there is no other way to do it than through books. In life if the final hour of one we know chances to be dramatic and inspiring the victory is apt to be swallowed up in the death, elation of mind in grief of heart. By all means then let us continue to have an inspiring proportion of gallant deaths in our fiction, that we may in a measure realize the feeling expressed in the last poem written by Richard Hovey:

"At last, O death!
Not with the sickroom fever and weary heart
And slow subsidence of diminished breath,
But strong and free
With the great tumult of the living sea."

E. L. Cary.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A BLEND of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears ;
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers ;
A homely hero, born of star and sod ;
A Peasant-Prince, a Masterpiece of God.

—From "*Songs of North and South*," by Walter Malone. By permission of Messrs. John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville.

A STUDY IN HEREDITY

A GREAT work of art is many-sided, and may be admired for as many reasons as there shall be points of view. Barrie's masterpiece may be praised for its charming humor, so rare a quality in these over-anxious days, its pathos, its marvellous insight into the heart of woman, a thing wherein Tommy blunders hopelessly, but in which his creator excels in a superlative degree. The history of Grizel's love is the study of "Woman" in epitome.

Its style is Barrie's own, however much it may suggest Thackeray; and the manner in which the author wanders along hand-in-hand with the reader, taking him into apparent confidence, teaching him the secrets of his trade with a reckless and flattering unreserve, only to stun him with a new surprise on each succeeding page, is the acme of the art which conceals art.

Moreover, without leaving the region of his earliest successes and without changing his methods to the didactic or the purposeful, Barrie in this book puts his finger upon one of the deep things in human destiny, the underlying mystery of fate, the sphinx-problem which tortures and baffles those who cannot in their own lives find the answer to the riddle. He states the problem, and in part he gives the answer. In our modern phrase it is "the problem of heredity." In the days of our grandfathers it was called "Providence and free-will."

We may not perceive the Sophoclean greatness of the subject unless we join the elder Tommy to the younger. Never was a sequel so true to its purpose, or a character so consistently developed. Tommy is no freak of destiny. His fate was in the balance when Jean Myles left Aaron Latta in the "den," and went smiling to

her undoing. The child of Magerful Tam and the vacillating and imaginative Jean must have been the curious admixture of force and weakness which made Tommy his own worst enemy.

The mother who lived in a world of conscious untruth for years, finding her chief solace in the effect of her imaginary triumphs over her formal rivals—Esther Auld taking to her bed when a letter from Jean Myles arrived in Thrums—the father whose unregulated impulses made him a terror to his respectable family and an object of hatred to his wife, these were the elements mental and moral which mingled to create Tommy's strange nature. He is no puppet of Barrie's pen. The author is hardly responsible for him. Never has there been so pitilessly logical an exposition of the force of heredity, and the comparative weakness of the individual against the strong push of an inevitable fate.

Is fate then inevitable? Are we what our ancestors have made us? This is the problem as Barrie states it.

Who is not interested in the answer? Who has not fought at times, as with beasts at Ephesus, with some of those inbred tendencies which make or mar a life for an eternity, and yet find neither their reason nor excuse in the individual? What crueller indictment of the Creator by the creature can there be than such struggles of a soul enmeshed in apparently predestined evil?

"What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence.
Oh, many a cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence."

Yet Barrie gives the answer, reverently, justly, with a pathos true to the best in life, "the God within us blind," perhaps, but living still. And the very crown of

the work is the triumphant response of Grizel's character to the touch-stone of fate. No, we need not yield. We are not puppets. Man may be stronger than his destiny, Tommy is a victim of heredity; so is Grizel. Tommy is conquered; Grizel conquers.

The daughter of "the painted lady," conscious of the evil in her nature and longing to subdue it, thinking "how sweet it would be to be good," lives to realize "how much sweeter it is to be good." The woman that girl had grown into knew that she was good, and she thanked God for that. She thanked Him for letting her help. If He had said that she had not helped, she would have replied almost hotly, "You know I have." And He did know. He had seen her many times in the grip of inherited passions and

watched her fighting with them and subduing them; He had seen ugly thoughts stealing upon her, as they crawl toward every child of man; ah, He had seen them leap into the heart of the Painted Lady's child as if a nest already made for them must be there, and still she had driven them away. Grizel had helped.

Those who follow this idea through the book will find it the predominant one in the story. The ending intensifies it almost to exaggeration. Grizel's immolation is that of a smiling martyr to an ideal far above any thought of self-seeking.

The thrill of moral greatness gives that seal of permanency without which a work of art must fail at last. Barrie must surely henceforth take his place among the immortals.

Constance Goddard DuBois.

A MODERN ECLOGUE

SHE

If you were ferryman at Charon's ford,
And I came down the bank and called to you,
Waved you my hand and asked to come aboard,
And threw you kisses there, what would you
do?

Would there be such a crowd of other girls,
Pleading and pale and lonely as the sea,
You'd growl in your old beard, and shake your
curls,
And say there was no room for little me?

Would you remember each of them in turn?
Put all your faded fancies in the bow,
And all the rest before you in the stern,
And row them out with panic on your brow?

If I came down and offered you my fare
And more beside, could you refuse me there?

—From "Last Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

HE

If I were ferryman in Charon's place,
And ran that crazy scow with perilous skill,
I should be so worn out with keeping trace
Of gibbering ghosts and bidding them sit still,

If you should come with daisies in your hands,
Strewing their petals on the sombre stream,—
"He will come," and "He won't come," down the
lands
Of pallid reverie and ghostly dream,—

I would let every clamoring shape stand there,
And give its shadowy lungs free vent in vain,
While you with earthly roses in your hair,
And I grown young at sight of you again,

Went down the stream once more at half-past
seven
To find some brand-new continent of heaven.



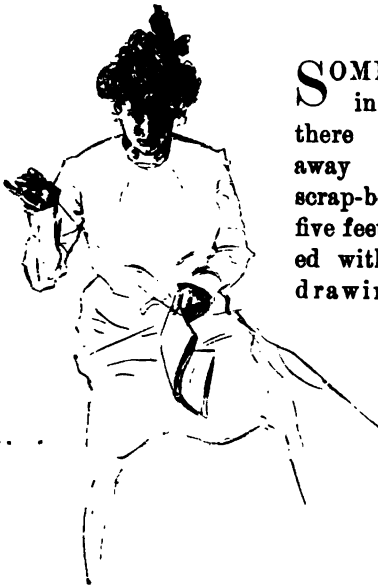
HUTT • HUTT

From "Life"

A DRAWING BY MR. HUTT

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HENRY HUTT



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SOMEWHERE in Chicago there is stored away a pile of scrap-books about five feet high, filled with a child's drawings. The earliest of them were made when the boy was only four. They represent the beginnings of an artist's life. Every

day after school the boy spent his time copying illustrations he admired, and he labored with great persistence at making copies of Oppers and Reinharts. There was only one thing the boy cared for, and that was drawing. Instead of being discouraged in these attempts by his family, he received encouragement, and what is more, was kept at the work as regularly as if he had been under a schoolmaster. Some afternoons and Saturdays he was allowed to go to Lincoln Park to draw the animals.

Mr. Hutt's first work for publication began at the age of seventeen, when he was engaged on salary by *Good Form*, a magazine of some pretensions, which lasted for rather less than a year. For about a year after this he was doing general work of all kinds for different publishers and printing concerns. At the age of nineteen he entered the employ of Mainz & Co., where he worked in company with J. C. Leyendecker. This work

was irksome enough, since it included drawing anything that came along, portraits, machinery, advertisements and catalogue cuts of lingerie. Considered merely as drill, however, the experience must have presented many opportunities for ingenuity in work, and I feel quite sure that much of the artist's patience and perseverance became habits through that drudgery. Some of the boys who were employed in drawing the same things in those days are still similarly employed.

In all this time the only school instruction Mr. Hutt received was for something less than a year in the night classes of the Chicago Art Institute. He tried to study from casts and the life, and finally gave it up. These are very interesting facts, as they not only help to explain the originality of his method, and may be held to account for a large measure of the freedom in his handling, but they also furnish pertinent comment on what is usually considered the necessary training for a student.

When thus employed Mr. Hutt had an opportunity of showing some of his drawings to Mr. Jacacci, now the art editor of *McClure's Magazine*, who was visiting Chicago. The result was that a few months afterwards a story was sent to him to illustrate. This story, "His Mittens," by the late Stephen Crane, published in November, 1899, was his introduction to the magazine field in the East.

About this time the *Saturday Evening Post* was being started in Philadelphia, and its art editor sent him a serial story to illustrate. On the strength of this Hutt left Chicago for New York with the intention of remaining as long as the serial required, and, incidentally, of looking over the field. The possibility of being obliged to return to Chicago seemed,

in those days, very near to probability. Before the serial was finished, however, a drawing was sent to *Life*—it may be one of the serial drawings—with the idea of ascertaining how “outside” contributions were received in the East. The drawing was immediately accepted by Mr. Mitchell. Then began a connection which has continued without interruption, and it is not too much to say that his drawings are a recognized feature of *Life*.

I have managed to draw these few facts from Mr. Hutt from time to time in the last few years by a combination of stealth and main force. For he is a strange combination of diffidence and modesty as to his own abilities, and is at a loss to understand the popularity of his work.



HENRY HUTT

[From a photograph by Hollinger.]



From "Scribner's Magazine."—Copyright,
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"HERE! I'VE FOUND IT . . . EVEN IN
THIS SILLY LITTLE PLAY!"

A young illustrator finds himself called upon to make drawings of such widely divergent and unrelated subjects, to investigate so many fields of new experience, one after another, that it often takes him some time to find the one best suited to his capabilities and preferences. Yet in the comparatively few years in which he has been working Mr. Hutt has clearly manifested a few things. His major interest seems to be for the fashionable young women of to-day. No one draws them with more appreciation of the woman's point of view than Mr. Hutt. Yet while his women are fashionable in the sense of wearing well-fitting clothes of the latest mode—which always become them—they never strike one as consciously so, and I think there is a nice distinction characteristic of the artist and at the same time characteristic of the types he draws. There are not many illustrators whose drawings suggest gentlefolk at their ease. In nearly all his drawings one finds him endeavoring to translate into terms of black and white the evanescent charm of

the moment. It is the perfume of the flowers that interests him, and he seems at his best in those drawings in which he has not tried for other things. All of this presupposes opportunities for study at close range, as his drawings are made from

life, and as a matter of fact most of his models are the friends and acquaintances who are interested in his work. His gift for expressing much in few lines is well illustrated by the drawings in *Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1900, accompany-



From "Scribner's Magazine."

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"SHE MADE ROOM ON THE SEAT."

ing Mr. Howard's play called "A Matter of Opinion," two examples of which are reproduced.

With the exception of a few drawings in pen and ink, his work is executed in gouache. The arrangement of color is principally decorative, and the love of light enters into everything he does. He is always strongly affected by the value of the white paper, and in drawing, except for a few spots of local color, he puts the smallest amount of dark possible on the page. He seems to have a horror of the dark rectangular half-tone illustration. Even after the color is laid in on a drawing he works into it generously with white in elaborating the detail (which of course lightens the effect) instead of adding more color, as is the usual method. He often seems to try to combine the lightness, crispness and decorative value of certain kinds of pen-and-ink drawings with the solidity of modelling made possible by the use of body color, using as little of the latter as possible. Though the use of light interest him strongly, still, it is not as a painter that he expresses things. The actual values, as the painter would say, hamper him but little. They are understood, but are not allowed to interfere with his intention of decorating the page. This is well illustrated in such drawings as the frontispiece of the *Century* for Christmas, 1899, and the full page of the mother and child on a sofa by the window, in the *Century* for Christmas, 1900. The result of these influences has been to produce an artist whose work is unrelated, technically, to that of anyone else on this side the ocean, and it differs materially from the work of Marold and Vierge to which it has some technical relation. The ease and freedom with which his drawings seem to be done, and the frankness of touch which contributes to this impression, are part of his art. As a matter of fact, he is extremely painstaking



A PORTRAIT
[From an unpublished sketch].

ing with what interests him, and labors for a long while over his drawings. Much of his work carries with it faint suggestions of color run in here and there, which greatly adds to its charm.

His studio is one of the rooms in his apartment, in a large apartment house near the Waldorf. If the easel were removed no one would imagine it was a studio. There are no studio trappings, furnishings, or pictures, no skylight or large sidelight. A moderately-sized room with two ordinary windows answers all his requirements, and he prefers this method of lighting the model and his work.

A methodical and somewhat phlegmatic temperament hides some very genuine enthusiasms, and a wholesome sense of humor keeps him from taking himself too seriously. He is very self-contained and a man of few words. A stranger might think him diffident. At the time he gives no evidence of seeing things, but subsequent conversation shows that he is keenly alive to what is going on around him. With such a temperament there is no telling what the future may have in

store, and luckily one is not called upon to hazard a guess. From one step he seems to progress by easy stages to another. As he is not over twenty-five years old it is difficult to believe that he has given more than some indications of what he is likely to do. I imagine that sooner or later he will take up portrait-painting, as the indications point to his being as successful in that field as he has been in the field of illustration.

William Patten.

MEMORANDA UPON ANTIQUE FURNITURE

ANY monograph of reasonable size upon antique furniture must of necessity be either a general, sweeping glance over a field so wide that its boundaries lie beyond the line of vision, or else a compilation of memoranda so classified as to serve the purpose of the student and the collector. Miss Esther Singleton has set out bravely to make such a book as shall give to the American collector, especially, a succession of interesting and trustworthy chapters of information upon the furniture and household belongings that were found in the homes of the well-to-do in Colonial America, North and South; the whole forming a guide, a reference-book, a simply made and abundantly useful statement and inventory of the household goods of our forebears in this country. The title, *The Furniture of Our Forefathers*, is the most rhetorical thing about her book; the two parts now published give facts rather than generalities, and show the careful zeal of omission; individual pieces of special interest are described and photo-

graphed, and the amount of space devoted to the "general run" of furniture—the commonplaces of her subject—is gratifyingly small. She selects the oldest, or the most admirable, or the most interesting concrete subjects for illustration and for detailed descriptions; household inventories, lists of plate, china, fabrics, ornaments and all the less deserving tables and chairs, beds and bureaus, sideboards and bookcases among which their owners lived and moved, are consistently kept in the background. This general information is set down, and the student can form his general impression of the key in which these colonial interiors were written; but generalities are given with a sparing hand, and the author's pages are not overloaded with them.

Planning her work with such commendable reserve, Miss Singleton has divided it into eight parts, which the publishers issue separately. The first part has the caption "Early Southern: Carved Oak and Walnut of the Seventeenth Century," and in this first book appears more of the descriptions of the houses and general conditions of life than are to appear in the succeeding parts, if we



From "The Furniture of Our Forefathers."

A TYPICAL CHARLESTON ROOM OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
(In the house of Mrs. Andrew Himmelfarb)

Copyright, 1901, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

understand rightly the author's scheme. Thus, she first rehearses the arrival of the early settlers, and their manner of living; the laws regulating grants of land and their endeavors to improve their dwellings. Passing to the contents of dwellings previous to 1650, she gives some inventories of what were thought to be "necessaries for planters," first among which were, naturally, wooden trenchers; she describes the looking-glass of the period, and tells us of its price and its rarity, and where it was made. The bed was perhaps the most important piece of furniture in the house; its posts were massive, and the head-board often carved; the head-boards sometimes were fitted with shelves, for books or bottles to hold "medicine" of such varying potency as different constitutions demanded. All these pieces of furniture in the Virginian planters' houses were reflections of similar furnishings in Elizabethan manor houses in England; the furniture had no graceful curves, for this was before the Renaissance, and carving was almost the only ornament. Most of this old furniture was made of solid English oak, a material favored by cabinet-makers for its beauty of color and grain, and its strength and durability. The wainscot, the "carpet" (what we should now call the table-cover), window glass—a very scarce and valuable commodity—the cupboard, the "court cupboard," which was the most pretentious article of furniture at that time, being used for the display, of such plate or "porcelains" as their owners boasted—all these items are considered, with specific texts taken from the inventories of Thomas Deacon, Governor Leonard Calvert of Maryland, Captain Stephen Gill, Mr. Gyles Mode, and many other worthies of the time. With the "further advance of luxury, among the planters" we are told that chairs came into more general use, of which vanities Colonel

Francis Epes possessed no less than forty-six, besides a four-foot chest of drawers made of "seder" (whether from Lebanon is not specified), sundry gorgeous beds and hangings, bedding, curtains, rugs, chests, cupboards and dozens of other luxuries, among them eleven pounds of plate at £3 per pound—"is £33." This fine gentleman's inventory was made in 1678. Thus was the simplicity of living threatened by spendthrifts, even in those golden days.

It would be entertaining to transcribe pages of Miss Singleton's quaint memoranda, but in so limited a space there is room for little detail. The second part of her book is headed, "Later Southern: Oak, Walnut and Early Mahogany." The period here considered ends at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The dwelling-place of William Penn receives Miss Singleton's first attention, and she notes that in the settlement of Philadelphia "six hundred houses, most of them substantial edifices built of home-made bricks after English models, sprang up within three years." In so prosperous a settlement good furniture naturally was provided for the comfort of the substantial citizens. Penn's own house, in whose preparation he took great interest, contained much furniture of a certain pretension. The great hall had a long table, two benches and many pewter dishes; the "little hall" had "six leather chairs and five maps"—a place for thoughtful contemplation. Two parlors held many tables and chairs, besides a clock and "a pair of brasses." The chambers and garret were equally well furnished after their kind. Penn's desks and clock, now in museums, are described in detail. Another famous house, of a different type, was the home of Baron Stiegel, at Mannheim. The baron was a man of large means and fond of music. A spinet that belonged to him is now in the Pennsylvania Historical Society.



From "The Furniture of Our Forefathers."

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DESK, DRESSING TABLE AND TWO CHAIRS

[These four pieces are from Lafayette's Room, Mount Vernon]

But it was in Virginia and the Carolinas that wealth was amassed most quickly, and here the furniture was of the most pretentious quality. "In 1731 Charleston contained between 500 and 600 houses, most of which were very costly." Many of the houses showed a degree of luxury unsurpassed by the London merchants. Silver tankards and spoons, many costly beds, curtains, chests, tables, chairs, corner cupboards, mirrors, buffets, china-ware, and other costly things were to be found in many planters' houses. The greater part of this furniture was bought direct from England to Charleston. During the first half of the eighteenth century were built many of such famous Southern mansions as Tuckahoe, Westover, Stratford, Bolling Hall, Hampton, Belmont, Belvoir, Upper Brandon, and Martione. No cost or care was spared to make their interiors luxurious and beautiful.

The illustrations, of which each part of Miss Singleton's book contains scores, are extremely interesting and valuable. Some

are done by the photogravure process, others by half-tone, and still others in line. Each of them has what is called a "critical description" by Mr. Russell Sturgis. The phrase is top-heavy, for Mr. Sturgis often gives merely an accurate description in the fewest possible words. But if we lack the benefit of the extended comment upon the plates for which the advertisement had led us to hope we can be glad of the concise captions which he gives us. The only fault to be found with the illustrations is a serious one, but one difficult, we imagine, to avoid owing to exigencies of book-manufacture. This is the entire lack of any general scale upon which the various pieces of furniture are shown. An oaken foot-stool covers a full page, and looks, at first glance, like an Elizabethan billiard-table. It is rather larger than a plate only a few pages distant which shows a bed some five feet wide. Four or five beautifully carved chairs are crowded into a space two inches high, and printed in the text. A wine-cooler, a knife-box and

a tea-caddy fill a whole page, with a Gargantuan effect which is to be regretted. If one is familiar with the forms of these three articles, he can arrange his proportions without great difficulty, but as a guide to the mind untutored in knife-boxes and tea-caddies, the picture, it must be admitted, is confusing. A full page is devoted to a buhl work-table holding a liquor-case and a pair of candlesticks. The table is probably two feet wide. On the opposite page is a line drawing, in high perspective, of a Chippendale book-case described in the text as "colossal;" perhaps it is eight or nine feet wide, yet this drawing is tucked away into half the

width of the page. Even a "critical description," at full length, could not illuminate such a confusion.

The book deserves very high praise. It is written out of abundant information, with skill, conciseness and vivacity. Judging from these two opening parts, Miss Singleton has made a good book in a field where none existed before. We have many treatises on old English, French and Italian furniture, but the American furniture of the past two hundred and fifty years has until now lacked its historian. In Miss Singleton it has found a chronicler wise, fluent, conscientious, and sure of a very large audience. *W. S. M.*



From "The Furniture of Our Forefathers." Copyright, 1901, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

WALNUT CHAIRS

[Originally belonging to Ralph Wormeley of Virginia. Now owned by Mrs. John Tayloe Perrin, of Baltimore]



STEPHEN PHILLIPS

From a photograph by J. Burgess.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "HEROD"

ADMIRERS of "Paolo and Francesca," Mr. Phillips's last dramatic poem, will certainly be disappointed in *Herod*, which is distinctly less successful. Something may be allowed for the circumstance that it succeeds a work which had aroused unusual expectations, and which itself had had the advantage of awakening surprise as well as evoking esteem. But the disappointment will be really due to the fact that *Herod* is a departure from the lines within which Mr. Phillips is naturally most admirable. "Paolo and Francesca" was a dramatic poem, *Herod* is a tragedy. The latter deals with what are called the "grand passions" and is not merely a story of frustrate and unhappy love. The whole pitch is raised by the initial hypothesis of the drama. The scene, the events, the motives are more recondite, more removed from the sphere of sympathetic appreciation. We are in the world of history, but of Oriental history. The elemental character of the personages and their conduct appears in stark relief, the restraints to which we are so accustomed as to need them for the illusion of reality have disappeared; every psychological feature is wild, willful, despotic. The culmination in Herod's insanity is quite in key, artistically, but the fact judges the preliminary steps. The very merits of "Paolo and Francesca" made it doubtful that Mr. Phillips should succeed so well in this sort of thing; and the short comings added to the merits of that charming play, explain the defects of *Herod* where a failure in power is necessarily more conspicuous, and in the scheme of which grace and suavity are necessarily afforded less scope.

They are nevertheless present and to our mind constitute the main excellence of the tragedy. The story follows history quite closely. Herod is passionately in love with his wife, Mariamne, and unduly under her influence as his own partisans think. He elevates her brother, Aristobulus, to the place of High Priest, though there is a strong party attached to the royal race whose throne Herod has gained and to which Mariamne and Aristobulus belong. Nevertheless, called away to make his peace with Octavius after the defeat of his patron Antony at Actium, he leaves orders for the assassination of Aristobulus and, in case of his own death, of Mariamne. The former is promptly despatched and on his return Herod finds that Mariamne has learned of his having ordered the murder. This kills her love for him and her coldness drives him to the borders of frenzy, when his mother and sister by plausible calumny persuade him that Mariamne is false and has tried to poison him, and wring from him the order for her execution. After this he falls into a melancholy and broods by the Dead Sea "incapable of empire" for a season, but returns to Jerusalem, persuaded that Mariamne is still alive and descanting upon vast plans for the glory of his kingdom. Finally when the truth can no longer be hidden from him, Mariamne's embalmed body is brought into his presence. He beholds it and is seized with catalepsy, the curtain falling and rising twice while night succeeds to day and dawn to night, and Herod is disclosed and then left motionless in his rigid trance.

Dramatically the tragedy is very skillfully worked out. Everything has been thought of, and there are no flaws nor loose ends. The motives of each contributory action are sufficiently adequate

—given the exotic and ideal aloofness of the *donnée*; at least they are artistically adequate if they are not altogether convincing. Perhaps Herod makes love with too much sincerity, is too much absorbed in Mariamne to be synchronously capable of such bloody treachery to her. His feeling for her implies an enervation that excludes ferocity, one would say. But the exhibition of his passion for her comprises the most attractive portions of the work, and it is here that, as one would expect from the "Paolo and Francesca," Mr. Phillips is at his best. It would be a pity to lose any of it even for a gain in psychological unity. But there is a greater difficulty inherent in the work, and one to which it would in large measure succumb, even if Mr. Phillips's talent were equal, as it seems it is not—at present, at all events—to adequate treatment of the "grand passions" and monumental material. This difficulty is that *in form* the

tragedy is an exposition of Herod, his passions and deeds and their effect on him, the ruin they work to him. Whereas the *interest* of the work is centered in his relations with Mariamne. These close at the end of Act II. Act III is sentimentally a distinct anti-climax. It merely chronicles the psychological result of these relations. In spite, therefore, of many poetic lines, the third act is dull reading. Perhaps it plays better than it reads. For the reader the merit of the tragedy lies in the love passages and in the truly poetic feeling and diction which form the most important part of Mr. Phillips's equipment, and which are less noteworthy here than in the preceding play mainly because they match the subject less perfectly. But whatever its shortcomings it is safe to say there is unlikely to be an English dramatic poem of equal interest published until the author of *Herod* writes another.

W. C. Brownell.

A FEBRUARY SUNSET

BESIDE the frozen marsh the sedges sigh,
While keen-edged winds like sabres cut their way;
A water-fowl is floating there on high,
Seeking some far-off home at close of day.

The ghostly hills are shrouded white in snow,
Brown boughs, a-shiver nakedly, are numb;
A wandering black-robed friar, limps a crow;
To find on hardened clods, a stingy crumb.

Here weeds and brambles, thickly interlaced,
Hang frail embroidery of hoary frost;
Here tiny tracks of hares are lightly traced;
A crying snow-bird seeks the mate he lost.

A cottage rises in the fields of white,
Its smoke is curling tremulous and thin;
Its windows glow like jaspers through the night,
Rich with the warmth of blissful love within.

There like a dewdrop in a scarlet flower
A star is twinkling in the ruddy sky,
And sprinkling snow-fields in a silver shower,
The new moon's horn of plenty hangs on high.

The sunset splendor makes the twilight glow
In purple and in orange clouds of fire,
As conquering Alexander long ago
Gave to the torch imperial towers of Tyre.

—From "*Songs of North and South*," by Walter Malone. By courtesy of Messrs. John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE production of books for the moment is at a standstill until the spring. The season has produced only one sensation in the shape of the anonymous "Love Letters of an English Woman." The book has been Mr. John Murray's great hit, and has been widely read. Some critics do not believe that the letters are genuine—they are too literary. The authorship has been attributed variously to Mrs. Edith Wharton, and to "George Egerton," who has been very quiet for a long time. I scarcely think they are the work of either of these writers; "George Egerton's" palpitations are of a much more ideal type. Mr. Murray is keeping his secret well, and thereby adding to the boom of the book. A new writer of fiction who has made a real hit is Mrs. Stepney Rawson, whose "Lady of the Regency" is just coming out on your side. This is Mrs. Rawson's first book; and amidst much journalistic work she is now completing another novel. It would be difficult to say what type of fiction is most popular at the moment. Historical works, probably aided by the strenuousness of the times, have had an unusual success recently, largely helped, of course, by Lord Rosebery's book on Napoleon, while some of the younger publishers have made a specialty of historical biography.

A volume of verse, entitled "Ad Astra," issued by Mr. Richards, has been so enormously advertised that it has run into several editions. On a recent occasion, the father of a novelist spent hundreds of pounds on advertising one of his off-spring's stories. The point is interesting as showing how much advertisement can really do for a book.

Mrs. Paget Toynbee, who is preparing a new edition of Walpole for the Clarendon Press, has created quite a new inter-

est in her subject. She has made it clear that the letters of the great Horace, as published by Cunningham, were very severely edited indeed, in some cases Bowdlerised and frequently disfigured to suit the sensibilities of his contemporaries. Hannah More seems to have undertaken the task of censoring certain letters written to her, and Miss Berry, who published them, edited them as well. Mrs. Toynbee is now to give us the letters as originally written, as far as they can be read. She is the wife of Mr. Paget Toynbee, the well-known Dante scholar, whose brother, Arnold, practically founded Toynbee's Settlement in Whitechapel, known as Toynbee Hall. Their father, Joseph Toynbee, has been described as the man who raised aural surgery from a neglected condition of quackery to a recognized position as a legitimate branch of surgery. Many biographical works are in hand. Mr. Morley will follow his life of Mr. Gladstone with a book on Cobden to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, who is married to Cobden's daughter, Lady Knutsford, who is the niece of Lord Macaulay and the sister of Sir George Trevelyan, is writing a memoir of her grandfather, Zachary Macaulay, the great slave abolitionist. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has completely recast Lord Sheffield's life of Gibbon. Mr. Barry O'Brien is at work on a life of Lord Russell of Killowen, which includes a diary kept by the Lord Chief Justice when in America. Mr. Justice Matthew will deal with him in the Dictionary of National Biography supplement.

The interest in Persian literature has undoubtedly been strengthened, if not created, for the mass of the people by the operations of the Omar Khayyam Club. The poet Hafiz has now come within the

orbit of the popular reader. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy started the ball eight years ago, when he gave us "Ghazels from the Poems of Hafiz." We have had several versions since then, notably one by Mr. Walter Leaf. Mr. John Payne has now entered the lists of translators. It is twenty years since he made his mark with his remarkable translation of Villon's poems in the original ballade form. He also translated the Arabian Nights from the original Arabic; he has given us a version of the Decameron, and a year or two ago he produced us a literal but unpopular transcript of Omar. Mr. Payne, who was born in 1842, is very little known indeed in literary circles. He is a solicitor by profession and a poet by practice. He published his first volume of verses, "The Masque of Shadows," so long ago as 1871.

"The horses of Mr. William Black do not soar toward the sun. They merely frighten the sky at evening into violent chromolithographic effects. On seeing them approach, the peasants take refuge in dialect." It is a curious irony that the brilliant critic who scouted the author of "The Princess of Thule" in this gibe should have died miserably in an insignificant hostelry in the Latin quarter, purposely forgotten by his own countrymen, while the monument to Mr. Black's memory is gradually rising in the shape of a lighthouse at Duart Point in the Sound of Mull. Literature and lighthouses go well together. One has only to think of Stevenson to recall some of the inspiration which made him the man he was, and at this moment an Irish landlord, Mr. R. M. Barrington, has published an expensive book in Dublin, on the migration of birds as observed at Irish houses and lighthouses—a book that is full of interest for American readers. The Black lighthouse consists of a tower designed by Mr. Leiper, the Royal Scottish Academician. The lighting material will be

compressed gas, taken round to the tower by steamer periodically and pumped into tanks. That part of the Scots coast is exceedingly dangerous, two wrecks having occurred there only last winter. The light on Duart Point will act in combination with the light at Lismore and thus render the Lady Rock, which lies in mid-channel, less dangerous. The whole district is very picturesque and teems with the legends that Black loved to translate into the key of modern romance. Lord Archibald Campbell, the treasurer of the fund—the lighthouse will cost £1500—is a brother of the present Duke of Argyll. He is a perfervid Celt, and has written extensively on everything pertaining to the Scots Highlands. Mr. Black's life is to be written by his old friend, Sir Wemyss Reid, the chairman of the Cassells' corporation, who has produced several popular biographies, notably one on the Brontës.

The monument which is being raised over the grave of Mr. Ruskin, in Coniston Churchyard, has been designed by his biographer, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, and forms a most interesting epitome of the master's work. It takes the form of a tall cross of the type lately revived from ancient models of the age before the Norman Conquest. The cross itself is of hard green stone rising from a base cut into three Calvary steps. It would be impossible to detail the numerous devices on the monument reminiscent of Mr. Ruskin. Suffice it to say that the cover of "Modern Painters" is reproduced. The Lion of St. Mark appears for his "Stones of Venice" and the Candlestick of the Tabernacle for the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." Another side of the base is meant to symbolize his interest in natural history. A third represents his ethical and social teaching and includes designs of "Fors Clavigera" and "Sesame and Lilies."

The Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, who has edited "The Living Races of Mankind" for

Messrs. Hutchinsons, the publishers, is the son of a former science master at Rugby. Since 1891 he has devoted himself to literary work in London, and has made his mark by popularizing paleontology. I observe that he has now dropped the "reverend" in front of his name. His new book is being published in parts, a method of issue that has once again become popular, mainly through the endeavors of the Harmsworths, who have shown Englishmen how a great newspaper can sell books in a wholesale manner.

A subject index is the next great work at the British Museum, now that the author index has been finished at an expense of some £40,000. The proposal for the subject index has met with some serious opposition, for a correspondent of the *Times* describes it as "superfluous, misleading, impossible and a waste of public money and the time of public servants." He holds that it is superfluous in view of the large number of existing special bibliographies; misleading, because the museum is not complete, and impossible because every attempt at compiling such an index in general has hitherto completely failed. The index would cost from £25,000 to £30,000. Altogether the museum has recently come in for a good deal of criticism, for its purpose to destroy "useless" matter has not met with universal support.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has made a distinct hit with the dramatized version of the charming fairy-tale, "The Happy Hypocrite," which Mrs. Patrick Campbell has produced at the same time with Mr. Frank Harris's play, "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry." Mrs. Campbell is one of our most artistic managers, giving us Maeterlinck with a fine precision of the Belgian's mysticism; and few things have been more delightful than "The Fantasticks." Mr. Beerbohm, who is step-brother to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, has the artistry of the actor under

a somewhat different guise. As he came into public notice about the same time as the Beardsley cult, his popularity has not been commensurate with his ability. And yet I know few more delightful specimens of fantastic essay-writing than are contained in the little book published by Mr. John Lane some years ago, entitled "The Works of Max Beerbohm." He has a curious talent for caricature and the recent Christmas Number of the *World* showed him at his very best as a comic draughtsman. His dramatic criticisms for the *Saturday Review* are always full of characteristic points of view. Mr. Beerbohm is a very shy person. On a recent occasion he made a speech at the dinner of the Playgoers' Club, and although it was to the point and full of humor, it was evidently painful to Mr. Beerbohm to address a gathering.

The method of showing disapproval of a play adopted in this country by means of "booing," which has replaced the older method of hissing, has been discussed at great length recently apropos of the production of Mrs. Craigie's comedy, "The Wisdom of the Wise." The general opinion seems to be that if an audience has the right to applaud it has also the right to object to a play, and several authors have declared that they would far rather an audience "booed" to show disapproval than that it should simply slip out in silence. Our gallery audiences, the cheapest part in the house, take themselves with tremendous seriousness, and indeed they remain the last stronghold of enthusiastic, yet discriminating, opinion. On a first night the stalls are crowded with the manager's friends. Since the fashion of the queue at the booking office window was introduced the pit is practically monopolized by women, so that the unbooked masculine part of the audience is compelled to retreat to the gallery. One can scarcely be astonished that they should

keenly criticise a play. They wait for hours to get admission ; they are packed like sardines for several hours more. The only wonder is that they do not object to poor plays at the beginning, instead of at the end, but they reserve their judgment simply to give the actor, always notoriously nervous on a first night, a chance.

Side by side with the "boosing," we have had a revival of the dispute about the censor. Curiously enough this has arisen over the production of "Herod,"

for while Mr. Stephen Phillips' play passed muster, the brilliant "Salome" was barred. The censor recently intervened at the Gaiety, where a topical song about "President Dopper" was sung by a comedian got up like Mr. Kruger. The censor vetoed the make-up. Some years ago he practically stopped Mr. Arthur Roberts at the same house, burlesquing Lord Randolph Churchill, in a rollicking song, "I'm a regular Randy-dandy oh!"

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

IN March of last year the Grolier Club gave an exhibition of first and other editions of the works of John Dryden at their rooms in New York. At that time only a hand-list was issued. The publication committee at once set about enlarging and perfecting this so as to have it form a catalogue of some pretensions and published as one of their regular issues.

As a result of this two hundred copies have been printed on hand-made paper in a thin 8vo, containing a frontispiece portrait and the collations of all Dryden's original poems, excepting "To My Lord Chamberlain," 1662, and two plays, viz.: "Secret Love," 1668, "The State of Innocence," 1676, and "The Secular Masque," which was contributed by Dryden to "The Pilgrim" when produced for his benefit, shortly before his death.

It is quite remarkable that so nearly a complete collection of Dryden's writings should be owned in this country, and that any collection of gentlemen in a club like the Grolier Club should be so fortunate as to possess within its membership the necessary data for such a catalogue. As no bibliography of Dryden has ever been attempted before, we have epitomized for the readers of *THE BOOK BUYER*, the information in brief contained in this volume, and therefore give a check-list which will be of service to the collector.

The club was so fortunate as to give an exhibition at the same time of most of the engraved portraits of Dryden, as well as two oil paintings, two attributed to Sir Godfrey Kneller, one never engraved.

A CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS OF JOHN DRYDEN.

1. Three Poems upon Death of Cromwell. 4to, London 1659
2. *Astræa Redux*. folio, London 1660
3. *To His Sacred Majesty, a Panegyrick*, etc. folio, London 1661
4. *To My Lord Chancellor*, presented on New Year's Day. folio, London 1662
5. *Rival Ladies*. 4to, London 1664
6. *Indian Queen, a Tragedy*. 4to, London 1665
7. *Indian Emperor*. 4to, London 1667
8. *Annus Mirabilis, The Year of Wonders*. 8vo, London 1667
9. *Secret Love*. 4to, London 1668
10. *Of Dramatick Poesie, an Essay*. 4to, London 1668
11. *Sir Martin Morall; or, the Feign'd Innocence*. 4to, London 1668
12. *Wild Gallant, a Comedy*. 4to, London 1669
13. *The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island*. 4to, London 1670
14. *Tyrannick Love; or, The Royal Martyr*. 4to, London 1670
15. *An Evening's Love, etc., etc.* 4to, London 1671
16. *Conquest of Granada*. 4to, London 1672
17. *Marriage à la Mode*. 4to, London 1673
18. *Assignment (The); or, Love in a Nunnery*. 4to, London 1673
19. *Amboyna, a Tragedy*. 4to, London 1673
20. *The Mall, or The Modish*. 4to, London 1674
21. *The Mistaken Husband*. 4to, London 1675
22. *Aureng-Zebe, a Tragedy*. 4to, London 1676
23. *State of Innocence*. 4to, London 1676
24. *All for Love; or, The World Well Lost*. 4to, London 1677
25. *Œdipus, a Tragedy*. 4to, London 1679
26. *Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late*. 4to, London 1679
27. *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen*. 4to, London 1679
28. *Kind Keeper; or, The Limberham*. 4to, London 1680
29. *The Spanish Fryar*. 4to, London 1681
30. *Absalom and Achitophel, a Poem*. folio, London 1681
31. *The Medall, a Satyre against Sedition*. 4to, London 1682
32. *Mac Flecnov; or a Satyr upon the True-Blew*, etc. 4to, London 1682
33. *Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel*. folio, London 1682
34. *Religion Laici; or, a Layman's Faith*. folio, London 1682
35. *Vindication; or, The Parallel of the French Holy League*. 4to, London 1682

35. Duke of Guise, a Tragedy.	4to, London	1688
36. Albion and Abanias.	4to, London	1685
37. Threnodia Augustalis, a Funeral Pindarique.	4to, London	1685
38. The Hind and The Panther.	4to, London	1687
39. Britannia Rediviva.	4to, London	1688
40. Annus Mirabilis.	4to, London	1688
Collection of Poems on Affairs of State.	4to, London	1689
41. Address of John Dryden, Laureat, etc., etc.	folio, London	1689
42. Don Sebastian, King of Portugal.	4to, London	1690
43. State of Innocence and Fall of Man.	4to, London	1690
44. Amphitryon; or The Two Sofias.	4to, London	1691
45. King Arthur; or, The British Worthy.	4to, London	1691
46. Cleomenes, The Spartan Hero.	4to, London	1692
47. Elismora, a Panegyric Poem, etc.	4to, London	1692
48. Love Triumphant.	4to, London	1694
49. Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Musique.	folio, London	1697
50. Fables, Ancient and Modern, Translated into Verse.	folio, London	1700
51. Comedies, Tragedies, and Operas.	folio, London	1701
52. Works. Edited by Walter Scott.	18 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh	1808

In the May, 1898, number of the *Book Buyer*, attention was called to the remarkable catalogue issued by Bernard Quaritch, of London, containing the "Monuments of Printing," then in his possession, a collection so remarkable that it attracted the attention of book buyers throughout the world. The rarest book in the catalogue and the highest priced one ever offered for sale, was called attention to at that time. It is rarer even than the Mazarin Bible. The book in question is known as "The Psalter of 1459," printed by Fust and Schœffer at Mainz on vellum. It had once belonged to Sir Mark M. Sykes, whose library was sold in 1824, and was bought at his sale by Sir John Hayford Thorold, whose residence at Syston

Park had given the name to his collection. The Syston Park sale occurred in London in 1884, and the books fetched the handsome sum of £28,001 for 2110 lots. At this sale the book was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for £4,900, and he promptly offered it for sale at £5,250, at which price it has appeared in his catalogue for upwards of fifteen years. It is said that over and over again the elder Quaritch had refused £5,000 cash for his precious volume.

It is interesting to record that this volume, which had stood the assaults of collectors from all parts of the world, finally capitulated to a New York collector, who has the proud distinction of owning the second book printed with a date, and the fourth produced by typography. The precious volume, together with a Gutenberg Bible, and other specimens of early typography, were exhibited to a little coterie of admirers at the December members' meeting at the Grolier Club in New York.

It is of this copy of the Fust and Schœffer Psalter that Quaritch states that "the large initial letters engraved on wood and printed in red and blue ink are the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood-engraver and the pressman have produced. They have been imitated in modern times, but not excelled. As they are the first letters in point of time printed with two colors, so they are likely to continue the first in point of excellence."

Ernest Dressel North.

SONG

WHY do the bells of Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by the shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sung and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

—From "*Sharps and Flats*," by Eugene Field. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.



J. SYMONDS AND HIS DAUGHTER—1891

[From "John Addington Symonds—A Biography," compiled from his papers and correspondence by Horatio F. Brown]



AM HOF- DAVOS PLATZ

[From a drawing by Mrs. Symonds.—From Brown's "Biography "]

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

A CRITIC OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE autobiographical writings of John Addington Symonds reveal a unique phenomenon, the unfolding and developing of a Renaissance spirit imprisoned within a nineteenth century form.

Broken in health, possessing an unusual capacity for mental, spiritual, emotional suffering; a great intellect, beating against the prison-bars of a diseased body—such was John Addington Symonds.

From the first days in the Lower Crescent to that last struggle at Rome, he realized the absolute inadequacy of the conditions of life to meet its requirements, its longings. To the generality of mankind this is a fact to be met as death is met—the very irrevocability of it making evasion mere folly. But to Symonds it was exquisite torture, at once the ecstasy and pang of life—life itself. He lived

upon his longings: the straining to grasp the shadow, to look upon that which is without form, to touch that which is intangible, to give expression to that inner life, that eternal Presence which is found and lost and found again in mystery. He lived upon these things. And they, in turn, sapped his vitality, wove their invisible web about him, and by that very thread which held him, tore themselves with reverted strength from his grasp, and at the moment when he alone, perhaps, was the only creature in Rome which gave them heed. (Symonds died during the fêtes given on the king's and queen's silver wedding anniversary, when the city was in a state of merriment.) John Addington Symonds was born October 5, 1840, at Bristol, the fifth child of Dr. John Symonds, a man of culture and

means. He graduated from Balliol College, Oxford, in his twentieth year, and took three trips to the Continent—two during his Oxford days and one immediately after graduation—before the final change of residence to Davos-Platz, Switzerland. Symonds died at Rome, April 19, 1893, after thirty-three years of constant study, work and travel. He lies in the English Cemetery beside Shelley. Constance Fenimore Woolson, William Wetmore Story and Mrs. Story rest near him. That he should go to his last sleep in Italy, which was, by all the laws of his nature, the home of his heart and mind, is a fitting and beautiful sequence.

To have a clear and sympathetic idea of Symonds's many-sided nature, to be familiar with those outward facts of his life having a direct bearing upon his spiritual and mental development, to know the supreme need of that life—the pivot upon which it revolved, and lastly, to secure its results through his books, is a valuable study to every student of nineteenth century literature.

Symonds's mother died when he was an infant, but his father acquitted himself nobly in the double rôle of father and mother. There existed between them one of those rare and beautiful friendships of parent and child. It was the strongest element in the boy's life.

"My father was the *rara avis* of the family," he wrote. "Intellectually he had joined the ranks of progress, and belonged to the age of widening thought.

. . . He was open at all pores to culture, to art, to archæology, to science, to literature. . . . My father's mental and moral influence began to make itself powerfully felt during my Oxford life. We were drawn together and exchanged thoughts upon the deepest problems, with a freedom unusual, perhaps in the intercourse of father and son."

To a youth of Symonds's vital and sen-

sitive temperament such a fathership was essential. Even though he possessed such friendships as those of Jowett and the University men, acquired during the formative years when mind and nature are so keenly susceptible to outside influences, Symonds's need of his father never lessened, nor did his loyalty waver for an instant.

Symonds was a precocious boy of an introspective, pondering nature, swayed by conflicting emotions, continually seeking, probing, questioning. All life revolved round the one query: *Que sais-je?* He learned life through his books, and of this strange and intimate companionship with "the cited dead of all ages" he wrote a friend:

"I envy you to be living in the world of things and not of thoughts—that is, to use the former as your battlefield of life, and to turn the latter round at times for your recreation. I, on the other hand, hear the great world of fact and action roaring forever around me unintelligibly; my own sphere is one of phantoms, and my own battle a mere *sciomachy*. Thoughts and words are the men and things I deal with; but they are direful realities, full of suasions to passion, and maddening with impossible visions of beauty. This constant contact with the intangible results, in a word, is the state of Faust. We must go from thought to action, from the darkness of the study to the full light of the world—if we are strong enough."

Each state in his psychical development, therefore, is pinned to the memory of a reading. Symonds was dead to the world of contemporary action. He lived, suffered, enjoyed in the past; he was the receptacle of the joys and sorrows of antiquity. Of his reading the *Iliad* with a friend he says: "When we came to the last book I found a passage which made me weep bitterly. It was the description

of Hermes going to meet Priam, disguised as a mortal. *The Greek in me awoke* to that simple yet so splendid vision of young manhood. . . . Somewhat later I found another line which impressed me powerfully, and unsealed hidden wells of different emotions. It was the Hippolytus of Euripides. . . . The sense of casuistry and criticism leapt into being at that touch. I foresaw in that moment how pros and cons of moral conduct would have to be debated, and now every thesis seeks antithesis and resolution in the mental sphere."

Plato was an elemental force in determining the bend of Symonds's thought. In his Harrow diary is this entry:

"When we returned from the play I went to bed and began to read my Cary's Plato. It so happened that I stumbled on the Phædrus. I read on and on until I reached the end. Then I began the Symposium; and the sun was shining on the shrubs outside the ground floor in which I slept, before I shut the book up . . . that night was one of the most important nights of my life.

. . . Here in the Phædrus and the Symposium, in the Myth of the Soul, I discovered the revelation I had been waiting for, the consecration of a long-cherished idealism. It was just as though the voice of my own soul spoke to me through Plato. Harrow vanished into unreality. I had touched solid ground. Here was the poetry, the philosophy, of my own enthusiasm, expressed with all the magic of unrivalled style. The study of Plato proved decisive for my future. Coming at the moment when it did, it delivered me from the torpid cynicism of my Harrow life, and controlled my thoughts for many years." This and the following entry are of significant importance. They strike the keynote of Symonds's nature—a nature strangely affinitive with the spirit of the Renaissance.

"At this period of my youth (eighteen years of age) I devoured Greek literature and fed upon the reproductions of Greek plastic art, with which my father's library was stored. Plato took the first place in my studies. I dwelt upon the opening pages of Charmides and Lysis. I compared these with the clouds of Aristophanes, and the dialogues of Lucian and Plutarch. I explored Theognis and the anthology, learned Theocritus by heart, tasted fragments of Anacreon and Ibycus and Pindar. I did not reflect upon the incongruity of this impulse to absorb the genius of the Greeks, and the other impulse which drew me toward mediævalism. The Confessions of St. Augustine lay side by side upon my table with a copy of the Phædrus."

The Harrow and Oxford experiences were a complexity of sufferings, mental and spiritual. Grave and torturing days, some of them leaden as a March sky; others broken with golden light, flashing half-meanings of great truths, and again, narrowing into a sullen refusal. A young neophyte eager to know, Symonds left no well-spring untasted. The critical and analytical faculties of his mind developed rapidly in this congenial atmosphere. The friendships of these days were a great mental and emotional strain on Symonds. His companions, like himself, were men of unusual calibre. The feverish intensity and enthusiasm of their arguments, carried on at all hours of the night and day, could not help but have a physical as well as mental reaction, and led to that series of break-downs which made Symonds's life such a pitifully sad one.

The three important friendships of Symonds's college days were those of his father, Professor John Conington and Jowett, the Master of Balliol. Frequent references to the famous Platonist in the diary, reveal him in various moods—although the dominant note was always in

a minor key. Jowett's breakfasts were epochs at Oxford:

"Jowett's breakfast parties were more paralyzing than his coaching hours. Nothing is anywhere drearier than a lot of people meeting at a breakfast. Here they met, stiff, awkward, shy, from their very reverence for Jowett. He sat, sipped tea, ate little, stared vacantly. Few spoke. The toast was heard crunching under desperate jaws of youths exasperated by their helplessness and silence. Nevertheless it was a great event to go—although nobody shone, neither host nor guest."

The catholicity of taste and temperamental expansiveness which yielded itself up to both spiritual and pagan beauty, this endeavor to reconcile Moses and Plato, Jesus and Socrates, made Symonds's nature peculiarly adapted to the interpretation of the spirit of the Renaissance. The struggles within his own nature were but a reflection of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is the clashing of two great forces, Christianity and paganism, spirit and matter: Hellenism—the Greek sense and worship of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, and not for any spiritual meaning of which it may be the symbol; Christianity—the infusion of spirituality in the opaqueness of the Greek idea, illumining and making it radiant with an imperishable beauty—cap-ping genius with the spirit of Christ.

The perusal of Mr. Symonds's letters is not a pleasurable occupation. They are too intense to be restful reading. But to possess ourselves of the *essence* of that life in his works is a pleasure which no scholar has given us in a greater degree.

He has, with subtle and fluent eloquence, presented every phase, responded to every wave of thought and feeling in that capricious moment of world-development.

On the other hand, Mr. Symonds was guilty of certain weaknesses which gen-

erally evidence themselves in all intense natures. He went to extremes not only in his measure of people and events, but in his literary expression. The element of partisanship was too strong. A judge may not indulge in enthusiasms. He possessed, in a superlative degree, the one thing which Miss Martineau accused Macaulay of lacking. "Thomas Macaulay wanted heart: this was the one deficiency which lowered all his other gifts," she wrote upon the statesman's death. The result in the latter's case was a shell-like brilliancy, while Symonds's warm-hearted enthusiasm produced a richness of tone which made him generous oftentimes when he should have been critical. In "Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece" this unrestraint is shown in the too frequent use of adjectives. Every color in sky and earth is noted faithfully, not by the art of suggestion, which is the word-artist's most skilful tool, but by the actual word synonymous with the various shades of nature's painting.

Symonds's spiritual and intellectual experiences are both unique and valuable enough to demand separate treatment. Yet, are they so interwoven at times that truest judgment of the man is gained only by an abstract criticism. Up to his twenty-eighth year, when occurred what Symonds called the "crisis" in his spiritual development, his religious life was a chaotic one. The Greek and Hebraic spirits were constantly at war. And, moreover, apart from the æsthetic tendencies of his nature which asserted themselves so significantly at his confirmation, was the Platonic passion for logical proof. The *lapis philosophorum* was ever disturbing the tranquil waters of faith. The result of this spirit-wrestling found him a changed man, and for the better. He left the world of abstract meanings, and applied the great test-questions to the world of humanity. After all, it is the solvent

of flesh and blood which warms a man's heart to the gladness of living; better a sturdy belief in *la bête humaine* than the ceaseless chase after a metaphysical phantasy.

Another trial of Symonds's was his writer's desire to give expression to every thought and emotion. It was the difficulty of Cinque Cento—possessing the hidden fire, the germ, the desire, the possibilities, but lacking the power to create, to evolve this passive world of thought into active usefulness.

"I cannot write. It is daily becoming clearer to me, and I do not know what is left beyond '*le tourment de l'impuissance, la soft de l'impossible*.' I am like a sphere in contact at all points with nature, poetry, painting, philosophy, music, passion, yet without a motive force within it. I spin helplessly upon my poles, and never stir a step forward. What is the use of all the conglobated thoughts and feelings in my soul? I would far sooner have one little faculty of real productiveness, or else have never known the thousand forms of beauty. '*Malgre moi l'infini me tourmente*.'" Yet it seems possible that Symonds exaggerated his own lack. Indeed, the reading of the "*Renaissance*" convinces us that he did so, for the very virtues whose absence he laments, challenge us at every page. But, again, considering this man's unusual intellect, and the fact of his achieving what he did in the face of so many obstacles, it is quite possible that he did acquire these essentials, only through the strongest perseverance.

An introspective phase succeeded Symonds's entrance into literary life. The change from an unsettled state of mind and belief, from the blind seeking for the *raison d'être* of the universe to the tranquillity which follows grave decisions, was a radical one. Symonds was, verily, born again into the chastened spirit of willing



J. A. SYMONDS—1886
[From Brown's "Biography"]

acquiescence. He gauged humanity and belief broadly, dispassionately. He became a stoic, reduced life to a minimum, gave poet and farmer equal praise, ignored public opinion, and lived in and for his work, irrespective of the censure or praise it might bring him.

"I saw contemporaries pass me in the race of life; and taught myself not to envy this man's strength or that man's skill. In a word, the stern school of adversity delivered me from many pettinesses. I determined to do what I could, however little and however worthless that might be. I wrote for distraction, for enjoyment, for myself, and did not cumber my soul with what society or critics thought of me. Hampered by so many disabilities I slowly but surely emancipated my soul from academical and middle-class prejudices. The callings and works of men appointed to different places in the world assumed proper proportions in my tired and disillusioned eyes. To bear the poet's crown, to win the fame of the scholar, seemed to me on a par with driving a

straight furrow through the corn land, or steering a ship to port through perilous waters under stormy skies. . . . I was disciplined into democracy with all its sympathies and all its hauteur."

These crises, following Symonds's first serious illness (in 1862) brought about the journey in search of strength and renewed health. Dr. William Jenner advised Egypt, with a few weeks' stop in the high Alps. The half-way house proved to be Davos, the scene of his happiest moments and best effort. Twelve years later he wrote, "Whatever happens, I shall remember that these years of my checkered and perturbed existence have been the best, the healthiest, and the most active of the whole."

Much of the "Renaissance" was done there. "The Sonnets of Michael Angelo and Campanella," Cellini's "Autobiography," "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," "Life of Michael Angelo," and the "Memoirs of Carlo Gozzi" are all literary landmarks in his Davos career. Another side of Symonds's nature asserted itself, for the first time, under the influence of this new and strange citizenship. In the first place the venture was a successful one—the climate was suited to Symonds's peculiar nature. He became stronger, happier, better in every way. He was out in open sledges for ten and twelve hours at a time, with the snow "all over the Maloja." He became deeply interested with the people, entered into their lives, their sports, found out their needs, and became at once their good friend and generous patron. The student suddenly emerged from his habitual shell and blossomed into an athlete. Yet the books and work were not cast aside. Contrary to the doctor's orders and the wishes of his family and friends, he continued studying.

"I attribute my gradual recovery in no small measure to the fact that I absolutely refused to give up study. Some hours of

every day were devoted to literature, and thus I succeeded in printing and publishing 'Sonnets of Michael Angelo and Campanella,' and 'Many Moods.'" Petrarch isolating himself at the Fountain of the Sorgue, when he was working upon his "Africa," "with an ardor like that of the African sun itself," confessed to a like requirement in a letter to the Abbot of St. Benigno: "I find myself always in a sad and languishing state when I am not writing, and, anomalous though it seems, I labor when I rest, and find my rest in labor."

The life at Davos was interrupted by journeys to England and other parts of the Continent. Apart from his books, Symonds was working constantly at his Autobiography. The writing of "Michael Angelo" occupied a year and a half. It brought about a correspondence with several Renaissance scholars, among them Grimm, and also necessitated trips to Rome and Florence. To no other work did Symonds apply himself more steadily. The strain was too much for him, and he began to break down. In February, 1882, he wrote a strange word to his friend and literary executor, H. F. Brown: "Last Sunday night I was lying awake, thinking of death, desiring death; when lost in this sombre mood, to me the bedroom was at a moment filled with music—the 'Lontan Lontano,' from Boito's 'Mefistofele,' together with its harp accompaniment."

A few days later Symonds and his daughter Margaret left Davos for the south of Italy. They reached Rome two months later, and after a difficult fight for rooms—on account of the fêtes, which drew crowds from all parts of the Continent—found accommodations at the Hôtel d'Italia, "five stories up, where the air felt fresh and pure." There, in an atmosphere rife with influenza, Symonds fell ill. The long years of suffering told

against him, and he was unable to combat the disease which killed him. Of the last hours his daughter wrote:

" . . . He was terribly tired; he only wanted to be cool and sleep. I put my arm round him to hold him up, for he could not breathe, and soon his head fell back against my shoulder. His eyes were closed as though he really slept, and there was a strange, sweet smile around his mouth. He died in the very heat and the height of the spring day. There was no cloud in all the sky. The sun blazed passionately above the roofs of Rome as his spirit went out through the open window—out into the light which he had loved so well, which he had always striven to reach, to which he now belonged."

Symonds has written "Studies of the Greek Poets," "In the Key of Blue," a book of essays; "Studies of Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama," a "Life of Michael Angelo," one of Syd-

ney and of Ben Jonson. He translated Cellini's autobiography and the Sonnets of Michael Angelo. "A Study of Walt Whitman," "A Study of Boccaccio," "Studies in Italy and Greece," "Sketches and Studies in Italy," "Wine, Women and Song," and "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," complete his miscellaneous writings. But the most important work of Symonds's life was his history of the Renaissance in Italy. The thought of undertaking the task appalled him. It was, in reality, the history of the world's development during the Renaissance period.

"My heart bleeds to think of my own incapacity for a great work. I must not think of it, for the very thought paralyzes." Yet it was quite impossible for him to resist, and in February, 1871, while lecturing to a Clifton class on Dante, he began his first chapter of the work which won him fame.

Winifred Lee Wendell.

HERCULES AND THE CENTAURS

CENTAURS AND LAPITHÆ

THE nuptial throng have rushed into the feast
Centaurs and warriors, drunken, bold and fair,
The hero's skin mingling in torches' glare
With shining hides of children of the Cloud.
Laughter, uproar, cry; the ravished Bride
Caught to a dark breast struggles in the toils
Of rended purple; hoofs and armor crash
And in the fray the board is overturned.
Then he to whom the greatest is a dwarf
Stands up: upon his head the lion's skin
Frowns with its bristling gold. 'Tis Hercules;
And through the chamber vast from end to end,
Cowed by the terror of that angry eye,
The monstrous brood snorting recoil in fear.

FLIGHT OF THE CENTAURS

They fly enflamed with murder and revenge
To where the mountain cliff guards their retreat.
Fear drives them on. They feel the Death close by,
And smell the lion's odor through the night.
Onward they plunge, trampling the hydra's swarm
Where nor ravine nor torrents stay their flight;
Until upon the sky afar uprise
The crests of Ossa and of Pelion.
At times a member of the savage herd,
Suddenly rearing, looks a moment back,
Then with a bound rejoins his brutal band;
For he has seen the white and full-faced moon
Fling after them like a great scare-crow's arms
The shadow of the awful Hercules.

—From "*The Trophies*."—Sonnets by José-Maria de Heredia, translated by Frank Sewall. By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

"SHARPS AND FLATS"

THE BOY

Down through the snow-drifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers;
His rubber boots are full of feet
And his tippet full of ears.

A VIRGILIAN PICNIC

"COME, Chloe, beauteous maiden, come,
And here, within the flowery shade,
Enjoy with me the tuneful hum
Of bees that swarm throughout the glade.
Upon the velvet moss reclining,
And with thy murmurings in mine ear,
What thought have I of love's repining?
So come, sweet Chloe, rest thee here.

"Nay, Corydon; I fear, alack!
The ants would clamber up my back!"

"Ah, Chloe, here amongst the flow'rs,
While linnets coo in vines above,
How sweet to dream away the hours,
Or weave fair sonnets, to my love!

A zephyr, coming to delight me,
Breathes in mine ear a soothing tone,
And tells me Chloe shall requite me,
And so I smile as eke I prone."

"Rise, Corydon! I prithee rise!
You're proning on the custard pies!"

THE TIN BANK

SPEAKING of banks, I'm bound to say,
That a bank of tin is far the best,
And I know of one that has stood for years
In a pleasant home away out West;
It had stood for years on the mantel-piece,
Between the clock and the Wedgwood plate—
A wonderful bank, as you'll concede
When you've heard of the things I'll now relate.

This bank was made of McKinley tin,
Well soldered up at sides and back;
But it didn't resemble tin at all,
For they'd painted it over an iron-back,
And that it really was a bank
'Twas an easy thing to see and say,
For above the door in gorgeous red
Appeared the letters B-A-N-K.

This bank had been so well devised
And wrought so cunningly that when

You put your money in that hole
It couldn't get out of that hole again!
Somewhere about that stanch, snug thing
A secret spring was hid away,
But where it was, or how it worked—
Excuse me, please, but I will not say.

Thither, with dimpled cheeks aglow
Came pretty children oftentimes,
And, standing upon a stool or chair,
Put in their divers pence and dimes.
Once Uncle Hank come home from town,
After a cycle of grand events,
And put in a round blue ivory thing
He said was good for fifty cents!

The bank went clinkety-clinkety-clink,
And larger grew that precious sum,
Which grandma said she hoped would prove
A gracious boon to heathendom!
But there were those—I call no names—
Who did not fancy any plan
That did not in some wise involve
The candy and banana man.

Listen: Once when the wind went "Y-o-o-o-o-o-o!"
When with a wail the screech-owl flew
Out of her lair in the haunted barn,
There came three burglars down the road,
Three burglars skilled in arts of sin,
And they cried: "What's this? Aha! Oho!"

They burgled from half-past ten P. M.
Till the village bell struck four o'clock:
They hunted and searched and guessed and tried—
But the little tin bank would not unlock!
They couldn't discover the secret spring!
So when the barn-yard rooster crowed,
They up with their tools and stole away,
With the bitter remark that they'd be blown!

Next morning came a sweet-faced child,
And reached her dimpled hand to take
A nickel to send to the heathen poor
And a nickel to spend for her stomach's sake;
She pressed the hidden secret spring,
And lo! the bank flew open then
With a cheery creak that seemed to say:
"I'm glad to see you come again!"

If you were I, and if I were you,
What would we keep our money in?
In a down-town bank of British steel
Or an at home bank of McKinley tin?
Some want silver and some want gold,
But the little tin bank that wants the two
And is run on the double standard plan—
Why, that is the bank for me and you.

—From "Sharps and Flats," by Eugene Field, collected from the Chicago Daily News. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE ART OF BEING A MILLIONAIRE

IN this happy and prosperous country millionaires are almost as plentiful as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Many a man who is regarded by the members of his club as simply comfortably well off enjoys the unlimited respect of his banker, and is good for a check of seven figures. A list of the "unknown millionaires of America," would be full of surprises, and would make an interesting supplement to the Census Report. As a matter of fact you cannot be sure that any man is ineligible for such a company until his will has been admitted to probate, and sometimes not even then. The public is interested in this class. Why shouldn't it be? Napoleon pointed out the fact that every private in his army was stimulated by the reflection that he had a marshal's baton in his knapsack. And in the same way your little American is the potential possessor of a mansion on the Fifth Avenue, a "cottage" at Newport, a steam yacht, and the other things that give distinction to the individual. But while we can see the outward manifestations of the existence of persons of great wealth, they do not, as a rule, satisfy the curiosity of the public as to how they got it, or what they think ought to be done with it. A few great personages in the world of high finance appear every now and then as the founders of colleges and the benefactors of hospitals. In many cases, however, they show a desire to mask their identity. They wish to be regarded as private persons.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is an exception to the rule. He might be described as a "professional millionaire." He has opinions on the art of being a millionaire, or rather, to borrow from political economy, he is a practical expert on the "science" of making a million and the "art" of spending it. Now here he differs from most of those who approach the subject in a practical way. The old-fashioned novelists used to lead their hero and heroine through all sorts of tribulations, and leave them at the altar, to be happy for ever after. The new-fashioned novelists sometimes begin where their predecessors left off. The old doctrine of wealth only dealt with the problem of how to get rich, and there was the same assumption of subsequent happiness in the teaching of the "Manchester school" as in the case of the old writers of romance. But we have changed all that. According to Mr. Carnegie your millionaire's troubles have only begun when he has got the gilt-edged securities locked away in his strong-boxes. What must he do with them? What proportion of his income may he spend on himself? What proportion must he turn to public uses? and, above all, what is he to do with the fortune that he must leave behind him when he is carried out heels first to be put away under a storied urn or an animated bust, and possibly a misleading epitaph?

In his introduction Mr. Carnegie is frank. As a small boy, he had one ambition—to be a "business man." His first place brought him in one dollar and twenty cents a week. "I cannot tell you," he says, "how proud I was when I received my first week's earnings. One dollar and twenty cents made by myself and given to me because I had been of some use in the world! No longer entirely dependent

upon my parents, but at last admitted to the family partnership as a contributing member and able to help them ! I think this makes a man out of a boy sooner than almost anything else, and a real man, too, if there be any germ of true manhood in him. It is everything to feel that you are useful."

From that on his path was straight to a goal. R. L. Stevenson's aspiration was to "make a little, spend a little less." The business man's was to make a great deal and save a lot more. The desire to be a "business man" once gratified soon gave place to another—to be his own master. "I always liked the idea of being my own master, of manufacturing something and giving employment to many men." The realization of this dream marked the opening of a chapter in the development of what is now one of our greatest industries.

Mr. Carnegie has climbed the ladder, and, as he sits on the top rung and gazes at the landscape he feels exhilarated. It was capital exercise. He knows that it strengthened his muscles more than any course in physical culture could have done. From that lofty pulpit he preaches a lay sermon on "The Advantages of Poverty." But what he says is not an exhortation to resignation, but to effort. Incidentally he smashes the Henry George theory that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. "The truth is," he says, "that the rich are growing poorer and the poor are growing richer, and that the land is passing from the hands of the few into the hands of the many." His own career as a captain of industry he regards as a case in point. "The indisputable fact I know is," he declares "that my progress has inevitably carried with it not the 'growing poverty' but the growing riches of my fellow-countrymen, as the progress of every employer of labor must necessarily carry with it the enrich-

ment of the country and the laborer." The presence of the millionaire at one end of the scale does not mean poverty at the other end. The contrary is the case. It is in the country where there are millionaires that those who are poor can make their poverty a starting-point in the direction of a crowning success.

But when the desired object has been achieved the end is not yet. It is here that the fundamental idea of Mr. Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth" comes in. The surplus wealth must be regarded in the light of it as a sacred trust to be administered for the good of the community. Nay, more—and here the professors of political economy will show signs of dissent—"it predicts that the day is at hand when he who dies possessed of enormous sums, which were his and free to administer during his life, will die disgraced, and holds that the aim of the millionaire should be to die poor. It likewise pleads for modesty of private expenditure." There will be no more great will contests if Mr. Carnegie can have his way. So you may be sure that his doctrine won't be popular with the lawyers. And he must endow many more free libraries before he has reduced himself to the proper condition in which to leave this world, where takes place the everlasting struggle for existence.

Frederick James Gregg.

BISMARCK FROM MANY SIDES

FEVERISH haste seems to be making in Germany to prove the powerlessness of the Kaiser, and even of Death himself, to terminate the imperious influence of Bismarck over the nation he created with little assistance, and wanted

CONVERSATIONS WITH PRINCE BISMARCK. Collected by Heinrich von Poschinger. Edited, with an introduction, by Sidney Whitman. Harper & Bros., 8vo, \$1.50.

to guide with none. Out of good will or ill, everybody who was at any time in personal or official relations with the Iron Chancellor is recording all the minutest details of the association, and as a result the historians of the future—if there are any—and who, from present indications, can prophesy successors to the giants of yesterday?—will find not mounds, but mountains, not volumes but libraries, of material out of which to form an opinion of this one man. Absolutely all that he ever said or did in public or private, either has been, or apparently soon will be, put on paper. It cannot be claimed that the greater part, or even much, of this matter is of intrinsic interest or of obvious value, but the conviction of Bismarck's eminence among the European statesmen of his day is so deep and so general that even the trivialities of his life and speech assume an importance that seems real, and even the mere fact that on this or that dull subject Bismarck made this or that dull comment is pondered respectfully, and realization of the dullness disappears in the realization that here, too, is a means of appreciation and judgment.

So it is all right—the hurried industry that chronicles everything, for fear something may be lost, and leaves selection, arrangement and interpretation for future leisure; but with the books thus produced criticism of the usual sort has nothing to do, and the average reader has a right to regard them much as he would the placing on his dinner table of meats and vegetables just as they come from the market.

And, besides the producers of Bismarckiana, there are also collectors of it, and the work of selection has already begun. Busiest of all the collectors is Heinrich von Poschinger, who has searched in every direction for first-hand information about the Chancellor, and

from official records, German, French, English and American newspapers, published and unpublished memoirs, and books on other subjects, has gathered interviews, anecdotes, descriptions, documents and recollections enough to fill five bulky volumes—as a beginning! These five, and something more, Mr. Sidney Whitman has perused, and, to save others from the appalling task, he has made one book of 300 pages out of the passages that pleased him best or impressed him most. *Conversations with Prince Bismarck*, as he calls it, is without form, and therefore in no sense a contribution either to literature or history, yet it is far from void. Every page is a sort of snapshot at the Prince. Here he is seen at Versailles, exacting from France a price for her life; there, at a summer resort in the mountains, noting the scenery and moonlight effects with a surprisingly poetical eye; now, tactfully forcing him whom he called his “old master” to accomplish a burdensome destiny; then, raging fiercely at a bureau underling as relief for irritation accumulated in the presence of a king whose docility was the price of disguising compulsion as suggestion and persuasion; sometimes, the farmer discussing cattle and crops with his hired men; again, the retired diplomat debating with trusted friends the past and future of nations, or estimating, almost as gravely, the comparative merits of wines, and beers, and sausages, and cigars.

Varied as are the aspects, however, the character revealed is not particularly complex. Strength and energy, directness and persistence of purpose, an enormous self-consciousness and self-confidence, with an occasional gleam of grim humor—such is the man of the “conversations.” He endured no opposition, the wisdom of which he could possibly deny, and he forgave none which he did not or could not conquer.

The book contains no violations of Bismarck's confidence, and not many lines to annoy—and then not seriously—the new master who dismissed the old servitor and condemned him to unwelcome idleness. In the editing indiscretion has been avoided as sedulously and successfully as scandal, and the seeker for sensations, diplomatic or others, will be disappointed. The concluding touch is significant and pathetic.

"Two things," said the architect of an empire, "have afforded me especial pleasure in life—politics and wine. Politics I may not touch any more, and now Schweninger has forbidden wine."

Indeed, a desolate ending!

F. C. Mortimer.

AN ANTI-IMPERIALIST NOVEL

HAD it been written by somebody else *The Mantle of Elijah* would almost certainly have received a warmer, and quite certainly a more voluble welcome than it has met from the critics and the public. Its merits, for instance, are more than numerous enough to have set people to prophesying what is called "a future" for its author had it been the work of a novelist hitherto unknown; while, on the other hand, as the product of a pen long devoted to the exploitation of English life and politics, both in their higher phases, the book would have been promptly accepted as a far from unsuccessful attempt to maintain a reputation deservedly high. But Mr. Zangwill, unhappily for his present ambitions, has been, to the knowledge of us all, a literary specialist, and, like all other specialists when they invade the field of the general practitioner, he should not be surprised, or even unduly grieved, if he now encounters instead of prompt

and cordial commendation, a severity of judgment verging on or into downright injustice. Knowing things that others do not know, and therefore beyond the chance of rivalry while telling them, he has deliberately chosen to prove that he also knows the things that many, or at least more than one or two, know very well, and so he has subjected himself to comparisons trying indeed. And in a crowd, even though it be a small one, superiority is not easily demonstrated, and the man well up to average height often remains unnoticed.

Unfairer criticism than this could hardly be imagined, but it gives expression of a sort to a curious truth and therefore it is not, perhaps, altogether unpardonable, particularly if it be followed by an admission, entirely sincere, that in *The Mantle of Elijah* Mr. Zangwill has proved that he can see more than just what he *had* to see, and that he can paint big pictures well, even if not quite as well as he painted little ones. This, beyond a doubt, is a big picture, with the perspective adroitly managed, and all its distances occupied by life-like figures, harmoniously composed. To drop a burdensome metaphor, this member of the British cabinet, his wife and sons and daughters and friends and enemies, form a group of human beings at least sufficiently veridical to satisfy the large majority of readers of English that they are flesh and blood, that they could have lived in London, whether they ever did or not, and that their acquaintance was worth making. That the author endows every man, woman and child of the score or more to whom he introduces us with his own facility in epigram will seriously trouble only those who are absurd enough to think they think that the people in books or on the stage should talk as their prototypes would talk in drawing rooms or at dinner tables. We who are enlightened

know better than that, and are content if only the epigrams snap and sparkle—which is often, if not always, the case with those of Mr. Zangwill's invention. That he has made the creatures of his imagination—all the wise and most of the virtuous ones, that is—preach Little-Englandism, anti-imperialism and peace-at-any-price through the greater part of every chapter, is a circumstance of far greater importance, in that it forces some of us to detest the whole tone and teaching of the book. However, detestation of tone and teaching never hurt a book's sale or condemned an author to obscurity.

Liked or disliked, *The Mantle of Elijah* is indubitably interesting. In or out of the field especially his, Mr. Zangwill knows how to write, and he can fix the attention even when he does not please it. Something close to genius was required for the creation of Mrs. Marshmont, by far the most striking character in this book, and Allegra, the heroine, is a personage pleasing enough till she yields to the amazingly scant fascinations of the glowering mongrel, Dominick. If one could only discover whether Mr. Zangwill likes that fellow or not! He lets the wretched beast call himself a "prig," but somehow the suspicion arises again and again that the author believed this no more than did the grotesque inventor of the "Beyond Man." And really, until that point is settled, one cannot tell quite what to think either of Mr. Zangwill or his latest book.

M.

CONCERNING CATS

IN putting together her book *Concerning Cats*, Mrs. Helen M. Winslow has done an excellent piece of work, which should give a perceptible "boost" to the

study of cats and the growth of cat clubs in this country. To most persons, cats, even favorite cats, are simply animals. To Mrs. Winslow they are much more; while she does not worship them as the Egyptians did, she has much respect for them, which the readers of her book are quite certain to share even before they have finished it.

The popular literature of cats is scanty. Professor Wilder, of Cornell, dissected many cats and wrote learnedly on their internal machinery; but this book could hardly have been popular among cats and cat owners. Mr. Harrison Weir, an Englishman, wrote "Our Cats, and All About Them," which came out some ten years ago. Until Mrs. Winslow's book, these two began and ended the list. The new book will take its place with that of Mr. Weir; better written and more entertaining, but not so technical, omitting much that might have been inserted, such as the rules for judging in cat shows, etc., and not presenting such a complete collection of remedies for the ills of cat flesh. With these two criticisms recorded, little but praise remains for the book.

Mrs. Winslow discusses her own cats, which were and are charming persons; she tells about the cats of other persons, and about cats in England, and in poetry, and in art—three totally different places; she relates the history of some cat clubs and cat shows, as well as of cat hospitals and refuges; and she discusses, only superficially, however, the language of cats. She seems never even to have read "Through the Looking Glass;" certainly, though she speaks of "Professor" Garner's study of monkey talk, she says nothing of Alice's idea that cats should purr for "yes," and mew for "no."

In a chapter on historic cats, Mrs. Winslow breaks away from convention in a way to charm those who have to read many books. She begins her chapter

thus : "It is quite common for writers on the cat to say, 'The story of Theophile Gautier's cats is too familiar to need comment.' I do not believe it is familiar to the average reader. For this reason it shall be repeated in these pages." And then she retells it, in Mrs. Cashel-Hoe's translation.

Chapters on the origin of cats, on their varieties, and characteristics, are both interesting and valuable ; of more value, however, is a chapter on the general treatment of cats. Like a true woman, Mrs. Winslow keeps the most important part of the book for a postscript, in the shape of an appendix ; this is a chapter on the diseases of cats and their remedies.

The book contains a remarkably fine collection of cat pictures, some of them of cat-personages described, but most those of merely high bred and beautiful animals ; notable are the pictures of the Silverton and the Lockhaven quartettes, and of the ten Angora kittens. No cat lover will be able to rest without owning the book ; some persons who see it will become cat lovers, and those who are afraid of cats may study them here, without danger of being frightened by them.

R. G. B.

NEW STORY BOOKS

IT is rather unfortunate for a writer when cleverness comes to be inseparable from the reader's idea of her. Such a reputation, once made, has to be sustained. Ellen Thornycroft Fowler has this task to perform whenever she writes a book.

"Clever" is the epithet that most aptly applies to her work. It is clever in plot and in dialogue. More than that, it produces the idea of a distinctly interesting personality behind the plot and the dialogue. We care as much to know about Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler as to know about Isabel Carnaby and her contemporaries. A woman that can write such epigrams must be a good companion at dinner, we reason. So, in reading her first book of short stories, *Cupid's Garden*, we unconsciously look for the old flavor. Fourteen stories, with fourteen chances to add to an enviable reputation!

But these stories prove the truth that, in literary matters at least, one's friends may be one's worst enemies. The stories are not clever. It is as though her friends had encouraged her to keep on writing. As a literary man said not long ago, "When one begins to write, one does not stop." Better sometimes if one did. Advertisements would say that Miss Fowler "has struck a new vein." That vein is pathos. Pathos requires a delicate touch, a subtlety of treatment which Miss Fowler does not naturally possess. Cleverness is blinding to a very large degree. Subtlety allows free play to the observing faculties of the reader's mind. Miss Fowler is not subtle. She dazzles by her brilliancy. That is her forte. But when the cleverness is absent, the effect is that of a stage by daylight—glaringly realistic. These last stories of hers are commonplace in style, save for occasional glints of the epigrammatical manner which caused "Isabel Carnaby" to be so much admired.

CUPID'S GARDEN. By Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THROUGH OLD ROSE GLASSES AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Tracy Earle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

APRIL'S SOWING. By Gertrude Hall. Frontispiece. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

CONSEQUENCES. By Egerton Castle. Frontispiece. Frederick A. Stokes Company, 12mo, \$1.50.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING. By Marion Crawford. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, 12mo, \$1.50.

CRITTENDEN. By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

SISTER'S VOCATION AND OTHER GIRLS' STORIES. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

VISITING THE SIN. By Emma Rayner. Small, Maynard & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

Two really good stories are exceptions, however, "An Old Wife's Tale," in which the author displays her ability to make plots, and "The Scales of Injustice," a remarkable analysis of a woman's point of view. Here the note is deeper than is usual with Miss Fowler. The unsigned preface to the book, which points out the merits and characteristics of the stories, is illogical enough and sufficiently unfounded on fact to be amusing.

The quality called style is supposed to be incapable of analysis. Capable of perception it certainly is. In the hands of a stylist the skeleton of words, which might have remained skeleton throughout the story, is clothed upon by an intangible something, a body of nerves and muscles which gives individuality and atmosphere to a commonplace event. It is difficult to tell what gives "atmosphere" to the eight stories in Mary Tracy Earle's *Through Old Rose Glasses and Other Stories*. There is in them an unaffectedness which is the very best of art. If the author intended to be impressive, she conceals her intent under a directness of method in exact contrast to Miss Fowler's obviousness. The gentle stress continually laid by the aged Miss Sarah upon the fact that General Brandon, dissipated and evil-looking, was "very fascinating to young girls," is just the touch needed to show the old rose point of view.

These stories are of the kind that one reads not because they contain startling plots or remarkable situations, but because they are well told in smooth, flowing English, which does not attempt eagle flights in wild figures of speech.

The theme of Gertrude Hall's story, *April's Sowing*, is the quatrain from Browning:

"You'll love me yet! and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing.
June reared the bunch of flowers you carry
From seeds of April's sowing."

Trifles count, even though they be light. The frontispiece of a book may unconsciously indicate what the book contains. The frontispiece to this book is a girl's head framed by an impossible decoration in bilious green. It cannot be a picture of Miss Hall—that would be in too bad taste. It must be the heroine, which is bad art. Nobody wants to be shown what the heroine looks like. She is a different person to each reader. Thereon should lie part of her charm.

Miss Hall has done better work than this book in her short stories. The style here is strained and conscious from the opening sentence. The story is slight and thin. Nelly Brown is represented first as a mere curlylocks, then as a girl with high ideals, as a young person with a mission (of which she tires), and finally as a woman won by waiting. Her varying attributes are not fitted into a consistent whole. The reader never once discovers what he is expected to think of her. Perhaps after all there is sufficient reason for including her portrait in the book.

Some of Nelly's conversations with John-Hector are good, and the scene between Nelly and Julianne Wildermuth, although overdrawn, is the best in the book. But the book is hardly worth reading.

Egerton Castle's *Consequences* can be dismissed with a few words. It is a pot-boiler, written in the penny-a-line, sentimental style, which delights inexperienced young girls. The matinée girl who "dotes" on "The Pride of Jennico," will receive this book with great joy. The absurdity of the plot, the stilted English, the "matutinal cup of chocolate," the fact that "his parched tongue cleaved to his palate,"—all these will be forgotten in face of the overwhelming calamity attendant upon the falling in love of Maude Woldham, *not* with the young and fascinating Lewis Kerr, but with his

father. How could she have done it?—The book as literature—*mais non!*

Marion Crawford is, first of all, a good story-teller. *In the Palace of the King*, is a "once-upon-a-time" love story of old Madrid. Philip II, Don John of Austria, and all the beautiful pageantry of the Spanish Court in their day stand as clearly before us as brush of artist can make them.

It is difficult to pick flaws in Mr. Crawford's work. He is so versatile, and his stories are so good as stories, that they are absolutely satisfactory. No one calls them great, but everyone must agree that from the artistic point of view, the wide experience and varied learning of their author are productive of some of our best literary results. The scene in the throne-room, as the wrinkled Philip enters with his young bride, is a picture unforgettable in its brilliancy.

Crittenden, by John Fox, Jr., is a story of Kentucky. That is, Kentucky is the starting-point for an expedition to the Spanish war. Tampa and the journey to the scene of action are so minutely described as to convince us that the author was one of the noble army who returned to write their impressions of the war. The Rough Riders are mentioned many times, as well as the hospital service. Indeed, the heroine became a nurse. For local war color, we are told that the passions displayed by the soldiers were as primitive as those of a cave-dweller—a condition, which if true, does not argue well for the progress of the human race.

Mr. Fox must have been in New York, yet he makes his sub-hero write home from the Waldorf-Astoria for cotton with which to clean his gun. Why couldn't he step down Broadway? There are stores in New York where cotton is sold.

The story is well written, with honesty and enthusiasm.

College life is supposed to eliminate the

possibility, on the part of the under-graduate, of taking the objective point of view. The college world is such a small world, and such an absorbing world, that for the time being, nothing is of any importance except the bulletin board, the "Junior Prom.," the "mid-year exams," Christmas vacation, Alpha and Phi Kappa elections, the glee club concerts, and all the other businesses that make up the life of a college girl. One's relation to one's family, and the opinion of the Philistine, who has never been to college, are unknown and undesirable quantities. Such is the supposable attitude of the under-graduate.

Since the time when she began to write, Miss Josephine Daskam has shown that she is capable of taking an objective point of view of a situation in which she was an actor. Her first book, "Smith College Stories," contained the family point of view. Her second book, *Sister's Vacation and Other Girls' Stories*, though not a college book, shows the same critical judgment of certain phases of life as it appears to other people than those most interested.

Nothing could be truer to facts than the one of her nine stories called "A Taste of Bohemia." To those enthusiastic, but inexperienced people for whom "Bohemia" means freedom, unconventionality, "living your own life," and other delightful generalities, the reverse side of the medal is never apparent. Miss Daskam shows that Bohemia, as it really is—especially in New York—means irregular hours, improper chafing-dish food, stuffy rooms, yellow satin cushions for pillows by night, headaches by day, and washing dishes in the bath-tub. She does not mention the impossible people who throng Bohemia, but we have all seen them.

The chief merit of these well-told stories is that though clever and very much to the point, their cleverness is not forced.

The true artistic touch is there, and one story is just as good as another.

Kentucky is as much an undiscovered country to the average American as the United States is to the average European. The field for the novelist is large and picturesque if he travels through Kentucky. To judge from the recent outbreaks, the conditions of 1900 are not very different from those of 1875, when the events occurred which are described in Emma Rayner's story *Visiting the Sin*, a tale of mountain life in Kentucky and Tennessee. From beginning to end of this unusually good story, the scenes are pictured by deft strokes which cannot be called actual descriptions. Naomi's supple figure, her grace and her dark eyes are but suggestions worked out into a living reality by her actions. She is not what the author makes her. She makes herself as the story progresses. Some women in books are clever only because the author says so. Not so Naomi. We are allowed

to see the workings of her mind whereby she saves her brother from the wrath of his employees.

Not only is the character-drawing in this book well done. The setting for these men, of whom none was insignificant, but more than one fierce,—the setting also is convincing. The fight before the door of the church, when Mat Huisel, with broken right leg and wounded left, climbed a tree and continued to shoot at his enemies; Naomi's conversation with her inquisitive hostess on the way from Cedar Forks to Big Creek; the description of the most primitive form of the old-time Kentucky bedstead, and Naomi's decision to sleep there in a shed instead of in the big family room containing six beds,—these incidents give a life-likeness to the story which puts that mountain country and its people directly before us. It is one of the best books of the season.

Carolyn Shipman.

GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND MEN WHO MAKE THEM

WHAT IS FAME?

Since it appears that Matthew Arnold is neither the man who betrayed his country nor the man who wrote the "Light of Asia," it is surmised he can't amount to very much, unless, perchance, he should happen to be the author of Arnold's writing-ink. (October 23, 1883.)

LITERAL RETORTS COURTEOUS

It is said that when James T. Fields dated one of his letters at Manchester-by-the-Sea Oliver Wendell Holmes replied in a note dated, "Beverly-by-the-Depot." But this species of the retort courteous did not originate with the funny Dr. Holmes. Years and years ago Bishop Comstock, of Connecticut, addressed a note to Henry Ward Beecher under the date of Whitsunday morn, to which Mr. Beecher replied the next day under date of Washing-day morn. (November 20, 1883.)

THREE LITERARY FISHERMEN.

The latest story told in literary circles is about Julian Hawthorne, Richard H. Stoddard, and the Rev. E. P. Roe. These three authors have been

summering at Sag Harbor, L. I., and if they have not had a frisky time it has not been because they were not the queerest combination ever got together. One day, so the story goes, the three went fishing in the harbor, and after toiling and sweating around in the sun for several hours Mr. Stoddard hauled in a two-pound sculpin, bristling like a hedgehog, and groaning dismally. Now, the sculpin is perhaps the most worthless fish that swims—it is, in sooth, so utterly worthless as to be positively humorous. Well, the sculpin floundered around in the bottom of the boat and groaned and panted prodigiously, while Hawthorne hilariously bantered Stoddard on his luck, and Stoddard laughed merrily at the awkward flounderings of the fish. But the Rev. E. P. Roe did not join in the mirth. He sat gloomily in the stern of the boat, and shook his head sadly. At last he addressed his companions. "How can you," he asked in tones of imposing solemnity, "how can you abandon yourselves to frivolous hilarity at this moment? It seems to me that a reverential silence would better become us, standing as we do in the awful presence of death." (July 31, 1886)

—From "*Sharps and Flats*," by Eugene Field. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECENT FICTION

BARONESS VON HUTTEN'S *Marr'd in Making* is a good story for those who, while wishing somehow to dignify their fiction by a "problem," yet do not want it to be too deep; who, in short, while pretending to profundity, in reality ask only to be amused. There is not much depth in this story, but it has a very deceptive surface, a little heredity, of the simple, straightforward kind invented by novelists for their own purposes, but unknown to scientists; a "psychological study" in consequence; and some facile "purpose" dabbling in religion. The thing, in fact, is done from the outside, the author never entering deeply into the mental and emotional processes, and the doings of her characters. She reports, but does not interpret; she observes but does not analyze with success. And yet the book presents an appearance of great depth, like "The Yellow Aster," "The Heavenly Twins," and tales of their forgotten kind. Its Italy is that of Ouida, not of Mrs. Humphry Ward, its American social life loosely sketched. It apprehends, but does not fully comprehend old age; and it cuts the knot of the problem it so deceptively pretends to discuss with a quasi-hereditary suicide—the eternal refuge. But for all that, the book is good reading, and much above the average. We, nearly all of us, fail to see below the surface; and it certainly peers a little deeper into the dark world below than most. Hence its readableness.

Social satire is in abeyance in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's *Love Among the Artists*, a new edition of which makes its

appearance some twenty years after its first publication, with a whimsical introduction by the author. The sneer of the Bohemian for the Philistine is the *Leit motiv* of this amusing tale without much plot, but it is fairly matched by impatience of the dilettante, whom we have always with us, jabbering of inspiration and aims, chattering the jargon without realizing its expression in work, and turning out impossible daubs. Then there are a Polish *pianiste*, an actress, and a Welsh composer, a kind of Hans von Bülow in unpardonable rudeness, and lack of manners; also a good-natured bounder, connected with a motor company, who, in making a proposal of marriage, states his income, computed with a "percentage off the minimum," and who knows that the untamed composer's heroic symphony is good music because it reminds him of the Pacific railroad. In "Cashel Byron's Profession," Mr. Shaw gave us a wonderful account of a prizefight; in "Love Among the Artists," he describes the making of an actress with rare skill; and his report of the rehearsal of the composer's first composition by a musical society in London is as admirable. The "love" of the title has no perceptible influence upon its artists. The tale has a beginning, but no logical ending. After entertaining its readers through nearly 450 pages, it stops.

An old French abbey, converted into a summer residence, mysterious sounds at night, a legend of spooks, a crowd of irrelevant minor characters, incessant talk that, having no direct bearing upon the tale, lacks the excuse of brilliancy, a vaguely drawn heroine, and a young American hero who never hold the centre

MARR'D IN MAKING. By Baroness von Hutten. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

LOVE AMONG THE ARTISTS. By George Bernard Shaw. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

of interest together or alone—these are not promising ingredients from which to construct a successful story; and yet Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield has succeeded in making of them a far from dull tale, which she has called *The Archbishop and the Lady*. There is, of course, the mystery, but that in itself is not responsible for the sustained interest. It is rather the suspense, the prolonged anticipation of something that is going to happen, but doesn't, that is responsible for the success of the tale in carrying the reader on towards the end: it appeals ingeniously to the curiosity. Mrs. Crowninshield narrowly misses being a successful popular novelist. She has done some good Cuban short stories, and two novels of life in the region, that suffer from the same shortcomings as this latest product of her pen. She can report with a delicate art what she has seen—happenings, character, customs, the beauties of Nature; when she draws upon her imagination, she loses her way. The fact that she does not hesitate saves her from positive failure; but the short story of local color and character is her true sphere. There she can continue to win fame in work such as she gave us in "Where the Tradewind Blows."

Mr. Anstey set so high a standard for his humor in "The Tinted Venus" and "Vice Versa," that an occasional disappointment for his readers in his later books became a foregone conclusion. Indeed, he never came so near to his best work again as he does in *The Brass Bottle*, his latest extravaganza of contemporary London. A young architect by the merest accident purchases, at an auction, an ancient brass bottle of Oriental workmanship. He opens it in his lodgings, and behold, thus liberates an imprisoned wizard, whose life thenceforth is devoted to devising means of proving his gratitude,

to his benefactor's confusion and discomfort. The result is a series of absurd situations, in which the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" are showered upon a set of sober, prosaic nineteenth-century Londoners. The tale is fresh, not mechanical, as it might so easily have become in the hands of so experienced a writer as Mr. Anstey, to whom the science of pot-boiling is not entirely unknown. It is written *con amore*, and can be read with equal enjoyment, for the surprises are not strained; therefore one appreciates them without being hindered by wonder at the ingenuity of their invention.

The translation of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "The Flame of Life," made by Kasandra Vivaria, may be read for the royally tragic figure of the actress who is its heroine; for the rest it is bombastic and a bore on account of its author's ill concealed self-sufficiency. D'Annunzio's style is world-famed, those of us who do not know Italian accepting the fame trustingly. The translator has made praiseworthy efforts to retain the charm of the original, but has achieved only mediocre success, since poetic flights in Italian become merely verbose passages long-drawn-out in English, which does not gain in grace or beauty by an immoderate use of Latin derivatives. Signor D'Annunzio's hero, who is himself, is a great poet, and a kind of a leader of Young Italy, which worships him as only Latins can worship. He is also a little cad—the hero, we mean—but unconsciously so, for he is young, with the selfishness of youth, which takes greedily without thought or, indeed, the power of giving in return. Thus the great actress, at the end of her youth, becomes his inspiration, knowing that he will cast her off when a younger woman crosses his path. There is undoubted strength in the book, and a fine

interpretation of a great love; but it is all buried in an avalanche of words, words, words—poetic in the original, tiresome in their English form.

The Courtesy Dame, by Murray Gilchrist, an English novelist whose name, like the titles of his books, is utterly unknown in this country, is a finished bit of work, semi-idyllic, semi-realistic, the simple, but unusual, major story being intertwined with two or three studies of English rural character, somewhat after the manner of Eden Phillpotts, to whom the book is dedicated. The *Courtesy Dame* is one only in name, the disparaging epithet being unjustly given to her, for she is in reality the ward of the nobleman under whose roof she lives, and with whom she has travelled all over Europe, not his mistress, though she loves him, dying slowly of an affection of the heart, as he loves her. This is a new variation on the *thème connu* of the Squire's son and the yeoman's trusting daughter, but the usual course of such tales is repeated, too, and in a pronouncedly disagreeable form, in an inner plot. And there is an old farmer, a wicked man of diseased mind, an attempt, probably, at Russian realism. The story has some finished passages, notably where Nature in her summer bloom enters into the picture; indeed, it is the manner of its telling that makes the book, rather than its matter.

While he was writing *Peccavi*, Mr. R. W. Hornung must have had prophetic visions of the references to "The Scarlet Letter" to be made by erudite critics. Yet his novel resembles Hawthorne's masterpiece far less than it does one of Sudermann's great novels—"Der Katzensteg"—in which is found the same central idea of atonement, the penitent facing

a hostile world—his own little world—alone, carrying through a giant work without sympathy or aid. Sudermann's is the grimmer book, the stronger also in its pathetic picture of one great, humble love. But Mr. Hornung writes of an Englishman; therefore there is a more aggressive note in the purpose of this priest who sinned and repented, more of exultation in the very hardships of his expiation, chosen by himself, the heaviest punishment he could find for an offence which, after all, had the age-old excuse of Nature and good intentions to temper its blackest aspect. The central figure is well contrasted with the enemies that confront him—a village of louts, a vindictive, pompous, self-made lord of the manor, embittered by his impotence to do harm in the face of Church-law, and an implacable father, who, in the end, undoes the monument to his repentance reared with his own disfigured hands by the rector of Long Stow.

The oil regions of Western Pennsylvania, in the period of their boom, have never before suggested themselves to novelists as promising material. The West has had its chroniclers, with Bret Harte at their head; New England and the South have able pens to interpret their past and present; but Pennsylvania, its oil wells, the money kings they created, and the men they ruined, remained unnoticed, until the lady who has long been known under her pen-name of Marion Harland, and her son, Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, collaborated in the production of *Dr. Dale*, a story in which the oil country is not merely a background, but a factor of the plot. The pioneers of this source of richness were not picturesque as were Argonauts, frontiersmen and cowboys. Laboring men they were, and farmers, organizing vast enterprises, or work-

THE COURTESY DAME. By Murray Gilchrist. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

PECCAVI. By R. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

DR. DALE. By Marion Harland and Albert Payson Terhune. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

ing for their daily wage, as elsewhere in this prosaic world. There was no romance in it all, but much hard realism, and this the two writers reflect. The story itself is therefore a domestic one—of love, jealousy, and a tragedy, the labors of a physician for the bodily well-being of the men to whose spiritual welfare his friend devoted himself; of a lovable oil-king, and a pitiable victim of the reeking gold fever. The tale is simple and straightforward, without subtleties of character drawing, or ingenuities of plot. But the interest is sustained to the end, because there is genuine manliness in the men and genuine sweetness in the women.

The Dishonor of Frank Scott is the work of a new English novelist, who in his firstling gives evidence of undoubted talent. It is not a pleasant story, and it is a bold one, but it cannot be said to pass the lines of the permissible in more than one episode—which is, however, decidedly objectionable, justified by the plot, perhaps, though we fail to see this, but certainly none the less repulsive on that account. There are, after all, some things in life—the worst side of it—which we prefer to leave to M. Zola. Mr. Edgar Saltus, of vanished memory, once upon a time dabbled in such things—and Mr. M. Hamilton, the author of this book, should take warning by him. But he, at least, is an artist, whose characters live and have their individual being, who, indeed, apparently will have something to say that is worth saying in the future. Frank Scott is understandable, and very real, in his inconceivable blackguardism, which found its origin in the weakness of his character, his inability to form a decision at the beginning, when it would have been easy. He, too, is but a victim of the Fate that, through him, strikes down the two women who love him. *The Dishonor*

of *Frank Scott* is strong meat for strong men, and for strong women. It is not milk for babes, from whom it should be kept. But in the present day of the ascendancy of the “young girl,” this warning often means praise. It does so in this case.

A plot made up of good, old materials, well seasoned in all climes, and the different tongues of fiction, is the vehicle of Miss Constance Goddard du Bois's picture of a noble Indian's *Soul in Bronze*, the story weakening painfully at the end in the marriage, for no conceivable reason, of the heroine to the man she had refused. The rest of the story is entertaining enough in a superficial way, which does not lack a certain mechanical cleverness, the sure touch of one who has thoroughly studied the art of story-writing, and mastered its rules. The Indian's self-sacrifice is heroic in the conception, but the author's treatment of it leaves the reader unmoved: he appreciates it intellectually, but it does not appeal to his sympathy, unless he be ready to read into the tale what the author has been unable to put there. Lo, the poor Indian's wrongs come in for an odd and an end of description and comment, but the interest of the story does not lie there. The magnificent metal of the soul in bronze was cast in its heroic mould among white men, and by them. To what extent the admixture of civilization was responsible for the true ring of the alloy is thus a question that confronts the reader, but finds no solution in the book.

A pretentious title cannot hide the thinness of texture of Mr. Benjamin Swift's latest attempt in the horrible, *Nude Souls*. He warns his reader in his first two chapters that they must expect

A SOUL IN BRONZE. By Constance Goddard du Bois. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

NUDE SOULS. By Benjamin Swift. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

THE DISHONOR OF FRANK SCOTT. By M. Hamilton. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

no "romantic nonsense," but a "most tragic business," and, keeping his promise, makes in his third chapter an excursion into the back blocks of Australia, to lay bare the soul of an Englishman, who hands his wife over to a band of cannibals—makes them a present of her—in exchange for his own life. Whereupon Mr. Swift returns to rural England to continue his studies of this delectable soul in its second marriage to a miller's daughter, whom, with a present of money and an unborn babe, it has accepted from the hands of a decrepid old libertine nobleman, another nude soul, naturalistically "gamy." The rest of the souls are all more or less in keeping, rather less, because they cannot possibly interest the reader, with the exception, perhaps, of a physician, the father-in-law of the Australian soul, who pursues that troubled conscience with his firm resolve to know the truth about his daughter's fate. The old miller occasionally interrupts the proceedings with coarse abuse of his daughter. The valuable hours of this short life cannot possibly be more unprofitably spent than in the perusal of Mr. Swift's latest "novel."

Hereditary insanity, or, rather, the fear thereof, is the excuse, rather than the motive, for the writing of *John Thisselton* by Marian Bower. The story begins well, with a strong delineation of the leading characters, but there is no development of their possibilities as the story proceeds, everything remaining *in statu quo ante* until the very end, when John Thisselton is assured by the physician who loves the woman he will not marry on account of the feared family taint that there is no reason for denying himself and her the happiness before them. The book is well written, but fragmentary. It has many interests,

but none is made to yield its possibilities. Thisselton's brother, so promising in the beginning, drops into insignificance, though he may be of interest to English readers as evidence of the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon over the French-Jewish strain in his blood, chiefly through education; the flirtatious Mrs. Fforde remains shallow even when her daughter sits in judgment over her—Ouida made a strong melodrama of this kind of thing in "Moths"—and the minor characters, the waifs and strays at a German watering-place, are woefully sketchy and blurred. This author—a newcomer, if we mistake not—has invented a strong, if far from original, central situation; she has failed to develop it adequately, whether through lack of imagination and intuition, or through mere limitation of technical equipment, remains still to be proved. It is likely that she will be heard from again, and to greater advantage. There is some promise in her book.

The atmosphere of the struggling New York art life is well reflected in Mr. Francis Neilson's "Madame Bohemia," a tale of material privations, of affection misplaced, of a highly endowed temperament seeking solace in misery, finding but scant reward amid the censure of the outside world. Madame Bohemia is an opera singer who has lost her voice and ekes out a scanty living by public readings, her vogue decreasing rapidly. The English boy whom she has adopted, but little her junior, disappoints her not only in the development of his musical gifts, but also in his character, which is selfish, sordid and low. The other man upon whom she lavishes her affection is a novelist and playwright whom she has saved from starvation, sharing her scanty resources with him, but who, at least, for a time makes her happy in the transient

way of their world. She gives him up when his real life happiness dawns. This bare outline must suffice. Mr. Neilson has produced a book strong in essence, with the touch of truth on many of its pages, but not without shortcomings; finished writers are few. The story is unquestionably a page from life, a human document, and as such well worth reading.

Mr. Joseph Conrad shares with Mr. Louis Becke a monopoly of the romance of the Malaysian island world, that last refuge of the flotsam and jetsam of the white race. Robert Louis Stevenson drew upon it for a little while, and then went to rest in his far-away mountain grave. Mr. Conrad's *Lord Jim* recalls, so far as its character-study is concerned, one of Stevenson's South Sea tales, "The Ebb-tide," with its vacillating hero, without will-power, without control of even his thoughts. The study of *Lord Jim* is more elaborate, and from a different angle of vision; the man is more of a puzzle, because outwardly he possesses all the attributes of his sturdy race, above all, the firm resolution not to be found wanting at the decisive moment, and yet, when the hour arrives, a sort of mental paralysis seizes him: he acts automatically, as in a dream, upon the example of his inferiors, not even remembering his resolution. His case is the heart of the story, whose scene is laid in Oriental seas, among the outcasts that sail them, in a catastrophe of the ocean—a shipwreck turned into irretrievable disaster by a captain and his scoundrelly officers, who desert their posts, followed by the dazed "Lord" Jim. Mr. Conrad has chosen to place the narrative upon the lips of a member of the court of enquiry, which expedient allows him to convey a mass of curious information regarding these people, their variegated origin, and usual end.

LORD JIM. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, McClure & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

Souls in Pawn, by Margaret Blake Robinson, is a novel of many good intentions, all religious. A city mission, Chinatown, a Christian merchant, who is a black sheep, but is exposed, a married man who, claiming to seek conversion, makes love to the minister's daughter, but finally is led by her to see the sinfulness of his ways—all this, and much more, goes to the making of a tale about which little can be said in general, because it appeals so directly and exclusively to a certain class of readers. Christian workers in small country places will probably accept it for what it is said to be in the sub-title, "A Story of New York Life," and it will certainly do them no harm. This book has a purpose, a simple one, yet of great importance: to picture the good as attractive, and evil as repulsive, to stimulate the activity of Christian workers. And where the intention is so good, and the author so sincerely does her best, criticism is uncalled for. The story is a disguised tract, filled with simple teaching, cheerful throughout, but least cheerful to the unregenerate where it is deliberately humorous.

Mr. John Uri Lloyd's *Stringtown on the Pike* is as strong in its shortcomings as it is in its good qualities—melodramatic, absolutely improbable in parts, fantastic, yet realistic in its pictures of life in a remote part of Kentucky, forty years ago. It moves swiftly, holding the reader even where he disagrees, or, possibly, disapproves; it is original in plot and characters, instructive in its pictures of the life and manners of a corner of this wide country in the days before the Civil War opened up a new era in its history, weakening through the intrinsic expansion of the last thirty years all the lingering

SOULS IN PAWN. By Margaret Blake Robinson. F. H. Revell Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE. By John Uri Lloyd. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

evidences of provincial separateness in habits, customs and speech. An old negro gives us an insight into the superstitious lore of his race in slavery days; the whole plot, indeed, rests upon the supernatural as interpreted by this plantation darkey, though the end is brought about by an experiment in chemistry. The book is good reading, whatever its faults; and no obscure reasons need be sought for the popularity it has already achieved.

In *The Lane That Had No Turning*, which he dedicates to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Gilbert Parker has gathered those of his stories written during the last eight years which embody, in his own opinion, the kernel and essence of his studies of the life and customs, and, above all, the character of the French Canadians. One of these studies, which gives the book its title, is in reality a novelette, presenting again a picture of the present-day descendants of the old-time seigneurs, survivals gradually disappearing through their very adherence to traditions that are dead, to ideals for which there is no longer a legitimate place in their country. The good traits and the bad of the French Canadians are set forth here once more with all Mr. Parker's graphic skill and sympathetic interpretation, for he loves these people, their frugality and industry, their domestic virtues, their lovable simplicity. Theirs is a happy country, he believes, because neither great riches nor abject poverty are found among them: life spares them its extremes and leaves them contented. The two races are slowly begin-

ning to understand each other, the French are becoming reconciled to their rulers, according to Mr. Parker; and it is because Sir Wilfrid has done so much to bring them closer together that he dedicates his book to him.

There are several girls in Mr. Charles Warren's bundle of tales of public, political and social life, *The Girl and the Governor*, and there are two governors, besides heads of great corporations, bosses, lobbyists, and the other classes of men who help to elect our rulers, not forgetting the influential Irish-American citizen. Each of these tales is distinguished by an ingenious plot, built of the doings and happenings we see daily around us, but invariably touched by the imagination that distinguishes fiction from literary reporting, and over it all is thrown an air of breeding most welcome to the reader, and a no less pleasant sense of public probity in the Governor, who is yet occasionally enough of a practical politician to "dish" his unscrupulous opponents. His name, by the way, is Clinton, which is most appropriate in a book published in New York. The girl of the title made possible the career of the governor; another woman in the book saw to it that another young man did not ruin his career for love of *une femme incomprise*; and a woman that was to be—a mere child—caused the defeat of Governor Clinton for renomination. Woman certainly has a right to the prominent place she holds in the title of these clever stories.

A. Schade van Westrum.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING. By Gilbert Parker. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE GIRL AND THE GOVERNOR. By Charles Warren. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

MR. ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, whose training as a newspaper correspondent and as a traveler who looks below the surface, makes him well worth hearing, believes that unless England is prepared to wage war against Russia, the whole of India will be "absorbed" into the czar's dominion before the twentieth century is half run. In his book upon this struggle for Asia, *Russia Against India*, it is very clearly pointed out that the trend of events during the last fifty years is toward this conclusion. The movement really began centuries ago. Peter the Great is reported to have said in his will: "Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and India. He who establishes himself in those two places will be the true sovereign of the world." And whether the words are authentic or not, Russia has ruthlessly pursued the plan they indicate. In the words of Sir Henry Rawlinson, "Anyone who traces on the map of Asia the movements of Russia towards India, cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance which these movements bear to the operations of an army opening parallels against a beleaguered fortress." Manchuria is now a Russian province, and every year Russia makes a bid for a port on the Persian Gulf. The Russian policy seems to be to creep on bit by bit in times of peace, making a bound forward in times of war, as she has just now done in Manchuria. Mr. Colquhoun suggests a firm stand in Afghanistan, the key to India, as the only hope of preserving Great Britain's Indian colonies. Railway communication on a much more complete scale than now exists is insisted upon as means of guarding the country. In addition to much comment upon the political aspects of the question, the author gives many pages to

describing the social character of the people to be dealt with. There are also excellent maps. [Harpers, 12mo, \$1.50.]

A book to delight the very souls of those who love to read about exalted personages is *The Sovereign Ladies of Europe*, in which the Countess von Bothmer gossips with bated breath concerning the royal women of England, Russia, Germany, Austria, Spain and a dozen other countries. If the Countess knows anything to the detriment of those eminent personages, she keeps it to herself; in these pages they are all perfect. For those who want to know how they dress, when they were married, what they look like, how and where they live, this gorgeous book, with its wealth of portraits and pictures, will be found a veritable mine. [Lippincott, 8vo, \$4.00.]

It is often said that the coöperative system so successful in Great Britain failed here because we are too prosperous to look after the pennies. In the same way we are not good foresters compared to German or French standards, because we still have so many forests; we shall not discover the value of our trees until we have lost them. Mr. Ernest Bruncken, in his *North American Forests and Forestry*, not only urges the better preservation of our woods, but finds the basis for much of our national virtue in the influence of these vast tracts of timber. Whether or not our civic virtues are in danger with the destruction of our forests, it is quite certain that for generations we have allowed a frightful waste of future wealth, and that the time when we must pay the penalty is in sight. Experts predict that twenty years from now our white pine, the supply of which once seemed inexhaustible, will come to an end. Interesting chapters are given de-

scribing the present systems of forest culture, the industries depending upon forests, the need of professional foresters, and the lines along which reform in our wasteful methods may be hoped for. [Putnam's, 8vo, \$2.]

Our New Prosperity, a collection of papers by Ray Stannard Baker, reprinted from *McClure's Magazine*, gives in popular form statistics concerning our national wealth and industry. Pictures of an ingenious but sometimes trivial sort are freely used to illustrate our prosperity in the matter of crops and exports. Some of the tables giving the relative importance of our crops, are of uncommon interest, that, for instance, showing how corn tops our agricultural products by some hundreds of millions of dollars. Our corn crop in 1899 was worth \$629,000,000 against \$325,000,000 for our cotton, and \$320,000,000 for our wheat. Few people in the East realize how great a part maize products play in the economic life of the West, where are held every year corn festivals, at which are shown literal mountains of corn, and where corn-stalks from sixteen to twenty feet high are not considered curiosities. [Doubleday & McClure, 12mo, \$1.25.]

Sir Frank Swettenham, who knows, perhaps, more about the Malayan peninsula than any other white man, now supplements his volume of Malay sketches, published some years ago, by *The Real Malay*, a series of pen-pictures of life among this little-known people, with scores of anecdotes and family histories, showing that the Malay loves and quarrels very much as more civilized people. They are simple folk. When the author returned to Malaya last year after a long absence, he found the cholera raging, and many deaths, but, to his amazement, no signs of the usual scare that makes the people frantic. On inquiry he learned that a medicine-man had appeared shortly after the outbreak of the disease, and had

sold to a large number of the Malays a charm warranted to protect the wearer against the disease. For each charm, which consisted of a piece of twine tied around the finger, he had received a dollar. Then the medicine-man had left, Sir Frank told the people they had been robbed, and that the string was worthless. "So we told the great medicine-man," they replied; "but he promised that if anyone who had bought the charm died of cholera, he would give back the dollar." The Malay sultans seem to have a pretty good time of it, having unlimited power over the property of persons of their subjects. The polite fiction is that they can do no wrong; that it is a fiction is shown by the official title of the ruler after death: "The late Sultan—God forgive him!" [John Lane, 12mo, \$1.50.]

A capital book upon an interesting subject is Mr. William L. Scruggs's *Colombian and Venezuelan Republics*, especially at a time when we are looking eagerly for means of disposing of our surplus crops and manufactures. By natural rights the rich field here described belongs to us instead of to the Germans and French. Mr. Scruggs has lived for the last twenty-seven years in the countries he writes about, and is fully competent to discuss their politics and commercial and social prejudices. Considering the wealth of these neighbors of ours, and the fact that they are neighbors, we know surprisingly little about them. In 1892 a member of Congress from one of our western states arose in his place and seriously asked, "Where is Venezuela, anyhow?" This was pending a proposition to consolidate the missions to Venezuela and Guatemala, the impression being that they were adjacent countries. Another member, equally keen for economy, wanted to unite the missions to Venezuela, Ecuador and Peru, places as far apart as Rome and St. Petersburg. During the same year a St. Louis

merchant wrote to our minister at Caracas to find out "the most available Venezuelan seaport on the Pacific"! A cattle dealer in Colorado wrote to inquire "whether in order to visit Maracaybo it would be necessary to sail *via* Europe." What we don't know about Venezuela is really stupendous; yet here is a country larger than either France or Germany, of immense wealth and resources, whose seaport towns are only six days' sail from New York. Is it surprising that the Germans and French get all its trade? Few countries have such splendid waterways or such harbors. Its soil produces sugar, tobacco and coffee in immense quantities. In the regions unfit for agriculture are silver and gold mines as rich as any in California. The people are ready to welcome foreign help and capital. A number of good maps and pictures complete what ought to be a most useful work. [Little, Brown & Co., 8vo.]

The letters of Winston Spencer-Churchill to the London *Morning Post*, gathered under the title *London to Ladysmith*, give an account of the early part of the South African struggle from a strictly personal point of view, but perhaps none the less interesting for that. As a newspaper correspondent young Churchill followed the fight with varying fortunes, escaping from the Boer prisons in time to witness the relief of Ladysmith. The political and military value of the book seems to be of slight value; but the author's reports of what the Boers believe and hope for, judging by many long talks

with them, are of interest. [Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.]

In handsome twin volumes just issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., Mr. E. A. Dithmar writes a short sketch of Mr. John Drew's career, and Mr. Clement Scott writes of Miss Ellen Terry. That Mr. Dithmar would write a most valuable critical sketch of Mr. Drew there can be no doubt, for the writer is a critic of experience and acumen, and the actor is one of the few modern actors of his school who are worth writing about; but in his limited space Mr. Dithmar can do little more than rehearse Mr. Drew's successive appearances and write a few polite sentences of appreciation. But even this is worth having, and we can trace Mr. Drew's progress from his first success in "An Arabian Night" to the period of "Rosemary" and "The Liars," and the brief record of his successive triumphs is quite as entertaining as the string of photographs reproduced in the pretty little book. In writing of Miss Terry, Mr. Scott has allowed his temperament and his memory of the good old days when things happened more greatly than now to interfere, in some measure, with the continuity of his narrative. But, at least, we are made sure that he thinks Miss Terry a great actress, especially as "Olivia" in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and that Miss Terry is a very good friend of his, and wrote him a jolly letter just as he was leaving for Japan—as if anybody, let alone a finished actress, could not simulate joy if Mr. Scott were leaving for Japan!

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- The Search of Ceres.* Sarah Warner Brooks. A. Wes-
sels Co., 16mo, 98 pp., \$1.25.
The Complete Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.
Cambridge Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, 598
pp., \$3.00.
A Book of Verses. Nixon Waterman. Forbes & Co.,
16mo, 226 pp., \$1.25.
The Divine Enchantment. J. G. Nelhardt. J. T. White
& Co., 12mo, 46 pp.
Liberty Poems. Jas. H. West Co., 12mo, 190 pp., 75
cents.
Toil. Daniel Florence Leary. Whitaker & Ray, 16mo,
48 pp., paper, 25 cents.

HISTORY

- Historical Memoirs of Alexander I and the Court of
Russia.* La Comtesse Choiseul-Gouffier. A. C. McClurg
& Co., 12mo, 331 pp., \$1.50.
Besieged by the Boers. E. Oliver Ashe, M.D. Double-
day, Page & Co., illustrated, 12mo, 175 pp., \$1.25.
The Filipino Martyrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
John Lane: The Bodley Head, 8vo, 212 pp., \$1.25.
A Friend of Caesar. William Stearns Davis. The
Macmillan Co., 12mo, 501 pp., \$1.50.
Overland to China. Archibald R. Colquhoun. Har-
per & Brothers, illustrated, 8vo, 459 pp., \$3.00.
History of the Christian Church. John Fletcher Hurst.
Eaton & Mains, 8vo, 918 pp., \$5.00.
Rome: Its Rise and Fall. Phillip Van Ness Myers,
L.H.D. Ginn & Co., illustrated, 12mo, 554 pp., \$1.00.
In South Africa with Buller. George Clarke Musgrave
Little, Brown & Co., illustrated, 8vo, 364 pp.
The Crisis in China. Papers reprinted from *The
North American Review.* Harper & Brothers, illustrated,
12mo, 271 pp., \$1.00.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

- The Apostles' Creed.* Archibald Hopkins. G. P. Put-
nam's Sons, 12mo, 207 pp., \$1.25.
The Integrity of Christian Science. Mrs. A. D. T.
Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, 151 pp., \$1.00.
The Light of Day. John Burroughs. Houghton, Mif-
flin & Co., 16mo, 234 pp., \$1.50.
The Golden Legend. William Cartson. Edited by F.
S. Ellis. *The Temple Classics.* Macmillan Co., 2 vols.,
18mo, each 45 cents.
The Magna Charta of the Kingdom of God. George
F. Genung, D.D. Am. Baptist Pub. Society, 12mo, 164
pp., 60 cents.
A Practical Handbook on Sunday School Work. Rev.
L. E. Peters. Am. Baptist Pub. Society, 16mo, 128 pp.
World's Congress Addresses. Charles Carroll Bonney.
Open Court Pub. Co., paper, 12mo, 88 pp., 15 cents.
The Crucifixion: The Story of the Passion Play. W.
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- The Mother Tongue.* Sarah Louise Arnold and George
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[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York*]

523.—(1) Who was the author of the phrase, "Mast-hemmed Manhattan"?

(2) What was the Mazarin Bible?

(3) To what extent is human skin used for the binding of books in this country?

(4) What is the meaning of the expression, "The Immaculate Conception"?

(5) Do you know who it is that has recently put into story form the historical plays of Shakespeare? By whom is the book published?

(6) What is your reading of the date (found in a book) MDCLXCIX? C. S.

(2) It is in Latin (3 vols.) and was printed at Mentz by Faust and Gutenberg, probably in 1455. It is believed to be the first book ever printed from movable types. The first known of existing copies was discovered in the Mazarin Library, Paris, in 1760, hence the name.

(3) We doubt if it is used at all, though there are apparently authentic stories that occasionally it has been thus used as a curiosity.

(4) A doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church (proclaimed in 1854), to the effect that the Virgin Mary was, from the moment of her birth, free from the stain of original sin.

(5) We cannot read it at all unless we assume that the second C was inserted by mistake. Omitting that, the Arabic equivalent is 1669.

524. (1) What is the correct pronunciation of "Cyrano"?

(2) Was Poe's attention ever called to the strange position of the shadow of the bird of ill-omen as described in the last stanza of "The Raven"? If so, what explanation did he offer? H. C. V.

(1) Accent the first syllable and sound it like *sir* in *sirup*.

(2) We do not know that his attention was called to it, but several critics have pointed out the impossibility of the shadow on the floor. It would be possible if there were a transom, with a lamp in the hall.

525.—Twenty-five years since I read a poem by an English author on the evolution of man in England—or perhaps of woman, for there was a woman in it all the way through. It was in three divisions: First, a man and a woman in the days of the cave-dwellers and the saber tooth, and of the woman it was said:

"And hairy and brown as a squirrel was she."

And this is the only passage of the entire poem I can remember. The second division described a woman in the days of the Roman occupation, and the third described her as a college girl. I would like to read it again. Can you help me to find it? B. I. H.

526.—Can any one tell me the origin of this quotation?

"Those who by due steps aspire
To lay their hands upon that golden key
That opens the palace of eternity."

C. D. K.

527.—Can you tell me who is the author of the poem beginning:

"Come from your long, long roving
On the sea so wild and rough—
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blest enough."

I have seen it credited to several persons—lastly, to Hannah Flagg Gould—but I feel sure she did not write it. She was a bright woman, but not emotional, nor given to sentiment. E. A. A.

528.—Will you be so kind as to inform me where the following lines are to be found?

"A touch of the hand,
A glance of the eye,
And life is never the same again."

"A sweeter, sadder thing my life for having known you.
Forever with its sacred kin, my soul's soul I must own
You my friend from June to life's December.
Not mine to have or hold, but to pray for and remember."

"To where the eagle parts the cloud with tireless wing."

The first two are not correctly quoted, as you will observe. K. E. P.

529.—The name of the author and the poem containing the following quotation are desired:

"The sins of my life have been many,
The mistakes of my life have been more,
But could I their number lessen,
Had I my youth once more—
How plain from the distant hill top
Is the line twist wrong and right!"

L. M. C.

530.—I remember to have seen an article setting forth facts to prove that Owen Meredith's "Lucile" was a plagiarism on a large scale, but I cannot now find anything about it. Can you put me in possession or pursuit of any information on the subject?

L. D. L.

If our memory serves correctly, the charge was, that the plot of the poem was the same as that of a previously published novel—one of George Sand's, we think.

531.—Who were Richelieu's five poets?

They were Bois Robert, Calleted, Corneille, L'Éloile and Rotrou.

532.—Could you tell me where a letter would find Sarah Barnwell Elliott, and who publishes a book written by her, called "The Felmeres"?

F. A. F.

Address her at No. 88 Madison Avenue, New York City. Her books are published by Henry Holt & Co.

ANSWERS

501.—John McGlashan, one of the survivors, wrote a "History of the Donner Party." Probably it can be obtained of the Whittaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

M. H. S.

505.—Probably the book sought after is "The Federal Judge," by C. K. Lusk, a Milwaukee journalist (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), noticed in vol. 15, p. 303, of THE BOOK BUYER.

P. B. K.

512.—Edwin S. Hopkins, of Jeffersonville, Ind., writes that he is the author of "When Father Carves the Duck," and sends a copy of the poem, which A. L. C. can have if he will send us his address.

517.—The *New York Times* of February 12, 1893, contains a long and interesting article on Anachronisms in Art and Literature.

R. B.

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the most eminent Assyriologist of England, has read the entire work in manuscript and has thus written to the author concerning it:

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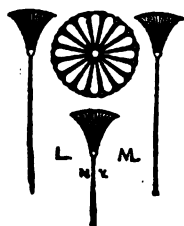
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All the above books except the "SAILOR'S LOG" will be published March 10.

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NEW YORK, MARCH, 1901

No. 2

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THE RAMBLER

ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG, the greater glory of whose "Amateur Cracksman" has for the moment dimmed the less of his equally amusing and ingenious promoter-scamp Gordon Lowndes, in "Young Blood," was born in Middlesborough, England, on June 7, 1866. At the age of eighteen he went to Australia, where he joined the staff of the Sydney *Bulletin*, an antipodean nursery of literary talent arranged somewhat after the manner of the New York *Sun*. At the end of two years, in 1886, he returned to England with a wealth of exotic material, which resulted in a series of stories of the back blocks, the sheep stations, new chums, "sundowners" and outlaws, of love and adventure, that, in their way, had and retain all the charm of the tales of our own cattle-raising, gold-mining West. The close resemblance existing between Australians and ourselves, much closer than that between us and Englishmen, may have been a factor in the instant success of Mr. Hornung's books on this side of the water. It is certain, however, that their good qualities have secured for them a hearing elsewhere as well; the publication of one of his stories

in the Tauchnitz Edition bears ample evidence to this fact.

Mr. Hornung knew, moreover, how best to use his material. Fresh from Australia, he was forcibly struck, on his return to the mother country, by the fresh, youthful unconventionality of the one, the prim, stiff, social traditions of the other. The contrast stood out vividly before his eyes, and he embodied it in his first novel, "A Bride from the Bush" (1890) with its garden escape of the rose grown wild and free on the Australian station transplanted to the boxed garden of an English justice's household. She "coo-ees" in Hyde Park in the presence of royalty, and at last breaks the bonds that are so irksome. In later years (1897), Mr. Hornung returned to this contrast in "My Lord Duke," showing that the lapse of time had not dulled his memory. This story is the companion-piece to the "Bride from the Bush" so far as its theme is concerned, but it is distinguished from it by an ingenious twist of the plot, a striking illustration of Mr. Hornung's inventiveness.

"The Boss of Taroomba" and "Irralie's Bushranger" are Australian tales pure and simple, light of texture, amusing, clever, but touched with a deeper note of true appreciation of nature, evidences of a well-trained gift of description. Mr. Hornung's *magnum opus* in the Australian field, his *adieu*, for the present at least, to the scenes of his first inspiration, was published in 1896.

"The Rogue's March" is as truly a historical novel as ever was—a record of the horrors, cruelties and despair of the convict system that peopled Australia. This book is a serious one from first to last, a study as much as a story, remarkably strong in its tracing of the effect of the brutal discipline upon a character finely endowed at the start, driven to revolt in self-defence.

A new side of this young author's talent, which is decidedly growing in depth and strength with the years, was shown in his volume of short stories, "Some Persons Unknown" (1898), containing at least one real masterpiece of pathos, "Kenyon's Innings." Then came, in 1899, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," another evidence of the author's ingenuity in the weaving of plots, and, in the same year, "The Amateur Cracksman," that welcome creation arriving in the nick of time to give the hard-worked amateur detective a well-earned rest. Mr. Hornung had established himself firmly in public favor before he invented Raffles, but this engaging scamp took his readers by storm, and still holds their suffrages, in the new series of tales of his cleverness and daring now running in *Scribner's Magazine*.

"Peccavi," published last year, is the latest of Mr. Hornung's longer tales, the novelette "The Shadow of a Man," just published, being more episodic in form. In



DR. W. A. P. MARTIN

[In siege costume. From his new book "The Siege in Peking," by permission of Messrs. Fleming H. Revell Co.]

"Peccavi" he strikes deliberately the deeper note of character, which is sounded but incidentally in his other books—for "Peccavi" is a study of rare characteristics, of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon at his best, which is always after he has been at his worst—a chronicle of expiation on a noble scale. Mr. Hornung's range is wide. Ingenuity of plot he exhibits in nearly all of his stories; analysis of character in a clever way he has given us in the Dickensian, perhaps rather Mark Twainlike Gordon Lowndes, a kind of combination of Dick Swiveller and Col. Mulberry Sellers, who, a subsidiary character in the plot of



WILLIAM HANNIBAL THOMAS

"Young Blood," proves to be its best touch in the reading. He has done light work and serious work—"Peccavi" and "The Rogue's March" being his best endeavors here; and he has shown that he is a short story writer of parts. He is a man of promise, in which direction and manner it were hard to foretell at present. Meanwhile, he has chosen to entertain us again with Raffles, and we are ready to be entertained.

The full list of Mr. Hornung's books up to date is as follows: "A Bride from the Bush," 1890; "Under Two Skies," 1892; "Tiny Luttrell," 1893; "The Boss of Taroomba" and "The Unbidden Guest," 1894; "The Rogue's March" and "Irralie's Bushranger," 1896; "My Lord Duke," 1897; "Young Blood" and "Some Persons Unknown," 1898; "The Amateur Cracksman" and "Dead Men Tell No

Tales," 1899; "Peccavi," 1900; "The Shadow of a Man," 1901.

The accompanying photograph of Dr. W. A. P. Martin is furnished us by the Fleming H. Revell Co., the publishers of Dr. Martin's description of the siege of Peking. It shows the former president of the Imperial University as if marching forth to war, but a note tells us it is his "siege costume," in which he arrived in New York.

A new novel by Miss Gwendolen Keats ("Zack") called "The White Cottage" will be published by the Scribners during the spring.

We are indebted to his publishers, the Macmillan Co., for the accompanying portrait of Mr. William Hannibal Thomas, concerning whom we printed some biographical notes last month. Mr. Thomas's new book, "The American Negro," is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Few successes have been more pronounced than the play of "Mistress Nell" recently produced by Miss Henrietta Crosman. The author, Mr. George C. Hazelton, Jr., a young lawyer by profession, has given to the stage, first of all, a fine piece of literature—one critic went so far as to say recently that "this play had indeed restored literature to the stage." In writing his novel of "Mistress Nell," after the production of the play, Mr. Hazelton has reversed the usual order of things. In this he has presented the brilliant, witty times of Charles II., the merry monarch of England, and given us the very atmosphere of the period. His portrayal of the brilliant and fascinating Nell Gwyn is a sympathetic character study, and her career with its many romantic and sentimental aspects, is handled with delicacy and grace. Mr.



GEORGE C. HAZELTON, JR.
[From a copyrighted photograph by Aimé
[Dupont.]



HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS NELL GWYN
[From a photograph by Marceau.]



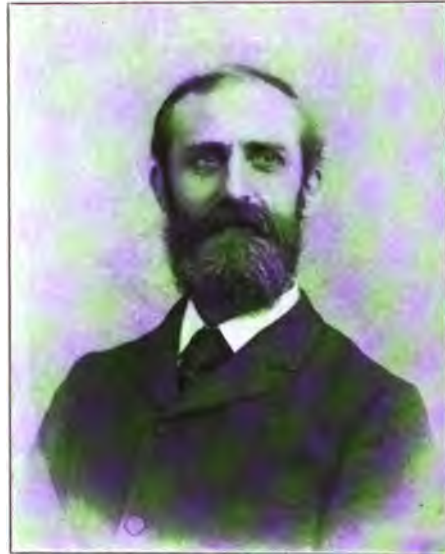
MISTRESS NELL—ACT II

Hazelton writes from knowledge and a careful study of both the literature and the scenes of his story, for which he made a special trip to England. A busy, practising lawyer at present, Mr. Hazelton has a thorough practical knowledge of the drama, having acted for several years in the companies of Booth and Barrett and with Madame Modjeska. A former play dealing with the career of Edgar Poe, produced some years since, was received with much praise. The story, announced by the Scribners for immediate publication, will have a frontispiece portrait of Nell Gwyn printed in colors.

✱

In response to several requests we are very glad to reproduce in THE BOOK BUYER the last photograph made of the late Josiah Norris Wing, who died near the end of last December at his home in New York, after a short illness. Mr. Wing was born in Virginia in 1848. His parents were New England people, and had moved South the year before. His father was a civil engineer and a Union man, and after the war came to New York, where his son attended the public schools and entered the College of the City of New York, but left college before graduation to enter the Mercantile Library, where he remained thirteen years, becoming assistant librarian. In 1880 he took charge of the library business of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and remained a valued member of that staff until 1899, when he was elected chief librarian of the New York Circulating Library. In 1883 Mr. Wing married Dr. Mercy N. Baker, and thenceforward lived in the house in Eighteenth street for many years owned and occupied by "Fanny Fern," the wife of James Parton and sister of N. P. Willis.

Mr. Wing's devotion to library work



J. N. WING

brought him into business and friendly relations with persons similarly interested in all parts of the country, and his counsel was continually sought. In his tireless industry along his chosen line Mr. Wing never regarded any demand upon his time as too great, and his thorough knowledge and long experience were always placed at the disposal of his friends with enthusiasm. Besides his book work, Mr. Wing found time for working membership in the Citizens' Union and the Good Government Club. He was a member of many library associations and an organizer and the first president of the Booksellers' League.

✱

Among the spring books for younger readers are a story of the State Department by Mr. William Drysdale called "The Young Consul," "With Porter in the Essex," a tale by Mr. James Otis—whose surname, Kaler, does not appear on the title-pages of his many books—and a volume of short stories by Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, who writes with as much charm for boys and girls as for their



WILLIAM DRYSDALE



JAMES OTIS KALER

elders. These books are announced by the W. A. Wilde Co.



The first literary work of Miss Hildergard Brooks is a novel called "Without a Warrant," which the Scribners announce for immediate publication. Though Miss Brooks is entirely unknown as a writer, she has produced a tale of very unusual character, whose interest is sustained throughout to a dénouement which shows a born story-teller. The time is the present, and the scene, the South. The same publishers announce "Delectable Mountains," a volume of short stories by Mr. Arthur Colton, which is also the author's first book, though several of the tales are collected from various magazines in which they originally appeared. Mr. Colton was born in Washington, Conn., and graduated from Yale, where he stayed for two years as instructor in English literature. The stories are of romantic happenings among the Connecticut hills.

Among the effusions recently published in the "St. Nicholas League," the department in *St. Nicholas* set apart for very young contributors, a poem by Miss Jeanette Klauder (aged 15) shows how the child's mind goes straight to the central idea of things. Here is the first stanza :

"Tommy thought he'd be a poet,
Write thick books and get good pay;
So he started one fine morning
To think what was best to say."

Of a truth, they all get the seed early, nowadays, and if the inspiration be different from that which sprouted the seed in earlier generations of writers, yet it is likely to produce a hardy plant.



Mr. Stanton H. King has for the past eight years been engaged in missionary work among the seamen entering the port of Boston. During this time he has entertained many audiences in the New England states by relating to them his ex-



STANTON H. KING

periences as a sailor. He has at last decided to put his stories before the public in book form, and under the title "Dog Watches at Sea," his book will be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. during the spring.

Mr. King was born at Payne's Bay, St. James Parish, on the island of Barbados, in 1867. He was educated in the public schools of Barbados, but his schooling ended at the age of twelve years, when he began his career as a sailor. During the twelve years he followed the sea, he served some time on almost every kind of vessel, but the greater part of his experiences are those that tell of the hardships on a deep-water American ship. He served six years in the United States navy, having made a cruise of three years on the U. S. S. Alliance, during which time he visited many ports. He was also on the Tallapoosa and Kearsarge. Mr. King desired to fit himself to be of some service to the men of the sea, whose life he knew so well and with this object in



ALBERT SONNICHSEN

view, he was for more than two years a student at Mount Hermon, from which place he was called by the Episcopal City Mission of Boston to the Sailors' Haven, Charleston, of which he has been superintendent for nearly two years.

"Dog Watches at Sea" is said to give an accurate and vivid picture of the conditions under which thousands of boys and young men follow the sea.

Mr. Albert Sonnichsen, whose portrait we publish herewith, has written a fascinating narrative of his experiences while a prisoner in Luzon, called "Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos," which the Scribners have just published. Mr. Sonnichsen, who until now was a soldier and not a writer, describes his adventures and final escape with a simplicity and force which convince the mind and chain the attention.

It must be confessed that they are particular in Boston. To be discriminating

is a virtue, of course, but when very discriminating persons undertake to measure out exact quantities of literary food for the hungry and less discriminating public, one is somehow reminded of Stevenson's remarks about the excellence of being good yourself, and the difficulties attendant on making everybody else good. The Boston Public Library is just at present suffering the consequences of being too particular. It appears that the members of the Examining Committee, and of the Reading Committee, between which bodies the responsibility is divided, have, within the past few months, rejected as unsuitable literary provender for the Boston public, a list of novels as long as very catalogue of ships, including works by Tolstoy, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Henry James, Amelia Barr, Mrs. Wharton, Jesse Lynch Williams, E. W. Hornung, John Kendrick Bangs, Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Alden ("Pansy"), Paul Bourget, Winston

Churchill, Walter Besant, S. R. Crockett, Egerton Castle, Gertrude Atherton, Paul Leicester Ford and Mr. Howells, besides scores of books by other authors, many of them equally popular and respectable. Moreover—and this item as well as any would seem to show how the committee was willing to make the public suffer gladly for the committee's conscience's sake—they cast out good old "David Harum" into the outer darkness of Copley Square; but here they had not reckoned, as the school histories say, upon the spirit of the people of Boston. Just as those noble souls, a hundred years ago, rose against the tax on tea, so did their descendants rise in their might and demand "David Harum" in such clarion tones that the committee made haste to deliver them to their idols, and now there are some thirty-five copies of "David Harum" in the library for the headstrong and uncultivated populace to batten on.



UNLEAVENED BREAD, ACT II

Harsh critics of the Reading Committee charge that it is composed of a number of cultivated—as the Tammany man said, “over-educated”—club-women, who would form Boston’s literary taste upon too precious a model. They say that because these women do not hesitate to read everything, they should not forbid the Boston public to read as much as the common people are allowed to read throughout the United States. If it be true that ladies are in a majority upon the committee, it is possible that the “sense of power”—which is said to be what all human beings (even men—even the Pilgrim Fathers) most love—has led them into occasional arbitrary decisions. But when all is said and done, we cannot conceive why they should reject the works of Mrs. Barr or of Mr. Bangs.

The accompanying photograph of a scene from the second act of “Unleavened Bread,” now playing in Washington, shows Selma’s second husband, the architect, submitting the plans he has made for the Parsons house. Miss Tyree is Selma, Mr. E. J. Morgan is Wilbur Littleton, architect, Virginia Buchanan is Mrs. Parsons, Florida Pier is Miss Parsons, and George Woodward is Silas Parsons.

Mr. Will Payne, whose novel of Chicago life, “The Story of Eva,” is just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is known to a certain number of his fellow citizens in Chicago as a person who puts together columns full of figures in the form of tabular statements of the production and movement of grain, the state of the provisions trade, railroad earnings and other commercial matters, and who writes reviews of financial affairs for the *Economist*. He recently made an investigation for the United States Industrial Commission concerning the relations between the



WILL PAYNE

movement of wheat and the supply of currency in the West. This unliterary work requires patience, accuracy and a precise grasp of the facts presented. Mr. Payne’s work as a newspaper man in Chicago has led him into many walks of life as a journalistic adventurer, and given good opportunities for observation. He lived in the country before coming to Chicago, and has had a considerable variety of first hand experience.

Jennette Barbour Perry (Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee) was brought up in a very large family, and as often happens in such cases, by Providence or force of circumstances, she was largely brought up by herself. She was at least left very much to her own devices, and whenever, in the course of time, a family crisis came (a new sister generally) she was sent to live with her grandfather and grandmother. As she came to have a great many new



MRS. LYDIA SIGOURNEY



MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

sisters, living with her grandfather and grandmother came to be, as years went on, more or less a matter of course.

When she reached her fifteenth year she became the teacher of the district school in Peaceable Street—a hamlet near Bristol,

Connecticut, her birthplace, and the experiences then acquired have served her, no doubt, in writing "A Pillar of Salt," her latest story, which is a novel picture of life in a Connecticut factory village.



HARPER AND BROTHERS



THE BEECHER FAMILY

After her graduation at Smith College, she became Instructor of English at Vassar, and then Professor of English in the College for Women, Western Reserve University. In 1896 she resigned this professorship to be married to Gerald Stanley Lee, at that time a country clergyman. Their present home is on a bluff in Northampton, Mass., fronting Mount Tom and the great south meadow.

Mrs. Lee writes with very great rapidity, spending nearly all her time in seeing her characters and putting down what she sees as fast as her pen can be made to do it. With one or two exceptions her literary work has been entirely done since her marriage. Her first story was written for the Whigville Lyceum, a literary club, and was called "The History of a Pair of Boots." Her first published story was "Buftiddle," the reminiscences of a monkey, which appeared in *The Independent*. "Kate Wetherill" appeared in 1899, and now Mrs. Lee is to publish a second book entitled "A Pillar of Salt," to be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Three old photographs from Mr. Robert Coster's collection are reproduced on the opposite page, and one—that of the Harpers—from the collection of Mr. Peter Gilsey. The picture of the Beecher family shows Lyman Beecher, his son Henry, and Mrs. Stowe. The picture of Mrs. Sigourney is a remarkably clear print for so old a photograph, while that of the "gifted authoress" of "St. Elmo" is now published, we think, for the first time.

The fourth edition of "A Dictionary of American Authors," by Oscar Fay Adams, is just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Since its publication some years ago the book has continuously grown in favor, and will now, no doubt, more than ever commend itself to editors, teach-



MRS. JENNETTE LEE

ers, librarians, and all who wish to know about American authors. The volume contains more than 7,500 names—over 1,000 more than the third edition and 1,500 more than the first. The information afforded comprises brief statements of the life, services, and writings of each of the authors named.

Miss Bertha Runkle, whose romantic novel "The Helmet of Navarre" is declared by the publishers of the *Century* to have attracted wider attention than any other serial ever published in that magazine, is the youngest of the American authors whose pens have made them famous within the past few years. When she wrote "The Helmet of Navarre" she was little more than twenty years of age. Miss Runkle is the only child of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, a well-known New York journalist. She is a native of New Jersey; never went to kindergarten



GENERAL GRANT

[Engraved on steel by Charles Burt.]

as a child, nor to college as a young woman; has travelled little, and has never been to France—a fact which, she herself suggests, may account for her laying there the scene of her romance. “The Helmet of Navarre” is a maiden effort at fiction-writing; but a striking poem, “The Song of the Sons of Esau,” appeared over her name in Charles Dudley Warner’s “Library of American Literature” some years ago, and is included in Mr. Stedman’s “American Anthology,” and once or twice in “The Helmet” she shows her skill in the form of verse-writing popular in France in the sixteenth century.



It is gratifying intelligence that the Charles Burt collection of line engravings, etchings and original drawings seem destined to become a permanent exhibit at the New York Public Library. Since its exhibition at the Grolier Club some years ago, shortly after Mr. Burt’s death, it was known that it was for sale. At that time Mr. Samuel Avery offered to be one of a number to buy it for a public institution;



EDWARDS PIERREPONT

[Engraved on steel by Charles Burt.]

and very recently, through his exertions and those of Miss Gilder and Mr. Keppel, a public subscription has been started with such ready responses that the assurance is warranted that this really invaluable collection will eventually become public property. In his capacity as chief engraver for this government, the work of Mr. Burt, extending as it did over half a century, presents a pictorial record of the distinguished men and women of his time, for his services were sought by most civilized countries and so took in their their national events and the characters that made them. Mr. Burt was a Scotchman, and had served his apprenticeship in his native country before coming to America, but his interests and the career that survives in this collection were centred in the country of his adoption. We reproduce herewith two of Mr. Burt’s engravings, an early portrait of General Grant and an excellent likeness of the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont.

The Rambler.

LITERARY STANDARDS

THE English-speaking peoples at the beginning of the nineteenth century were fortunate in having as models of literary diction a few great writers whose works were more or less familiar to all who had been taught the art of reading. For the great majority who could only listen, the Church or the stage was the only substitute. Yet in the case of the educated classes, a tolerable acquaintance with Johnson and Goldsmith, Fielding and Sheridan, Hume and Gibbon, Burke and Blackstone, was in itself a good literary foundation; while in the case of the uneducated classes, the pure English of the Bible, the melodious euphony of the Book of Common Prayer, or the expressive depths of Shakespeare, trained the ear to a fine appreciation of sound wedded to sense. Our forefathers, whether educated or uneducated, were fortunate in having before them models of a sound literary style; and however different their methods of expression might be, held fast to the ideal of having first something to say and of then writing it down in good English according to the canon prescribed in each particular case.

Looking back at the century which has just passed away, we of the new century find that some literary gains have been counterbalanced by heavy literary losses. Writing a book now seems to be an easier task than reading one was a hundred years ago. In the cheapness of paper and the rush of print, standards have all but disappeared. Genius, no matter how uncouth its expression, has not only had a hearing but the way has been opened for imitators of the weaknesses of genius without its strength. Tenuity of thought is highly rated, if only accompanied by the particular over-elaboration of style which happens to be in vogue at the hour

when it appears. We worship meekly at the shrine of certain writers because they are incomprehensible. We are told to admire realism, which is sometimes naturalism garnered from the slums and foul places of the earth, and sometimes the uninteresting twaddle one hears in street cars, but in both cases without dramatic force, without inspiration for us, without the creative genius which makes the fused type truer to life than the photographed original presented to us. We rush, as fashion bids us, from the simple objective tale of adventure to the highly complex subjective novel of character analysis. Devoting ourselves to current fiction and the daily newspaper, we seem to have no time for serious reading. We strive to "keep up with the times" (as if that were necessary), by galloping hastily through a jumble of misinformation—scientific discoveries much diluted by the hands through which they have passed, reviews guaranteed to give a full abstract of the latest book in two or three columns, essays upon essayists, and reviews of reviews. Is it any wonder that our ears fail to catch the tone of true literature? That our touch has become feeble and wandering? That we no longer dare to apply the tests of sanity and humor, of lucidity and purity, of freshness and adequacy, to what we read?

Those of us who are forty, and all of us who are beyond that age, have apparently more to be thankful for than the generation now growing up. The cadences of verses from the Bible still ring in our ears. Addison and Pope were embalmed in our school-books. Shakespeare was taught in our elocution classes. Tennyson and Longfellow had not become obsolete. English history was usually a condensation of Hume. As we grew up Macaulay

and Parkman were recommended to us as standard works of English literature. Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Nathaniel Hawthorne were held up to us as novelists not to be shunned but to be read. Here at least was a good foundation training for that cultivated ear which detects instinctively good English from bad, and that mental grasp which separates without conscious effort the wholesome and nutritious in literature from the morbid or pinchbeck. Alas! that day has gone by. Our children are now fed on the essence of literature, instead of literature itself. So many things have to be taught, so many things to be known about, that there is little time to learn anything thoroughly, and less time to assimilate it so as to make it a life possession. To the period of juvenile engorgement succeeds the adolescent stage of eclecticism. Our youthful scions choose their courses of study without reference to the wisdom of the fathers. The days for browsing in the glorious pastures of English literature are soon spent, and our college graduates go forth into the world to become readers who show neither taste nor discernment.

The "Republic of Letters" is a phrase often heard, but there is something more like anarchy than good order in letters at the beginning of the twentieth century. Government of any kind presupposes authority and leadership. Who are our leaders in literature, and what support do they receive from our army of critics? Judged by the rough and ready test of dollars and cents, our novelists exercise the most widespread influence, and yet the slipshod English used by some of our most popular novelists is sufficiently notorious. Macaulay's rule was to reject all ordinary words not used by Dryden. In our day it often happens that the occurrence of words either too new or too old to be found in the dictionary is held to confer distinction upon the writings of

young critics. Stevenson failed to realize his own hopes and those of his admirers because he was so dainty in his use of words, that if the right words did not come to him his pen was still. How many of his survivors could plead equal self-denial? Newman and Ruskin have shown—the one in the direction of familiarity, the other in the direction of rhetorical embellishment—that the resources of good English are almost boundless. Yet the blemish of slang is every day becoming more and more common in writings otherwise praiseworthy. And this use of slang is either partly excusable or wholly inexcusable according to the circumstances under which it is written. Passing by the satirists and humorists, who are in this case in a category by themselves, we sometimes find slang used by those whose scantiness of vocabulary or lack of imagination prevents them from saying what they wish to say in good English. This is the slang which is partly excusable, and we can afford to treat it as we should treat a breach of good manners on the part of those who knew no better. The inexcusable use of slang is oftenest to be found in the work of college professors or professional writers. Here the offense is deliberate, because it proceeds from a lack of self-restraint, and is in the nature of seeking applause from the galleries. Yet how shall this and cognate evils be checked? We cannot ask the publishers to become critics of good English, especially in the case of popular writers who are usually the chief sinners. We have too long had our freedom to submit our necks to the yoke of an academy founded on the French model. No; the evil is the consequence of individualism, and by individual effort must it be cured.

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair," said Washington, the ideal American, in his successful attempt to inspire the Constitutional

Convention of 1787 to do its duty without fear of consequences. If our literary standards are suffering from the spread of lawlessness among writers we may at least endeavor to create a community of feeling toward upholding the canons of good literary art. We can, if we will, encourage sanity and humor—almost inseparable—wherever we find them. We can preach lucidity as the first step, though only the first, toward literary immortality. We can lend a helping hand to the neophyte who adds fresh thoughts of moment to the common fund of mankind. We can

iterate and reiterate that the enduring writers of the past who chose unusual modes of expression were great writers not because of an abnormal style but in spite of it. We can point out that Bunyan with nothing but his Bible, and Lincoln with nothing but his Bible and his Blackstone, are now safely enshrined among the classics of English prose. And in doing these things and in saying these things, we shall each contribute our share, however invisible, toward maintaining the purity of the noble English tongue.
E. H. Mullin.

WHISTLER AND THE WOODCUTTERS

IN the collection of Whistler material recently given by Mr. Avery to the Lenox Library may be observed a few woodcuts which show Whistler in the toils of the old school of wood engravers—the men who would not lay themselves open to the accusation of servilely following the artist's method. The drawings were made in 1862, when he was living in Chelsea, in the neighborhood of the longshore scenes, the extraordinary and alluring beauty of which he has fixed in his etchings, and in the neighborhood also of Rossetti, who held with him a lively commerce of interests external to painting, and who, like him, passed under the woodcutter's steel with results so grievous that Rossetti's recorded words might fairly serve, one would think, to express the feelings of both.

"But these engravers!" he wrote. "What ministers of wrath! Your drawing comes to them like Agag, delicately, and is hewn in pieces before the Lord Harry. I took more pains with one block lately than I had with anything for a long while. It came back to me on paper the other day with Dalziel performing his

cannibal jig in the corner, and I have really felt like an invalid ever since." In Mr. Marillier's book on Rossetti we find one of the preliminary drawings on paper for the illustration of William Allingham's "The Maids of Elfen-Mere," reproduced by the side of the woodcut as it finally appeared, and the contrast affords sufficient justification for this outcry on the part of the artist.

The woodcuts in the Avery collection do not, however, bear the impress of Dalziel's "cannibal jig in the corner," but the less irritating signature of "Swain, sc.," and while they are very different from such a scholarly piece of interpretation as J. H. E. Whitney's cut of Whistler's "Joe," in the *Scribner's Monthly* for August, 1879 (a feat which Mr. Linton calls "a perfect piece of patient facsimile"), they show respect for the individuality of the artist and a reasonable comprehension of the meaning of the line. Where they miss the rendering of Whistler's distinguished method they frankly fall short, without giving the infuriating impression of an attempt to improve upon the original drawing—a favorite ambition



A WHISTLER WOODCUT BY SWAIN
[From "Once a Week."]

with the engravers of that day. All of them were done for the little periodical, *Once a Week* and one of them, the illustration to a poem by Walter Thornbury, showing a mediæval lady in an oriel window, has haunting and gracious suggestions of the portrait of the artist's

mother painted ten years later, and even more marked resemblances in the angular profile of the figure to the portrait of Carlyle.

If Mr. Avery had happened to include in his collection the Dalziel woodcuts of Whistler's drawings for *Good Words*



A WHISTLER WOODCUT BY DALZIEL
[From "Good Words."]

made during the same year, the public would have found it easy to infer the probable reason of that artist's early withdrawal from the gentle art of woodcut illustration, and his even more probable emotions upon seeing the first proofs of these designs.

Each is cut with firm decision and coarse, uncompromising lines, entirely avoiding the dangerous "vagueness" attributed by Mr. Linton to the modern school of wood engraving. That there was to be no nonsense in the result is evident. And each is vapid with misunder-

stood spaces, as "hard as nails," to use Rossetti's indignant phrase, and certainly unrecognizable as Whistler's work without the signature to reveal the authorship. The lovely illusive outline that creeps in and out of Whistler's slightest sketches is transformed into a strident certainty, and the striking personality that made itself clearly enough felt through Swain's somewhat feeble line, accepts defeat in these sleeves that hold no arms, this drapery that stands like iron away from a body of whose existence there is no sign, this ugly silhouette of a meaningless head.

While it is forever to the honor of the magazine "illustrated under the superintendence of the Dalziel Brothers" that its list of illustrators bore a company of such names as Millais, Sandys, Du Maurier, Leech, Tenniel, Hughes, Whistler, the illustrations from the work of these men are perhaps the most eloquent testimony that can be given in favor of the modern "subjugation" of the engraver to the artist whose work he is interpreting. For a Dalziel to tamper with a Whistler or a Rossetti, even though it be in the supposed interests of his own art, works certain woe. "He has not always followed my lines," complains Rossetti, "but a rather stupid preconceived notion of his about intended 'severity' in the design." Which, of course, does not discredit the contention of the idealists of the old school that the perfect result was to be attained by an artist and a master of wood-cutting who should apply himself to the interpretation of a fine drawing with due respect for the limitations of the block. Such an interpreter might indeed venture to bear himself toward the artist as the artist in his turn has borne himself toward nature, with a proper sense of freedom to select, adapt and modify. If he choose to translate the idiom of the original drawing into the idiom of wood-cutting there should be no loss but gain.

But it is not among the Dalziels that one looks for such an interpreter. And the difficulty thirty or forty years ago of finding one more sympathetic and adequate than the average drove the artists who were most sensitive regarding the reproduction of their work to amateurs, hoping that intellectual comprehension would counterbalance at least the inevitable technical defects. In some cases, certainly, this hope was justified. The spirited and beautiful frontispiece to Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" was the first and probably the last attempt of Charles Faulkner at wood-cutting. The drawings by Burne-Jones for the "Cupid and Psyche" of the Kelmscott Press were cut in part by George Wardle to whom William Morris appealed on account of the impossibility of getting the work properly done "in the ordinary course of the trade." Mr. Wardle was succeeding rather to his satisfaction when Morris himself entered the lists and cut with ardor and knowledge, but with discouraging results.

It is not apparent that Whistler ever tried to experiment in this direction, although his facility of hand added to his capacity for taking pains would undoubtedly have brought him success in even so laborious and technical a craft as wood-cutting. His interest in various processes of reproduction has always been vivid. The first printing of the famous "Thames set" of etchings was printed by Delâtre, then in his prime, but Whistler himself pulled proofs from all the plates and alone printed the dry point called "The Forge." Nor has he been, despite his widely quoted contempt for popular opinion, indifferent to the possibilities of bringing good work within the sight of the uninstructed public. At the time when his etching "The Black Lion Wharf" was reproduced in the *Daily Chronicle* he and Burne-Jones were said to be the first "great artists" to contri-

bute to a daily journal. And they were prompted, said Mr. Pennell, in his letter to the paper, whatever the motives ascribed to them, "by their interest in the most striking experiment in modern journalism."

It was some fifteen or sixteen years after the appearance of the Dalziel and Swain woodcuts that Whistler began to work at lithography, perhaps the most intimate and personal process that an artist can employ for the reproduction of his work, and the way in which he made it his own, persuaded it to new and enchanting effects, and chose it as the handmaid of his art in some of his most serene, lucid and poetic expression of himself, is well known by those familiar with the lithographs of 1878-9 and 1885. In the

later ones his care for details and the perfection of result is shown by his use of a special transfer paper, difficult to draw upon and difficult to transfer safely, but without the mechanical grain characterizing the ordinary papers of commerce.

Thus he, fortunately alike for the public and himself, is in no danger of missing the satisfaction which Rossetti thought there might be in "getting one's brains into print before one died." The gentlemen who have tried to get his brains into print for him have met with varying degrees of success, but one interpreter he has always been able to count upon for the most learned methods and the subtlest comprehension—himself.

Elizabeth Luther Cary.

TO MEMORY

AN ! lovely lady with the stillest eyes ;
As calm as Death's ; deep as the summer sea ;
Just shaded by a downy cloud that lies,
White as a swan, between blue heaven and
thee :
Thou lookest backward still, Mnemosyne.

Thy reveries are dear as poets' dreams ;
On childhood's innocence thou lov'st to dwell ;
On homely pleasures, and the simple themes
And tender tales that youthful mothers tell
To little children for a slumber-spell.

Yet I have known thee when thy mood was black ;
When wild Regret had clutched thee, as a
prey ;
And I have marked thee shudder, looking back,
And turn thy strained and startled eyes away
From some grim, muffled shape of cloudy gray.

Sometimes I meet thee when the night is clear,
For thou art gossip to our Lady Moon,
Who liketh well thy plaintive voice to hear
Chanting low music of an ancient rune
She sang before the worlds were out of tune.

All things are softened through thy filmy veil :
In misty light a lovely landscape lies ;
Vistas of passing beauty, fading, frail ;
Tinted with hues of Youth, and Love's sur-
prise,
And rainbowed with the tear-drops in thine
eyes.

I know thou makest many a holy hour
For those who look their lives of patience o'er :
They love thee most who least have feared thy
power
From whom thou dost inherit richest store
Of pleasant days and deeds that are no more.

—From "*Joy, and Other Poems*," by *Danake Dandridge*. By permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



FEDERAL HALL
 [From the Iconophiles' Engraving.]



PERSPECTIVE OF THE CITY DURING THE DUTCH INTERREGNUM, CIRCA 1675—SHOWING POINTS OF INTEREST FROM PORT AMSTERDAM NORTH TO THE WALL
[From the original in the Lenox Library.]

THE OLD NEW YORK EXHIBITION AT THE LIBRARY



VERY interesting indeed is the New York Public Library's exhibition at the Lenox building of the more curious of its manuscripts, maps and views, books, documents, newspapers, broadsides and other

records and relics relating to the ancient Manhattan, the mediæval New Amsterdam and the colonial and modern New York. It is well worth while here at the beginning of a most potential century to look back for a moment and by measuring what we have done reassure ourselves concerning the larger outcome of the future. It is a far cry from the primeval forests which Hudson found in 1609 to the world's metropolis standing here to-day and no New Yorker can look without thoughtful or exultant pride upon the antiquities that trace the evolution of his city. These quaint, crude souvenirs of the past, memoranda showing

what the men of their day achieved in spite of intellectual limitations and physical difficulties from which we are free, urge us to do things as great, in proportion, for our own generation—to toil and build, to pay to posterity the debt which we owe to those who laid the foundations upon which our present greatness and glory rests.

In the eyes of future generations, the present will look as fair as any period in our history, for passing instances of social depravity such as we may regret at the moment will be invisible spots upon the splendor of the intellectual and material achievements of the age; just as we, rummaging the tombs of the ancients, avoid the dead men's bones and carry off only the ornaments we find there.

Throughout the present exhibition there is a lesson in the value of higher organization to allied interests or the branches of an industry or an institution, because it is one of the fruits of the consolidation of the public libraries of the city. The Lenox building now contains

nearly all of the objects of art that were the property of "The Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations"—paintings, prints, statuary, bronzes, tapestries, curios and bookish valuables—and here the Director, Dr. Billings, seconded by Mr. Eames, arranges these opportune topical exhibitions for the instruction and entertainment of the patrons of the library. It is to be believed that they will become as popularly successful in the roomier halls of the new building as like exhibitions given at the British Museum. The present, the "New York City" exhibition, replaces the "Whistler," which replaced the "Turner" which was preceded by the first, the "Washington" exhibition given in February a year ago.

Its most noticeable feature is the long array of maps of various dates from 1610 to 1900, including many rare and curious old charts, original and facsimile, of Manhattan, New Amsterdam and old New York, and elaborate lithographic maps of "greater" New York. The "1610" is a decidedly interesting map, being a copy of the original manuscript sketch from which an illustration was drawn for Alexander Brown's "The Genesis of the United States." About this map Mr. Brown wrote: "The original is stated to have been made in Virginia by a surveyor sent over by the King for that purpose, but to have been procured in some secret way by the Spanish ambassador in London, and sent to the King of Spain." There are several more or less accurate earlier charts of the river and harbor and coasts of Nieuw Amsterdam, but the best strictly authentic map is an original West Indische Paskaert drawn in colors on vellum at Amsterdam in 1621. It was the first published map of the Dutch East India Company, and is only second in importance in this collection to the famous "Bradford Map" which was surveyed by James Lyne in 1731. There are several editions,

dating in different years from 1651 to 1670, of the "Fort" and "Gallows" maps, the latter of which may be seen as decorated by Irving in the first edition of his Knickerbocker's History, a copy of which in two volumes may be seen in the lower hall (as an index of the value of these exhibits it may be remarked that a duplicate of this book was sold at auction in New York last November for \$290. At the same sale a copy of Major André's "Cow Chace," mentioned later, was sold for \$270). The next very interesting figure in this section is an exact copy in color of the map called "The Duke's Plan" the original of which was discovered in the King's Library of the British Museum by George H. Moore, while cataloguing the maps of New York for the Historical Society. It purports to give a description of the Towne of Mannados or New Amsterdam as it appeared in 1661. This map may have been made as a preliminary to the capture of the town by the British in 1664. The name of the province was changed after this event to New York, in honor of the Duke of York, to whom King Charles had granted it, and this name it has borne ever since except for the year of the Dutch reoccupation, 1673-74, when it was called New Orange. There is a perspective of the city drawn during this Dutch interregnum which has a key indicating the principal points of interest from Fort Amsterdam north to the Wall. This map was made the basis of a number of reproductions of various dates down to 1752. The Evertsen papers, containing a narrative of the events in the recapture of Manhattan Island, are not far from these smaller maps and views.

The first map engraved in this city was one of "The Country of the Five Nations, Belonging to the Province of New York," on the borders of which are the outlines of the Lakes, the St. Lawrence and Canada. This was drawn by one de Lisle in 1718



and was published by William Bradford in 1724. The publications of William Bradford, the pioneer of printing and publishing in New York, are an important feature of the entire exhibition, and conspicuous among them is the first published map of the city itself. The original of this map has been loaned to the exhibition by its owner, Mr. William Loring Andrews, whose book, "The Bradford Map," contains its interesting history. The library has a lithographic copy of the original which serves the purposes of the casual student. There were any quantity of maps made during the Revolutionary period many of them of military origin, and since then so many have been turned out that they are hard to distinguish. Valentine's Manual contains the cream of these productions, including the well-known diagram of the village grants. The present collection omits the greater part of the nineteenth century and concludes with the contour map projected by the United States Geological Survey in 1899 and the huge map of "Greater" New York published on January 1, 1900, by the Topographical Bureau of the City Board of Public Improvements.

The exhibition contains many notable views of the city, varying from a fanciful moonlight sketch of Master Henry Hudson's ship lying off the wooded island of the Manhattans to the mountainous skyline of the lower city as it is seen to-day from Brooklyn Heights. Chief among them are several prints of old Federal Hall, showing the President in the balcony taking the oath of office. It was in this hall, that the first Congress assembled in 1789, the journals of the first session of which may be seen as printed by Thomas Greenleaf, for the Senate, and Francis Childs and John Swain, "Printers to the United States," for the House. There is also a colored print of the classic mansion erected on Bowling Green as a residence

for the President. The house was never occupied by General Washington, but became instead a domicile for the early Governors, and later, until it was demolished, was used as a Custom House. There are a variety of views of old Broadway, of the Great Fire, of Wall Street, City Hall Park, the early churches, etc., etc., many of which have been loaned, among other valuable exhibits by Mr. John D. Crimmins.

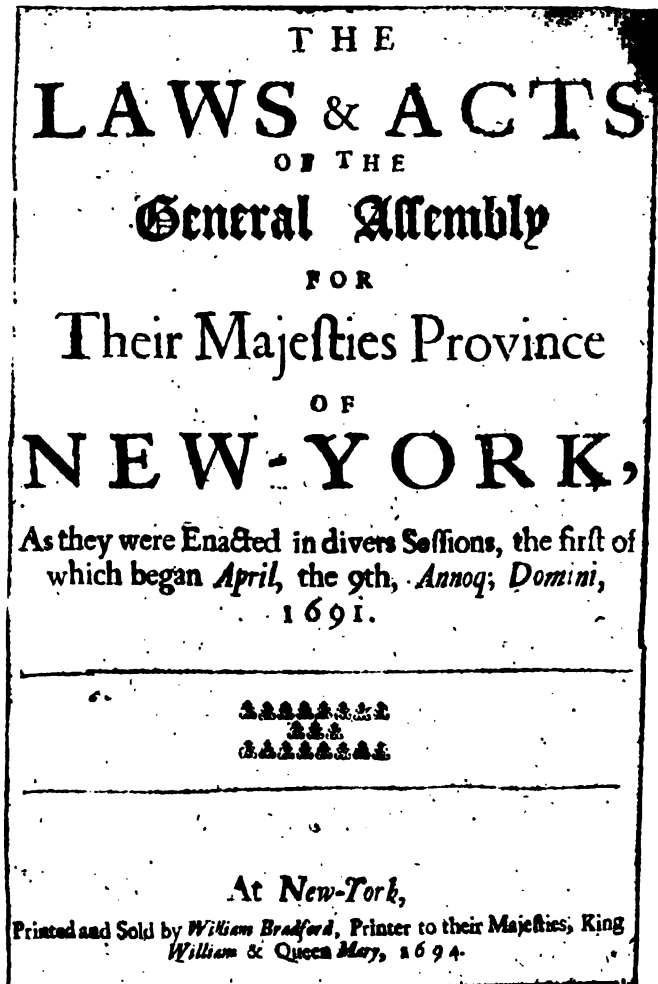
The maps and views give a comprehensive outline of the physical growth of the young city and lead the mind quite naturally into the province of manuscripts and printing. There are a great quantity of manuscripts here chiefly in the form of letters, journals, orders and proclamations, most of which are exhibited, not because of any present literary significance but for the sake of the autographs of the directors, governors and mayors of New York from 1626 to 1784. A facsimile of the Schagen letter, November 5, 1626, loaned by General James Grant Wilson, is full of interest, thanks to an accompanying translation. The original of this letter is in Holland. It is a very short, very matter-of-fact report to certain great personages at home, telling of the purchase of Manhattan Island for 60 guelden (about \$24). There are some other historical letters in Dutch and in English, also a number of state papers, among them Jefferson's draft of a proposed amendment to the Constitution covering the purchase of Louisiana, the manuscript of Washington's farewell address and the two royal charters of the city, the most striking of which is the ample Dongan sheepskin of 1686 with its great seal laid in Colonel Bayard's silver box. The Montgomerie Charter of 1731 has the original large wax seal attached. These charters have only lately been deposited in the library by the controller.

The early tax-lists, muster-rolls and

directories claim a full share of attention, beginning with a list made in 1653-54 of 42 burghers who were to contribute toward putting the town in a state of defence. In 1655 there were 228 persons taxed for the purpose of constructing the city wall, and it is to be noted that His Mightiness Petrus Stuyvesant, heads the list at \$60, a sacrificial sum, no doubt, for his generation. Apropos of the modesty in money matters which prevailed in old New York the tax-list of 1674 reveals that Frederick Philipse, the richest man of them all, was worth 80,000 florins (about \$32,000), and that Johannes de Peyster was ranked high among the 135 nabobs on the roll with a fortune of about \$6,000 credited to his estate. The census of 1703 returned the names of 786 heads of families together with the number of persons, including slaves, in each household, the grand total of 4,227 representing

the population of New York City two hundred years ago. In 1786 the first regular directory was printed and thereafter, save for three or four missing years, the Library has a complete file of these invaluable records. An original copy of the first New York directory, 1786, is one of the exhibits of first importance, and its title-page suggests interesting chapters upon that critical period in American history during which it was produced.

The Library is fortunate, indeed, in



THE "BRADFORD LAW BOOK"

[From the original title-page in the Lenox Library.]

securing two original examples of the very first productions of the press in this city, both Bradfords, the former a brochure containing an act of taxation for the support of the Government of William and Mary, 1693, the latter the book popularly called "The Bradford Law Book," which contains "The Laws and Acts of the General Assembly for their Majesties' Province of New York, 1694." Some of the more notable of the Bradfords on view are the papers relating to Captain Leisler's



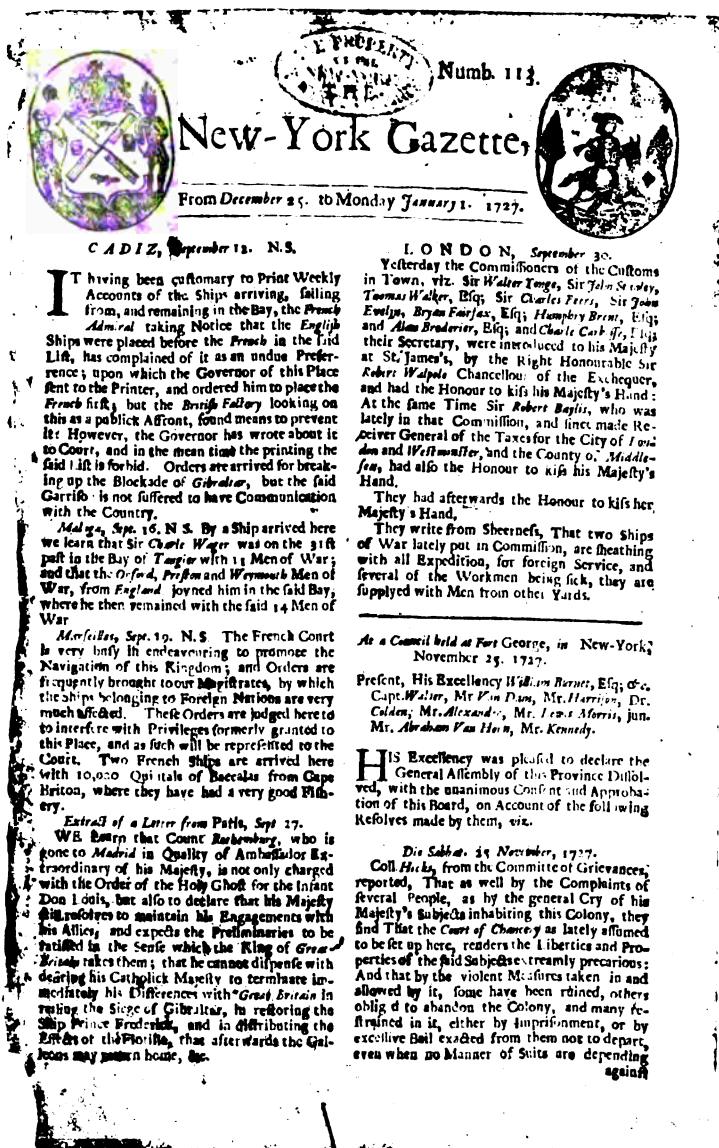
TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST NEW YORK DIRECTORY, 1786
[From the original in the Lenox Library.]

André's "Cow Chase," printed by James Rivington during the British occupation in 1780, the first book on insurance published in the city, 1787, and a few volumes on the early water-supply and the experiments in steam navigation conducted by John Fitch and Robert Fulton.

The Revolutionary period is covered by a large number of black-letter "cards" and "Appeals to the Publick" in the form of broadsides, notices, orders and proclamations from the authorities, the Sons of Liberty, the rebel committees and those good old write-it-to-the-Times individuals whom we have always with us—Pro Bono Publico, True Patriot, and all their brethren. The continental newspapers did what they could for the cause between campaigns, although the *Gazetteer* of the Tory, James Rivington, had rather the best of them for a good share of the time. These early

rebellion, and to the trial of Colonel Bayard for high treason; with the acts establishing the Church of England in the colony, fortifying the city, and promulgating the by-laws. Other rare books to be seen are a group of colonial bibles, a narrative of the trial of John Peter Zenger, 1735, which established the liberty of the press, an account of the sanguinary suppression of the Slave Insurrection and alleged "Popish Plot" of 1741. Major

newspapers are an entertaining study not only in their paper, type and make-up, but in their contents and style as well. The first newspaper, an original file of which is shown, was the *New York Gazette*, which was started by William Bradford in 1725. This was followed by the *Weekly Journal*, the *Post Boy* and the *Evening Post*. The *Evening Post* was founded in 1744 by Henry de Foreest, the first native printer in the



BRADFORD'S "NEW YORK GAZETTE"—THE FIRST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED REGULARLY
[From the original file in the Lenox Library.]

town. After the *Evening Post* came a horde of *Gazettes*, *Mercurys*, and so on, whose ghosts haunt the "newspaper graveyard" at the post-office. The *Commercial Advertiser* represents the eigh-

teenth century, while for the nineteenth there are the files of the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, the *World*, the *Sun* and later newspapers.

Jeffry Montague.

EUGENE SCHUYLER'S ESSAYS, AND A MEMOIR

READERS of the *Nation* who remember the Italian letters of Eugene Schuyler will be pleased to find them reprinted in book form under the title of *Italian Influences*. With the exception of "Corinne" which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, of "A Captive Pope," and "Prince Jem," the contents of this volume were originally published in the *Nation*.

These essays or rather notices written *currente calamo* with no pretensions to exhaustive treatment of the subjects they handle, are agreeable and suggestive reading. The greater portion of them deal with that ever-interesting topic, the influence of Italy on the pilgrims to her shrines. They present a varied series of Italian vignettes, seen through the temperaments of widely different literati. Dickens's description of a fiery Italian sunset seen from his Genoese villa, "the Pink Jail," as he termed it, is followed by Madame de Genlis's vivid picture of her journey with her royal charges over the mountains to Albenga, where they arrived barefoot, for the sharp rocks over which they had been walking for three days had worn out their shoes.

The short study of Mrs. Browning at Casa Guidi and her passionate sympathy with the cause of Italian liberty strikes a more vibrating note. "To her Italy was from the first a living fire." Mr. Schuyler in his extracts from her letters gives us more than one glimpse of the discouragement and sadness which underlay the high-hearted convictions and ardent hopes of "Casa Guidi Windows."

ITALIAN INFLUENCES. By Eugene Schuyler.

MEMOIR AND ESSAYS. Memoir by Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer, and Essays by Eugene Schuyler. With a portrait. Charles Scribner's Sons.
2 vols., 8vo, \$2.50 net each.

For insular England then as always, firmly convinced that freedom is a blessing which foreigners are unworthy to enjoy, received the poem coldly, and its author was regarded very much as a Boer sympathizer is to-day. When indeed has official England ever given aid, sympathy, or recognition to an oppressed people struggling for liberty? It was small wonder that Mrs. Browning's impassioned pleading awoke no response in her own country which had in the days of Mazzini and Garibaldi "no great faith in Italian patriots."

In spite of the generous efforts of a few individuals, in spite of the Gladstone letters (the influence of which has been rather absurdly overstated by historians writing after the redemption of Italy) and the good work done by Hudson at Turin, England was opposed to the Italian unification, and Miss Mitford voiced the opinion of the British public in her strictures on Mrs. Browning's poem: "Fancy her thinking Louis Napoleon right to take up the cause of those wretched Italians. . . . It is an extinct people, sending up nothing better than smoke and cinders and ashes; a mere name like the Greeks."

In "The Italy of Hawthorne" Mr. Schuyler, by grouping a few extracts from the "Notebooks," accompanied by terse and apposite comment, has thrown into sharpest relief the Philistinism of Hawthorne. Sculpture he fancied that he could appreciate, but he disliked the nude. "I do not altogether see the necessity of our sculpturing another's nakedness. Man is no longer a naked animal; his clothes are as natural to him as his skin, and sculptors have no more right to undress him than to flay him." Pictures to please him must be fresh and new, and the frames brightly gilded. He opined that



From "Eugene Schuyler: a Memoir."

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Your most sincerely
Eugene Schuyler*

"the mosaic of the 'Transfiguration' gave me a better idea of Raphael's work than the original picture in its present condition." His favorite churches were those rich in brilliant marbles and mosaics. His "heart sinks and his stomach sickens" whenever he sees any "of those distressing frescoes by Giotto, Camabue or their compeers," and he "received more pleasure from Mr. Brown's pictures than from any of the landscapes by the old masters," which convinced him that the charm of a picture was evanescent, and that we continue to admire them by tradition after the qualities which won them fame have vanished.

The Dutch school found more favor in his eyes and he regrets that Raphael did not paint the "Transfiguration" in the style of Gerard Dou, "at the same time preserving his (Raphael's) breadth and grandeur of design."

The articles on "Madame de Staël" and "Corinne" mete out rather scant mercy to the large-minded, great-hearted French-woman. Are not the mutability of her affections and the volubility of her speech a trifle too heavily underlined? And would not a small measure of the philosophical impartiality with which the disorders of Byron and the irregularities of Shelley are regarded add greater value to our author's estimate of a character which was preëminently generous as well as impulsive? We can understand that solemn talkers like the great Germans who slowly sought for *the* word should have been irritated by a brilliant talker who instantly found *a* word.

It is surely as an improvisatrice that Madame de Staël should be judged and to all criticisms of her style, from those of the French Academicians and of Sainte-Beuve to the more modern censors, we might re-

ply in the words of the improvisatore whom the Cardinal rebuked for a fault in metre:

"S'improvvisa Eminenza et non si stampa."

One of the most attractive of the purely Italian subjects is the sketch of the singer on whom Milton in his youth bestowed a measured portion of his well-regulated affections. What Mr. Schuyler tells us of her, that "she sang with an assured modesty, a generous simplicity and a sweet gravity," supplies us with a significant suggestion of "the sober, stedfast, and demure" type of woman which was the ideal of the young Puritan poet.

A memoir chiefly composed of extracts from Mr. Schuyler's letters, a study of "Count Leo Tolstoi," the curious and interesting "Minnesota Heir of a Serbian King," and a botanical romance called "The Lost Plant," forms a companion volume to *Italian Influences*.

The *Memoir* is the record of a studious and active existence filled with intellectual interests and social duties. Many of the letters written during crucial moments of political life deserve special notice. There is no lack of variety in them all; Skobeleff *en civile*, in the reach-me-downs just purchased of an old clothesman; Mr. Gladstone, the Czar, Mr. Armstrong and the King of the Sandwich Islands in their bouffe-like royal "progress" through Europe; kings and queens; consular merrymaking; a journey on the Nile; a reception at Buckingham Palace, political news from Constantinople, "here's richness," and to spare! and they all convey a vivid impression of mental activity, of unflagging interest in books, in nature and in human life.

Evangeline W. Blashfield.



From "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks." Copyright, 1900, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Phillips Brooks

PHILLIPS BROOKS

ONCE knew a very little boy who remarked guilelessly to his mother that he would be very glad when he got to heaven because he would then see Jesus, and Paul, and George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, and General Grant! I presume we are all of us more or less like that little boy in our desire for a personal acquaintance with the great characters of history whom we admire. For instance, I have long wished that I might have been privileged to hear Wendell Phillips at his best, or to see Charlotte Cushman in her prime.

There are many to whom Phillips Brooks has spoken in his printed words—children, for example, and true hearts all, who love his exquisite carol “Oh, little town of Bethlehem”—who would fain know more of the writer; and in that wider audience of thousands yet to come to whom he shall address himself from these deathless pages, which, marvelous though they be, yet can not adequately convey the impression of the man himself, are more who will long to know something more of his personality.

To such these wonderful volumes—alike the admiration of the reader and the despair of the reviewer—will come as a heaven-sent gift. Indeed, I know of no biography of quite the same character as is this. In one sense Phillips Brooks' life was lacking in incidents of a dramatic or historic kind. We see him as a college boy, a divinity student, a young minister, the rector of two great parishes and a Bishop of the Episcopal Church. We add to this catalogue that he was a rarely beautiful writer in both prose and verse, and the most famous preacher of the Gospel in his day, that he officiated at numberless functions, traveled widely abroad and was everywhere received with

honor and distinction, that he met the most famous personages of his time, and was on terms of familiar association with many of them, and that is all. Yet after a perusal of the closely printed sixteen hundred octavo pages, each one filled with interesting life, we feel that the story of his career is by no means exhausted.

“The one thing,” he says himself, “in reading a noble book, or talking with a noble man, or thinking on a noble name in history, is to get ourselves within the sphere of the nobleness that we are dealing with.” We have to thank the reverend author of these noble volumes, for—I actually pause for an adjective, shall I say the marvelous?—way in which he has exhibited his subject. No one can deny Phillips Brooks's greatness in almost every field of human endeavor which his life permitted him to enter upon; but we do not remember him, either from our personal knowledge or from these handsome pages, as a great writer, as a deep thinker, as a man of profound and varied learning, as an investigator, or a philosopher, though he was in some measure all of these things; nor do we even think of him so much as a preacher—though perhaps that is hardly a fair statement—but we do remember him above all as a *Personality*!

“The spirit of man,” to quote the text of one of his most famous sermons, “is the Candle of the Lord.” Phillips Brooks was indeed a burning and a shining light for God. One of the things deepest in his nature, “that ingrained admiration for the application of power,” was evidenced in his life. You may even see it in the remarkable series of portraits developing from dreamy youth to leonine, yet kindly age. He was, he had, such a power for good among the children of men of all sorts and conditions, of all classes and

creeds, as has been given to few men. Says one in the book:

"There were two poor women in Salem, belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, who had never seen or heard him, and one of them tells the other, bemoaning her boy falling into evil ways, that the thing to do is to take him to Phillips Brooks."

His work as a theologian and as a man as well, was to render the formulæ of the theology of his church in terms of daily life, to bring Christ to men; and he did it with a splendor and a magnificence and an affection that made him the marked preacher of his day. Of course his preaching was in one sense the outward expression of his personality, but it was the personality after all which impressed. As I read his sermons anew it is the person

behind the written words which attracts me.

I remember hearing him preach on one never-to-be-forgotten day, that great sermon upon "The Egyptians dead upon the shore." I heard three sermons that Sunday, one by one of the most finished and graceful, as well as the clearest and strongest, preachers of the church, the second by a bishop renowned for his rhetorical and oratorical gifts, and the third by Phillips Brooks. I shall never forget the impression produced upon me by the torrential volume of thought poured forth from that huge man. I am sure that I then had a much clearer idea of the line of argument of the first two sermons, and they were fine, than I had of his—although I have forgotten them now—but the im-



From "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks."

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BISHOP BROOKS'S STUDY



From "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks." Copyright, 1900, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Phillips Brooks

AT THE AGE OF 22

pression they produced upon me was as nothing compared to that left by the words and the sight of Phillips Brooks. I brought away but one idea from his sermon, but that idea I have never forgotten.

There was such a greatness about the man, the latent divinity that is in humanity was lambent in him. There was so much of it and it glowed so that its light permeates the pages of this wonderful biography. The books are such a

store-house of delight, inspiration and suggestion, as I have rarely come across. Some one should take them and adequately index them, not so much as to facts but as to ideas. There are whole pages of excerpts from his notes, in almost every line of which there is a sermon, and the letters abound with rare thought and teem with rich suggestion. They present a commentary of sane interpretation of scripture and dogma as applied to life, which is unique, but only an adequate in-

dex would make them available for daily use by busy men. The volumes are so large and so comprehensive that a "thought" index is much needed and the thoughts are well worth it.

The goodness of Phillips Brooks was of the human kind as well. He was as much a man as he was a Christian. You see it everywhere. One of the delightful chapters of the book is that upon "Characteristics." Here are three incidents of his wit and humor.

"He had his version of the Jonah narrative, but whether it is original I do not know. When some one was wondering at the possibility of Jonah being swallowed by the whale, he said; 'There was no difficulty. Jonah was one of the Minor Prophets.'"

"'Why is it,' said a friend to him, 'that some of these men who call themselves atheists lead such moral lives?'"

"They have to; they have no God to forgive them if they don't."

"A clergyman who was going abroad to study said in jest that when he came back he might bring a new religion with

him. A person who was present said, 'You may have some difficulty in getting it through the custom house.' 'No,' said Mr. Brooks, 'we may take it for granted that a new religion will have no *duties* attached.'"

His letters are filled with gentle and delightful humor, that never hurt nor stung, but always cheered and uplifted. But why continue further? Each paragraph I write points out a new line of thought suggested by the admirable presentation of the man which it is impossible to follow. Dr. Allen lays us under many obligations. As a biographer he has done his work with rare skill and yet with modest self effacement. He shows us the man he pictures, and that we see that man, as it were, through Phillips Brooks' eyes, unconsciously revealing himself, is the most charming feature of the book. People who love men and those who love God, and those who love God's image in men, should by all means study—I was about to say this book—but it would be more true to say study Phillips Brooks therein.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

THE CALL OF SPRING

MELT, melt, white fields, and let the freed streams
flow

Between your banks of snow;

And may young Love's heart find

An answer to his mind

In every bud that swells, and leaves that grow.

Unfold, ye cloud-set skies of softest blue!

And call the violet through

The earth that seals it up;

Release its lucent cup

From lips that with dull scents its wine imbrue.

Great Boreas! stay thy strong-winged blasts this
morn;

For unto Joy is born

A child, a blossom frail;

The May-flower, timid, pale,

That, were it not for hope, would be forlorn.

I see thy palace shine, proud Winter! cold,

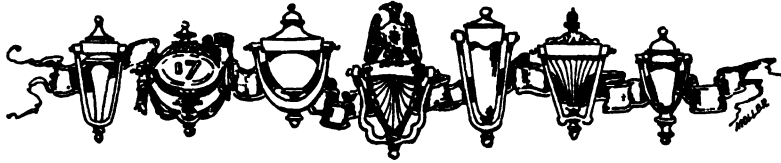
Ice-buttressed, towers bold,

But what a song is here,

To greet the waking year;

A stranger piping on a flute of gold.

—From "A Day's Song," by John Stuart Thompson. By permission of William Briggs (Toronto).



From "Early New York Houses."

Copyright, 1900, by Francis P. Harper.

OLD HOUSES IN NEW YORK

THAT gentle social philosopher, Mr. Edward Sanford Martin, lately had something to say to those good people who are moved, from time to time, to break out in denunciation of New York City, because it is too big, or too commercial, or too stimulating, or too much in a hurry, or too prone to begin public memorials and fail to finish them, or because rents and hotel charges are too high, or because nobody has any "neighbors" here, or because it is too much like an English, Irish, German or other foreign city, or because, as the newly fledged angel from New England is reported to have said of heaven—"it *isn't* Boston!"—or because the tenements are crowded or the trolley-cars uncomfortable or the policemen suspected of many and varied crimes. Such charges, and many more of the same kind, are often brought against this large and resilient town; but, as Mr. Martin pointed out, in spite of all these

railing accusations, the very great majority of American citizens who live outside of New York City, dispersed from Bangor to Santa Barbara and from Seattle to Florida, enjoy coming to New York and being lost (for a while) in its bigness, whelmed in its swift tide of commercialism, looking at its population and its physical points of interest, public and private, pouring out their savings for the privilege and acknowledging that, after all, they enjoy the stimulation of the place, and are glad they came, and will come again. So Mr. Martin urges all the critics to think as kindly of New York as they can, and not to be too hard on its citizens, for though very many persons may prefer not to live here—supposing they could—it is yet a good place to visit, and to take an interest in. And it is a fact that almost everybody, man, woman or child, who stays here for a longer or shorter time, does take an interest in New York, and remembers some of the names of its streets, and knows how Broadway cuts a slant across the avenues, and can tell the difference between pictures of the City

EARLY NEW YORK HOUSES. With historical and genealogical notes, by William S. Pelletreau. Photographs of old houses and original drawings by C. G. Moller, Jr. Francis P. Harper, 8vo, \$10.



From "Early New York Houses."

Copyright, 1900, by Francis P. Harper.

Hall and of Mr. Vanderbilt's house near the Park.

One need not be a bigoted New Yorker to see clearly enough how this comes about. There are several older towns in the country, but none whose history has maintained such a prolonged crescendo of importance. Since 1750 and earlier, the city on Manhattan Island has grown steadily, and in the record of its history occur names which, for one reason or another, sound familiar in the ears of the man from California or Illinois as well as to the born New Yorker. And so the visitor from the West or South, even when he comes for the first time, finds himself oddly at home in Delancey Street, or Bleecker Street, or Duane Street, or at the Battery, or in Stuyvesant Square. Possibly the entertaining "History" of the amiable Diedrich Knickerbocker has had much to do with sowing broadcast the seeds of interest in the early New York. From whatever cause, it is unquestionable that this interest exists, and a considerable literature of the subject has grown up with passing years; but there is no space here for even a skeleton bibliography, and we must turn without further preamble to the latest addition to the list, Mr. Pelletreau's handsomely printed and illustrated volume on *Early New York Houses*.

This work, originally issued in ten parts, consists of fifty large photographs of old landmarks, now swept away, with very few exceptions; and as much text as is necessary briefly to describe the pictures. The text has been written with consistent devotion to brevity, accuracy and straightforward description. The lecturer never stands in front of the picture which he throws on the screen for us; there are no long stories and very few general reflections. The author says, in his short preface, that he "has had but one end in view—to preserve for future generations

a correct representation of various places of interest which no longer exist, but whose history must ever be a valuable and interesting portion of the history of the city." He has not attempted to give pictures of many buildings of great interest, which have been reproduced so often as to be familiar to all students, and most of the views given are not accessible to the general public. His descriptions are sometimes minute, but always justify themselves—for instance, his memoranda and comments upon two old houses in Bond Street, as quaint as interesting. One of them is the Burdell house, where the dentist was murdered in 1857, and the other is former residence of Henry Ward, and since his son's death in 1872, the property of Miss Eliza Ann Partridge, a relative to whom Mr. Ward was deeply attached. Mr. Pelletreau says: "The property could have been made to yield a large income, but [when it was left to her] Miss Partridge acted with promptness. There were two old servants in the house, and to them she gave strict orders that nothing above the basement should be disturbed. . . . Since then years have passed, but the house in Bond Street remains as it was. The windows are never opened, and no mortal enters the long-closed doors. Everything has a deserted look, and even the large door-plate has grown so tarnished that it is with difficulty that one can read the name of its old-time owner, Henry Ward." This house is at No. 23 Bond Street.

A few of the chapter titles of special interest are: "The Oldest Houses in Lafayette Place," "The Site of Captain Kidd's House," "The Merchants' Exchange," "Franklin Square in 1856," "The First Tammany Hall," "The Homestead of Caspar Samler," "The Last Dwelling House on Broadway" (the Goelet mansion), "New York Hotel," "The Apthorpe Mansion," "The Last of Le



From "Early New York Houses."

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THE LAST DWELLING HOUSE IN BROADWAY—THE GOELET MANSION

Roy Place," "Metropolitan Hotel," Meeting House and School, Rutherford
 "Home of Garrit Furman," "The Houses Place," "Five Points in 1860," "En-
 on Bowling Green," "The Colonnade trance to Brooklyn Bridge in 1857,"
 Houses on Broadway," "The Last Dwel- "Broad Street in 1796," "West Side of
 ling House on Union Square," "Friends' Broadway opposite Bowling Green" (about



PETER COOPER'S HOME

1770), and the "Golden Eagle Inn;" and there are, besides, views of the old Belmont, Clement C. Moore, General Winfield Scott, Lorillard Spencer, Van Ness, and Mme. Jumel mansions. Of "The Oldest Houses in Lafayette Place," Mr. Pelletreau says: "Away back in the times called by the voracious historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, 'The Dutch Dynasty,' there was a tract of vacant land very far from the city. It was divided into lots and given to some free negroes. One of these lots was granted to Solomon Peters, and fronted on the Bowery Lane, and included the land between Bleecker street



EDWIN FORREST'S HOME

and a point about half-way between Third and Fourth streets. This afterward came into the possession of Elbert Herring, and formed a part of that large tract afterward well known as the 'Herring Farm.' Next north, was the lot granted to Otto Grim. . . . In 1754 the lot of Otto Grim was sold to Yellis Mandeville. . . . Lafayette Place was opened in 1826, and Mary Waldron [a descendant of Yellis Mandeville] gave a lot to each of her



MOSES TAYLOR'S HOUSE



COL. NICHOLAS FIFE'S HOUSE



From "Early New York Houses."

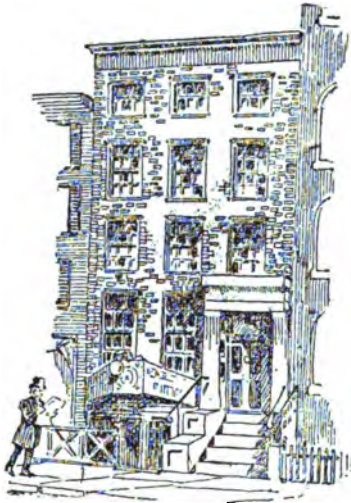
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THE APTHORPE MANSION

two daughters, Maria, wife of William F. Higgins, and Cornelia Waldron. On these lots they built two houses exactly alike, and they were the first houses built on Lafayette Place, and are still standing. They were built according to the ancient custom, when a wide dooryard was considered a necessary adjunct to houses 'in the country.'" The great building of the De Vinne Press now adjoins these landmarks, which still remain in the occupation of the Waldron heirs.

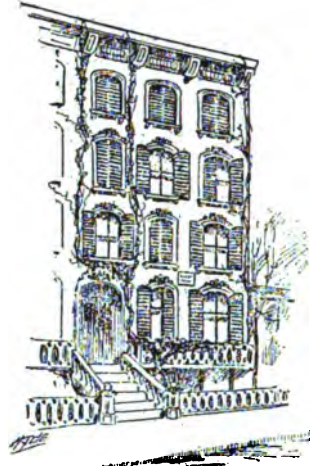
The last dwelling house on Broadway has disappeared so recently that many will recall the big square brick pile built by Cornelius T. Williams about 1830 on the northeast corner of Nineteenth Street.

After Mr. Williams's death Peter Goelet bought it in 1844 for \$22,500. The Broadway frontage was ninety-six feet, and it extended back one hundred and sixty-eight feet on Nineteenth Street. For many years Mr. Goelet lived there, and kept poultry and domestic animals. Until very recently the cow in the front yard was one of the stock sights of the town. After Mr. Goelet's death his sister, Mrs. Thomas R. Gerry, the mother of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, lived on in the old house, and frequently the old lady's face at an upper window surprised the careless glance of persons passing in the crowd of Broadway. Mrs. Gerry died in 1896, and now the house is gone.



THE OLD HARPER HOUSE

The "Apthorpe Mansion," which was taken down in 1886, was one of the most beautiful examples of colonial architecture in town. It was built by Charles Ward Apthorpe, one of the most prominent citizens of New York during the middle of the eighteenth century, and he died there in 1797 at the age of seventy-three. The house stood on the east side of the Bloomingdale road, in an estate of about two hundred acres, overlooking the Hudson. General Washington made the place his headquarters, and it was there that the secret expedition of Nathan Hale was planned. After the Revolution the family were overtaken by adverse circumstances, and the whole estate, with the mansion, was sold by the sheriff in 1799 to Hugh Williamson for \$10,000. The exact location of the house was on the



OLD HOME OF MORSE

north side of Ninety-first Street, one hundred feet west of Ninth Avenue. Somewhere upon the Apthorpe estate stood the tree made famous by General Morris, in his poem, "Woodman, spare that tree."

The book is filled with interesting matter, but lack of space forbids more extracts here. The publisher has brought it out excellently in a large octavo volume, beautifully printed on honest rag paper. The photographs are well reproduced and Mr. C. G. Moller, Jr., has provided a quantity of decorative head- and tail-pieces. The edition is limited to the small number of three hundred copies, twenty-five of them on Japan paper. Thus the book is not only good for its subject matter, but must soon become out of print and quarry for the collector.

W. S. M.



From "Early New York Houses."—Francis P. Harper.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE death of the Queen, it is hardly needful to say, has caused profound sensation—and cessation. As she lay dying at Osborne there was room for nothing but anxiety of the deepest and most poignant kind, for, while the facts of her illness had been known to a small circle here, and to every newspaper in New York for the last month, the great mass of her subjects had no conception that the aged sovereign was waning. But now the feeling of anxiety has given way to one of irretrievable loss.

It can scarcely be said that any movement in literature was influenced by the Queen, although in the Victorian Era have lived many Titans. Her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," prepared with the assistance of Sir Arthur Helps, thirty-two years ago, was distinguished only by the simple sincerity which was one of her chief characteristics. The book sold enormously. In 1884 she published "More Leaves," which was not quite so popular, but sold exceedingly well. The truth is the Queen was somewhat too much of an old-fashioned lady to take a deep interest in modern efforts in the region of art or letters.

Her Majesty's death has had a bad effect on business and it is not certain when things will regain their old color. Such an event tends to make people very serious and gives them but little fancy for the lighter forms of literature. Indeed the past year showed the same tendency very strongly. One wonders whether the check which fiction undoubtedly received last year in England will be permanent, or was the decrease in the number of novels issued due simply to the fact that we are at war and that the nation has but little taste for romance? The number of books on all sorts of serious topics has in-

creased and some excellent work in history is being done. War has frequently been the genesis of great imaginative literature, but, so far, the present war has produced practically nothing, either in the shape of prose, fiction, or verse. It is possible, of course, that Mr. Kipling may find fresh impulses from the war, for, with characteristic restlessness, he set out once again for South Africa. But the dearth of good novels is very striking at the moment. In their absence the critics have made quite a fuss over such a small volume as "An Englishwoman's Love Letters."

The retirement of Sir John Tenniel from the staff of *Punch* marks another of those breaks in the continuity of modern life of which we have had so many lately. Tenniel published his first cartoon on February 1, 1851, and since then he has contributed 2,500 pictures to *Punch*. Sir John, who is just seventy, was knighted in 1893. "Jackides," as he has been familiarly known at the *Punch* table these fifty long years, has been one of the most unobtrusive of men. He never would be interviewed and has never held forth on his own greatness. He practices the silence of an earlier age, which still obtains in a paper like the *Times*, where the general public do not know who's who. It is rumored, however, that Sir John is to write his reminiscences. They would certainly make a most interesting book covering practically the entire history of modern black and white art as we know it in its reproduced form. Mr. Sambourne, who succeeds Sir John, is a quarter of a century younger than the knight to whom the Easter number of the *Art Journal* will be devoted.

Still another change—for in an old civilization like ours all changes are keenly

felt—is the transfer of the *Daily News* into the hands of the “Little Englanders,” headed by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann and Mr. Massingham. Since 1896 the *Daily News*, once controlled by Dickens himself, has been edited by Mr. E. T. Cook, who is best known outside of journalism by his excellent books on Ruskin and the National Gallery and some of our museums. Mr. Cook, who is three years older than Mr. Massingham, is one of the very best specimens of the journalists produced by the universities. He succeeded Sir Alfred Milner as assistant editor to Mr. Stead on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but left the paper (when Mr. Astor bought it) to edit the *Westminster Gazette*, which was started, to uphold Liberalism, by Sir George Newnes. He went to the *Daily News* exactly five years ago and has conducted it with great dignity on the lines of Liberal Imperialism. In his concluding leader he stated his whole position in a nutshell: “If the Liberal party is to take its proper part in the discussion and solution of imperial problems, it must show itself in sympathy with the national feeling at home and abroad. It must frankly accept imperial burdens and it must cultivate a sympathetic tone and temper in broaching imperial questions.” The South African war brought this point of view into actual practice in the leading columns of the *Daily News* just as it made Mr. Massingham abandon the *Daily Chronicle*. The party to which Mr. Massingham belonged, having no support whatever in the London morning newspapers, have bought out the proprietors of the *Daily News* and Mr. Cook has left the historic house in Bouverie Street.

The new editor, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, is Mr. Cook's senior by a year, having been born in 1856. A lawyer by profession, he has practiced the art of humor in *Punch* for many years, and all the world knows

him as a rowing man. His father, who was of Jewish origin, was a rich banker, while his mother is the eldest daughter of Robert Chambers, the publisher of Edinburgh. Her sister married Mr. Lehmann's uncle, Rudolph Lehmann, the painter, who was the father of Miss Liza Lehmann, the composer, Mrs. Barry Pain and Mrs. Heron Allen, wife of a translator of Omar Khayyam. Mr. E. J. Cook's wife has written a very brilliant guide to London. Her sister, Dorothea Baird, who made a great hit as Trilby, is married to Sir Henry Irving's elder son, a clever young actor, who has also distinguished himself as the biographer of Judge Jeffreys.

The correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox, which Lady Ilchester, one of our greatest hostesses (at Holland House), is to issue through Mr. John Murray, ought to be intensely interesting—if not too Puritanically edited. Having had occasion to wade through the “literature” connected with Lady Sarah's elopement with Lord William Gordon, I know there is a great mass of information on record which is presented in no modern book. It bears out strikingly the complex kinships of our “noble” families. Lady Sarah and Lord William (both descended from monarchs) ran away together in 1769. In 1815, Lady Sarah's nephew (the Duke of Richmond), who had married Lord William's niece (Lady Charlotte Gordon), gave the great ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. I have been unable to discover why Lord William did not marry Lady Sarah, when her husband, Sir Charles Bunbury, divorced her. As a matter of fact they each sought different consorts. Lady Sarah became the mother of Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, while Lord William's only daughter was the original of Reynolds' beautiful picture (now in our National Gallery), “Angel Heads.” Lord

William was the brother of Lord George Gordon, the anti-Popish rioter, and the nephew, Colonel Cosmo Gordon, who figured conspicuously in an incident on the heights of Springfield in 1780, which ended in his shooting a fellow-officer dead. Lord William himself was the boon companion of "old P——," so that Lady Ilchester does not lack for romance.

The last male representative of the Defoe line has died a pauper at Bishop Stortford, in the person of James William Defoe. A few years ago his son, who bore the historic name of Daniel, was placed in the Bluecoat School, and the papers wrote the lad up. Then, with the true spirit of Robinson Crusoe upon him, he went to sea and died at San Francisco. His father, who was eighty-two, never got over the blow and gradually succumbed to paralysis. He was the great-great-grandson of the great story-teller, and leaves a sister. The whole family had sunk into penury.

A Dickens Museum is the latest proposal. We have a Cowper Museum at Olney; there is an excellent one to the Brontës, the Mecca of Yorkshiremen, and now that the London which Dickens pictured is passing away at such an astounding pace, it is an excellent idea to start a museum connected with Boz. It has been proposed to buy Gadshill Place, the old-fashioned red brick house near Rochester, where Dickens spent his last years, but Gadshill is out of the way, especially with our appalling railway system, which makes a journey into the suburbs a perfect nightmare. A much better place would be the house in Doughty Street, near Mechlenburg Square, where he wrote a part of "Pickwick" and nearly all of "Oliver Twist." Dickens would not know Bloomsbury to-day, for the Duke of Bedford, the great landowner of this district, is changing the face of the land by the erection of mighty mansions and vast hotels. And the boarding

houses, where our American visitors have been wont to stay, are getting shabbier as hotels, more or less on your system, are rising up in London.

The improvement in typography of every kind seems to have got a new lease of life with the opening of the century. It is this interest that has undoubtedly kept up the price of Morris's editions. His Chaucer rose from £66 to £72 within a few weeks last year, and Mr. J. H. Slater estimates that it will be selling for £100 within the next five years. To my mind, however, it is completely a show book. A new artistic printing venture, based on Jenson's beautiful types, has been started in Morris's beloved Hammer-smith by Mr. Emery Walker and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. Mr. Walker has already made his mark in photogravure, while Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is the well-known bookbinder of Hampstead. Some excellent work is being done by the Vale Press, under Mr. Ricketts. John Addington Symonds' "Benvenuto Cellini" is one of the most recent issues, while the thirty-six-volume Shakespeare is slowly making its appearance.

The latest magazine, *Celtia*, which is intended "to foster sympathy between the Celtic nations," shows the increasing interest in everything Celtic. It is, I am told, becoming quite the fashion in Ireland to learn the old Irish language. Some enthusiasts, including the Duke of Atholl's daughter, have made the most strenuous efforts to encourage Gaelic in Scotland, but as the Celt in Scotland has not the same desire to score off the English, such as naturally animates the Irish, the movement seems destined to failure. Meantime Mr. W. B. Yeats's and Mr. George Moore's new play, "Grania," is to have a larger publication than was originally intended, for it is to be produced publicly by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

IT is definitely announced that the library of the late F. W. French, of Boston, is to be sold at the auction rooms of C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, in April. This is one of the choicest collections for a small library in this country. Mr. French was a genuine book lover as well as a discriminating collector, and was a buyer of nuggets no matter in what field they belonged. Among other items to be sold are complete sets of the publications of the Grolier, Club of Odd Volumes, Carton, Duodecimos, Rowfant and Dunlap Societies. He had, besides, many choice binders, among whom may be mentioned Cobden-Sanderson, The Doves Bindery, Bedford, Cuzin, Miss Prideaux, Lortic, David, Matthews, Bedford, Rivière, Ruban, Zaehnsdorf, and others.

The library is also rich in the production of the eighteenth-century vignettists and contains many volumes of early English literature and dramatists. Mr. French early appreciated the beauty and elegance of the Kelmscott Press publications and owned a complete set, including some on vellum.

It is but natural that he should have a *penchant* for first editions, as the library contains many of the rarities from the works of Arnold, Browning, Dickens, Hazlitt, Keats, Lamb, Morris, Rossetti, Shelley, Tennyson, Thackeray, among the English writers, and Bryant, Field, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Whittier, and others among the Americans.

Several of these writers are represented by autograph copies, while among both the Grolier Club and Kelmscott Press publications are some vellum copies which are of extraordinary rarity.

Two auction sales of more than usual importance occurred in New York in January, one that of the American collection formed by Mr. William Harris Arnold, which occurred on the afternoon of January 30th and 31st, at Messrs. Bangs & Co., and the other, Part II, of the library of the late T. J. McKee, which occurred on January 28th and 29th at the auction rooms of John Anderson, Jr. Mr. McKee's books appealed to a more limited audience than Mr. Arnold's, but the prices fetched were most encouraging both to the estate as well as to the auctioneers. This section of the library was largely composed of dramatic books, or what might be called the literature of the drama, as well as lives of the famous, as well as infamous, players and dramatists, books about the stage, both historical and gossipy, besides numerous,

choice bits of ana. We append a few of the more remarkable prices realized: Kendrick's "British Stage," London, 1817-1822, 5 vols., \$200; "The Dramatic Scorpion," London, 1818, \$180; "Const-Thoonede Tuwell," Zwolle, 1607, \$90 (a Dutch morality play); Gosson's "Playes Confuted," London, 1582, \$110; Green's "Refutation of the Apology for Actors," London, 1615, \$120; Heywood's "Apology for Actors," London, 1612, \$60; "A Shorte Treatise Against Stage Players," London, 1625, \$100 (only three copies known); Spiller's "Jests," London, 1780, \$58; Payne's "Thespian Mirrour," New York, 1805-1806, \$110; "Margaret Woffington's Memoirs," London, 1760, \$81; "A Supplement to the Memoirs of Mrs. Woffington," London, 1760, \$81. The total for the 2186 lots reached the handsome sum of \$7,026.

In 1897 Mr. Arnold issued a privately printed book full of anecdote and advice, relating his experiences as a collector, up to that time, entitled "The First Report of a Book Collector." His second report was heard at Messrs. Bangs & Co., when some 709 lots fetched the handsome sum of \$7,870, or about twice what he probably paid for his books.

Several surprises were the order of the day, and in our space we can only allude to a few of them. Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," Boston, 1828, fetching the record sum of \$410, more than twice the sum it has ever brought before. The MS. of Emerson's "Threnody," 1842, written on fourteen quarto pages, fetched the handsome sum of \$300. This identical MS. sold in Boston last spring for \$24, and once more illustrates the fact that New York is the place to sell books at auction. Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," Boston, 1849, realized \$52.50, a record price. This book is destined to become rarer and rarer because of the increased interest in Thoreau and from the fact that so few copies were ever sold.

"Peter Parley's Universal History," 2 vols., Boston, 1837, fetched \$100; Lowell's "Il Pesceballo," Cambridge, 1862, \$140; "Commemoration Ode," Cambridge, 1865 (presentation copy), \$220; Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad," Boston, 1843, \$124. Appended is a table giving the prices of the various books in the Arnold sale which were also in the Foote, Bierstadt and McKee sales. It shows not only the appreciation in values in most cases, but the increased interest and demand in the open market for the original editions of our own best known nineteenth-century authors. If Mr. Arnold

had added Poe and Irving to his collection we should then have been able to record what the collectors of the twentieth century think of the ten great American authors of the nineteenth. Mr.

Arnold's care for the condition of his treasures was fully vindicated in the record prices realized and the handsome catalogue undoubtedly helped the sale.

		Foots 1884	Bierstadt 1897	McKee 1900	Arnold 1901	Remarks
EMERSON						
Nature	Boston 1886	12.50*			19.50	
Essays, 2d series	" 1844	8.00*			35.00	Uncut
Poems	" 1847	17.50*	17.00	16.00	30.00	
HAWTHORNE						
Peter Parley's Universal History, 2 vols.	Boston 1887	35.00*			100.00	Few leaves torn
Twice-told Tales	" 1887	22.00*	18.00	20.00	41.00	Signature
The Gentle Boy	" 1889	34.00*		18.00	87.00	
Grandfather's Chair	" 1841	25.00	30.00	26.00	80.00	
Famous Old People	" 1841	32.00			45.00	
Liberty Tree	" 1841	25.00			48.00	
Biographical Stories for Children	" 1842	11.00*	17.00		34.50	
Celestial Railroad	" 1843	58.00			194.00	
Mosses from an Old Manse	" 1846	6.00	9.00		63.00	Uncut in pages
Scarlet Letter	" 1850	27.00*	20.00	17.00	32.00	
Dr. Grimshaw's Secret	" 1883	2.00*	1.63		20.00	Letter inserted
HOLMES						
The Harbinger	Boston 1883	15.00*			21.00	
Poems	" 1886	20.00*	16.00	14.00	23.00	
Poems	" 1849	20.00*			21.00	With autograph
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table	" 1853	25.00*	4.00	5.00	25.00	With MS.
Professor at the Breakfast Table	" 1860	9.50*	6.00		23.00	With MS.
In Memory of Fitz-Greene Halleck	" 1869				25.00	
Poet at the Breakfast Table	" 1873	8.75*	9.00		23.00	With MS.
LONGFELLOW						
Miscellaneous Poems, U. S. Literary Gazette	Boston 1886	27.00*	23.00		26.00	
La Minstre de Wakefield	" 1881	19.00*			53.00]	
Outre-Mer	" 1833-34	25.00			310.00	Original boards
Voices of the Night	Cambridge 1839	16.50*	18.00	15.50	25.00	
Poems on Slavery	" 1842	42.50*		23.00	69.00	
Ballads	" 1842	16.00*	16.00	35.00	54.00	
Spanish Student	" 1843	21.00*	17.00		47.50	
Evangeline	" 1847	62.50*	56.00	70.00	91.00	Uncut
LOWELL						
Class Poems	Cambridge 1838	11.75	25.00	41.00	53.50	
A Year's Life	Boston 1841	23.00*	45.00	45.00	47.00	
Conversations, Some Old Poets	Cambridge 1845	22.00*	15.00	5.00	52.50	With autograph
Biglow Papers	" 1848	15.00*	11.50	5.00	21.00	
Vision of Sir Launfal	" 1848	16.00*	21.50	17.50	35.00	Bierstadt's copy
Maria Lowell's Poems	" 1855			27.00	90.00	
Il Pesceballo	" 1863				140.00	
Commemoration Ode	" 1865				220.00	Presentat'n copy
THOREAU						
Week on Concord	Boston 1849				52.50	
Walden	" 1854			8.00	80.00	
Excursions	" 1863			6.50	8.00	
WHITTIER						
Dinsmoor Poems	Haverhill 1833				35.00	
Legends of New England	Hartford 1831	40.00	41.00	40.00	52.50	
Moll Pitcher	Boston 1832	77.50*	100.00*	160.00	200.00	McKee's copy
History of Haverhill (B. L. Mirick)	Haverhill 1832				37.50	
Mogg Magone	Boston 1836	26.00	27.50	35.00	55.00	
Poems written During Progress of Abolition	" 1837	17.00*	6.50	15.50	42.50	
Poems	Phila. 1838	12.00	11.00	9.00	21.00	
Narrative of James Williams	New York 1838		14.00	10.00	45.00	
Moll Pitcher and Minstrel Girl	Phila. 1840	14.00		35.00	32.50	
A Stranger in Lowell	Boston 1845	14.00*	26.00		47.00	
Sabbath Scene	N. P. 1850				35.00	

*Those marked with an asterisk contained autograph matter or were bound.

Ernest Dressel North.

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE DECADENCE OF REALISM

WE have already divorced popular fiction from literature; it now becomes urgent to draw a distinction between fiction and latter-day realism.

Realism in fiction is, of course, the presentment of the average doings of average people in average life; the depiction, without fear or favor, of things as they are. It is a sound theory of art, but in the practice of it perfection is unattainable, because the personal equation can never be eliminated from the artistic work of human hands without destroying its interest and value. It is not things as they are, colorlessly presented, that interest us, but things as they appear to remarkable minds—to Tolstoy, and Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Howells, who learn from life, and teach us what they have learned, purposely, or unconsciously—it does not matter so far as results are concerned. Mr. Howells believes that he presents things as they are, while unconsciously giving us the benefit of his speculations upon the meaning of their being; Tolstoy is realist and preacher both; Hardy, in "Tess" and "Jude," is philosopher and protestant as well as realist. To be artistic, to be successful, and of help to us, to be literature, in short, realism must not be a report, but an interpretation; and the greater the mind that interprets, the greater the realism.

The teaching of the masters, however, is almost invariably perverted by the disciples. A theory in art carried to its apparently logical conclusion generally does not produce art at all. Mr. Howells, in

preaching realism, has overlooked the greatest factor in the value of his own work—the mind through which the average life of average people passes when he chronicles it. "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Indian Summer," "The Landlord at Lion's Head," are interpretations of life, not mere reports, drawing lessons of sound, optimistic philosophy from the seemingly commonplace. In them we see life from above, and therefore see through it to the fundamentals below the surface.

This the disciples do not attempt to do; in fact, in their *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory, they have extended their process to include a new rule, which leads to failure. The theory of latter-day realism, as seen in the products of latter-day realists, demands the presentment of the average doings of average people in average life *by average minds*; the chronicler must not stand aloof from the human show he depicts, neither above it, looking through to the depths, nor below it, looking upward to the heights; it must have no secondary, no collective meaning for him. He must be in the very midst of it, seeing the face of one, the profile of another, the back of a third; he must see the whole, piecemeal as he threads his short and narrow path through it—each individual, each event by itself, without cognizance of what moves the mass, of what happens beyond the immediate reach of his level vision; he must not synthesize; he must merely gather details without end, and call the undigested mass realism. The theory is held responsible for the unpalatable result, whereas in reality the limitations of the mind of the realist are at fault. Work of this kind is labeled "uncompromising," sometimes "Russian" realism. It is, in fact, nothing but bits

of description of the surface of things, seen by a myopic mind.

True realism progresses from the individual to the universal life; it sees humanity as a whole, life as an unending, ever-expanding sequence, not as a mosaic of entities laid side by side by accident, hardly interrelated at all. Latter-day realism, seeing only the trees, fails to conceive of the majestic beauty of the forest. It is a perversion of Mr. Howells's teaching, caused undoubtedly by his own firm belief that he sees things as they are, and reports them unflinchingly; whereas it is his point of view and his interpretation that give his books their value. The great realist of the future, if we are to have one, will be such not on account of his technical skill and his lack of personal equation, but because of the depth of his interpretative mind; he will be a seer. The intuition and allusiveness of Mrs. Wharton's mind, going so deeply and surely below the surface to the very essence of things, make her the great artist she is, far more than her flawless technique. She promises to be the greatest of our true realists; yet she will never be classified as "unflinching," or "Russian." She will certainly never be claimed by the latter-day realism.

Mr. Theodore Dreiser, the author of *Sister Carrie*, is a latter-day realist with a vengeance. He sees neither from above nor below; he stands on a level with average life, and his stature is not a great one.

His heroine is a country girl come to Chicago to work in a shop, a girl without the mental and moral attributes of womanhood, so far as Mr. Dreiser can see, a soulless, unemotional being, who mechanically, without thought or scruple, exchanges toil and honest poverty for a tan jacket with pearl buttons, a pair of shoes, a picture hat, and a modest apartment, at the invitation of a drummer and

vulgarian, well described as a "nobby dresser" and a "hustler." From him she transfers herself in the same unemotional manner to the manager of a "swell" café, who robs his employers in a comatose, unpremeditated kind of a way, and elopes with her, committing bigamy in Canada, because, after the manner of her kind, she wants to be married. They settle in New York, where he buys a half-interest in a saloon—not a café—and where she has a faint perception of better things, mostly material. Her second choice "loses his grip" on affairs, his money disappears, and, after supporting him for a while, she concludes that she will do better to leave him, and to keep her earnings as a chorus girl for herself. She becomes a Casino favorite, and returns from London loaded with diamonds and all they imply. The man sinks lower and lower, until he joins the bread brigade at Fleischmann's side-door, and the cot brigade in Madison Square.

Mr. Dreiser's realism is simply materialism, i. e., he is the chronicler of materialism in its basest forms. Want and well-being are both making materialists of us in this present-day world of ours, but the heaven of the higher life remains, nowhere stronger than with us. But of all this Mr. Dreiser betrays no cognizance. Life seems to have no deeper and no higher meaning for him than the semi-accidental progress of Sister Carrie towards the rewards of her great beauty, the rise of the drummer to partnership, dinners at the Waldorf-Astoria, and stage-door intimacies; and the descent of the saloon keeper to Bowery lodging-houses, soup-kitchens, and suicide. All this happens automatically, by physical processes only; if these bodies have souls and minds, the author knows and tells nothing of them. Such is realism according to Mr. Theodore Dreiser.

A. Schade van Westrum.

OPERA AND CHOIR MUSIC

"LET us take the Egyptians and Assyrians for granted," writes Mr. William Foster Apthorp in his new volume, *The Opera Past and Present*. This sentence occurs in the first chapter of an interesting book, called, appositely enough, "Beginnings." But the Egyptians and Assyrians are the only peoples that are taken for granted by the author; the survey of the whole field since the Florentine group, Bardi, Corsi, Rinuccini, Peri and Caccini—that wonder-working *Camerata*—until our own times, the times of Puccini, is singularly complete. Within the compass of several hundred and odd pages, Mr. Apthorp has his say in his usual omniscient, perspicacious and witty style. He has not compiled a hand-book full of historical saws and wise instances, but has written for professional and layman alike the very best that is in him. A man whose culture is so rich and ripe as this writer's, was sure to see his subject from a distinctly individual angle, while never leaving the main currents of sane criticism. It was with delight—I really rubbed my eyes in astonishment—to see in type justice, calm, severe, accorded the late Herr Meyerbeer, the late Monsieur Gounod and the late Herr Wagner. Although Verdi had not died when Mr. Apthorp wrote his preface, Verdi is, nevertheless, weighed in the scales, and found both good and wanting.

All music critics have their pet weaknesses, and I suppose that Mr. Apthorp in the secrecy of his study, whistles "Vi Ravviso" from "La Sonnambula," or else hums the prayer from "Rienzi." But no melomania may be found in his new book. He deals out, with admirable rec-

titude, judgments upon the sheep and goats of art, and never, for a moment, are you in doubt as to the respective artistic breed of the animals. Touching on his rather slurring estimate of Alessandro Scarlatti, I can only believe that it originated from a too careful pinning of faith to Romain Rolland's conclusions in "Les Origines du Théâtre." Rolland is something of an image-breaker himself, and while it is true that Scarlatti must have learned much from Provenzalet—let the Carissimi story go—yet the man who first used in a scientific manner the *recitativo stromentato*, who developed the *aria da capo*—pernicious as it is—and who was practically the head of the so-called Neapolitan school, can hardly be put on the shelf. However, this is a matter which I leave to the conscience of Mr. Apthorp and to Mr. W. J. Henderson.

Taking up the tangled threads of the early attempts in Italy, and uniting them in the firm strands of the Gluck operatic fabric, the writer gives a luminous account of the famous Gluck-Piccinni duel and its stirring times. By an easy modulation we reach Mozart, and here Mr. Apthorp's affirmations are unmistakable. "Don Giovanni" is proclaimed a universal work that has yet to be outrivalled. Not even Wagner has excelled Mozart in character drawing. To all of which I utter a hearty "Amen."

Handel's Italian operas are treated of, though not extensively; and then comes the operatic rout of Rossini—forever to be remembered as the composer of "The Barber of Seville,"—Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi. Follows the French school, culminating in the *pasticcios* of Meyerbeer. In his criticisms of the Jewish musician, Mr. Apthorp awards praise to "Robert le Diable," a work far superior to the too-often sung "Les Huguenots," and he says a good word for "L'Africaine." Possibly I would not note these

THE OPERA, PAST AND PRESENT. By W. F. APTHORP. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25, net.

CHOIRS AND CHORAL MUSIC. By Arthur Mees. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25, net.

things with such complacency did I not agree with the writer so absolutely. A long course of Meyerbeer on his native heath, Paris, has convinced me as to the validity of the Apthorpiian *dicta*. He ladles out discriminating words for Gounod, incidentally smashing this clay-footed idol of the unmusical masses.

Best of all is the clear, determined estimate of Wagner. Not only are the early works up to "Lohengrin" bundled in one depreciatory category, but even the big compositions of the later Wagner are subjected to scrutiny, ironical, gentle—and critical. Apthorp is a worshipper at the shrine; who, indeed, is not? Yet he sees, having a fine command of historical perspective, where Wagner *stemmed*, above all, his musical opportunism. Wagner was, in his way, as great an opportunist as Meyerbeer. His ideals happened to be loftier. He never lost, however, an opportunity to use other men's ideas—Gluck's, Meyerbeer's, Beethoven's, Weber's, and again Weber's. In the last analysis, as the author writes, Wagner is but the perfect flowering of the *Cammerata's* artistic theories.

The latter-day Verdi is accorded his full merits, and the new men of Italy and elsewhere are not forgotten. A special chapter is devoted to "The Development of the Art of the Opera Singer;" as an appendix there are translations of Peri's Preface to "Euridice;" and Gluck's Preface to "Alceste," both celebrated declarations of artistic faith. The volume also contains eight portraits. It is with regret that I remember Mr. Apthorp's intention, privately expressed, to publish no more on the subject of music. This book should convince him of his error; for with its winning prose, its erudition, so lightly carried, and its courageous enunciation of personal beliefs, it could have been written by no other but William Foster Apthorp. As a purely personal notion,

let me suggest that almost any of the men who are treated with such panoramic swiftness and scholarly certitude, might serve Mr. Apthorp for a detailed monograph. Why does he not give us Verdi as he only could picture him?

To the present series of "The Music Lovers' Library" Mr. Arthur Mees has contributed a valuable and readable book on *Choirs and Choral Music*. It is a subject whose literature is scanty, especially in the vernacular. Mr. Krehbiel's *brochure* on certain aspects of the question is the only one with which I am acquainted. Mr. Mees is a skilled musician, a conductor who was trained by Theodore Thomas, and for years his assistant here and in the West. At present he is the director of the New York Mendelssohn Glee Club. An enthusiast in a recondite art, no man is better qualified to write of choral music. At one time the annotator of our Philharmonic Society programmes, Mr. Mees commands a clear, smooth, impersonal prose style, the ideal style for the communication of facts. To have compressed within a few hundred pages the learning he has—in this case the Egyptians and Syrians cannot be taken for granted—evokes a vision of studious years, highly specialized knowledge and a will of iron. Mr. Mees begins with the Hebrews and Greeks and narrates interestingly of the various rituals and liturgies, from which sprung the most elaborate forms of oratorio.

The early Christian Church and its hymnal is set before us with great perspicuity. And when the Mediæval Church is reached the exposition of the modes, of the origins of polyphony, of part singing, even of the very staff notation, is testimony to Mr. Mees' power of popularizing what would ordinarily be a dull theme. He does full justice to the genius of Palestrina, of Luther, of Bach. Indeed, a special chapter is devoted to the giant

of German polyphonic music. Handel, too, is considered in a separate chapter, and while the historical side is never forgotten, it is upon the technique of oratorio that the author lavishes loving care. The modern group, down to Perosi, is duly dealt with, Mr. Mees making, *en passant*, shrewd and telling criticism. He knows Gounod as well as Heinrich Schütz, and the former he ranges justly. As an experienced choral conductor, Mr. Mees devotes a chapter on the chorus and chorus conductor that should be read by everyone interested in the art. His suggestions are the result of wide knowledge and observation. There are also two chapters bearing on amateur choral culture in Germany, England and America, and these display fine historical range. Mr. Mees is to be congratulated on his work. It was long needed, and after reading it, you feel that you have learned all that is necessary. The book contains eight illustrations.

James Huneker.

THE PHILIPPINES

THE Philippine Islands and their future will play an important part in our national life until that future is definitely settled; until we either relinquish the Archipelago or score a success in their administration. Before either of these things happen, the American public should and will want to be reasonably well-informed concerning them. Notwithstanding all that has been written on the Islands during the last two years, many errors and vague ideas still prevail in this country touching the Philippines

and recent occurrences there. Interest in the Islands may rise and fall according to such other happenings abroad or at home as may be brought to the attention of our people, but the demand for Philippine facts will increase during the next four years in proportion as the matter gains in importance.

In Mr. Sawyer's *The Inhabitants of the Philippines* and in *The Philippines, the War and the People*, by Mr. Albert G. Robinson, much is told concerning the Islands themselves, as well as what we have done there since 1898. One of the difficulties in the way of a successful control of the islands lies in the fact that we have now come in contact, for the first time, with a strange people, whom we do not in the least understand. "What can you do with a people," an army officer asked, "who build modern, scientific intrenchments that withstand the direct fire of twelve-inch shells and when these same positions are charged by our soldiers, jump on top of their trenches wearing a charm they believe renders them invulnerable to bullets, and with bows and arrows as defensive weapons, essay to repulse Krag-Jorgensens?" The answer to this question seems to be: "Study the dead man's brother, or else exterminate the race." We are not doing the latter and we have had comparatively little time to do the former, yet if we are willing, we can benefit by the observations and study of some few men who have preceded us on the field. Mr. Frederic H. Sawyer, an Englishman, with fourteen years' (1878-1892) residence in the Philippines and a knowledge of Spanish and Tagalog to warrant his work, tells us much concerning our new wards which it would probably take us years to learn for ourselves.

In the Philippines we must protect and control eight million people, divided into over fifty tribes, and speaking nearly a

THE INHABITANTS OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Frederic H. Sawyer. With maps, tables, and many illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons (Importers), 8vo, \$4.00.

THE PHILIPPINES: THE WAR AND THE PEOPLE. A record of personal observations and experiences. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$2.00.

many different dialects. There is a vast range in the passions, hatreds, needs and desires of these tribesmen, all of which must properly be considered by us if we would administer government for them successfully. The complexities of character inherent in these inhabitants of the Archipelago will require constant study, tolerance, tact, iron firmness, and the dealing of unfaltering justice by our administrators. The Filipinos are Orientals and we who have always had for neighbors peoples of western civilization, know next to nothing of the workings of their minds. The idea of making good Americans of them, upon which our military governors seem, thus far, to have proceeded, is as futile as ridiculous; the Filipino people Americanized would be as unreal as the trained elephant dining in a circus.

Mr. Sawyer writes most interestingly of our new possessions, and with that intimate knowledge which we still lack. His book should be read by every student of the subject.

We have thus far approached the Filipino as if the barrier of language was the only one existing between us; Mr. Sawyer is gratified to point out that there is much more than this to separate us. He assumes that we are going to retain control of the Islands, and he advises the eventual establishment of an American Philippine Protectorate. He gives the fairest and most truthful account of what the religious brotherhoods have been and are to the Islands, that has yet been published in English, and he treats of this still burning question with knowledge and justice. He gives the friars a full measure of praise for the much good they have accomplished, but comes to a conclusion concerning them, contrary to the terms of the treaty of Paris, in these words: "Owners of vast estates, possessors of fabulous riches, armed with spiritual

authority, knowing the secrets of every family, holding the venal courts of justice as in the hollow of their hand, dominating the local government, standing above the law and purchasing the downfall of their enemies from the corrupt ministries in Madrid, these giant trusts jealous of each other, yet standing firmly shoulder to shoulder in the common cause, constitute a barrier to progress that can have no place nor use under an American protectorate. They are an anachronism in the twentieth century, and they must disappear as corporations from the Philippines."

There is no doubt but that Mr. Sawyer is well informed on his subject and while he is in one or two instances a little severe in his criticisms of our actions in the Islands during the past two years, and while exception may be taken to one or two statements concerning happenings since Mr. Sawyer left the Philippines, his slips are infinitesimal compared with the vast quantity of facts he has arrayed in sequence and under subject headings. He tells his readers many truths concerning our occupation that it is good for all Americans to know. Nor does he indulge in that irritating habit of some English commentators, who, when discussing our efforts to administer tropical affairs, always hold up the doings of England in India as an ideal for our attainment. In preparing this work Mr. Sawyer has referred to almost every good book in existence on the subject of the Philippine Islands. The studies of French and German authors were not closed to him; the official records of Madrid and Washington, the works of Spanish historians and the exhaustive and painstaking records of the Spanish friars have all contributed their best parts to the present volume, while throughout the work is written straightforwardly and well, and is marked by clear sight and conservative judgment.

His assertion (and evidence) that our new Islands are no proper home to-day for white men should be read by all who think of going out, and with the conviction of one who knows the field well, he believes there is little chance of finding sudden mineral wealth in the Archipelago. Mr. Sawyer's references to the beauty of the Philippines and to the attractiveness of life out there, will find an echo in the memory of any one who, even in times of war and burnings and Mauser bullets, has wandered through the Islands. But to-day four long years of slaughter and destruction have ravaged one of the fairest lands on earth and converted what might be a paradise into a pandemonium. Famine seems to be the only calamity so far spared the long-suffering Filipinos. All of which seems wrong, when we are told that the whole matter could be adjusted and ended at once by negotiations honorable to both Americans and Filipinos, and that we shall eventually have to come to such action.

Mr. Albert G. Robinson's excellent letters to the New York *Evening Post* on the Philippines have been collected, edited, rewritten and published in book form. Mr. Robinson arrived in Manila in 1899 and remained there nearly a year, and was an actual observer of the developments he describes. In this way his book aptly supplements the volume by Mr. Sawyer, Mr. Robinson having witnessed the advance of our troops in the winter of 1899-1900, as well as having traveled very generally to such points as were open to Americans during his stay. With these two books in hand, he who wants information concerning the Philippines may get it. Here the censorship of the military authorities no longer prevails and, incidentally, Mr. Robinson devotes an interesting chapter to that phase of our occupation. Mr. Robinson reviews

the "root causes" of the present war, and characterizes the presence in the Islands of the religious brotherhoods as one of these; his chapters on the "immediate causes" of the long drawn out revolt of to-day, are remarkably clear and true. He is a keen observer, his deductions are fair, and have been borne out by subsequent happenings, and his continued experience as the *Post's* correspondent during the last three years in each and all of the possessions which have come to us from Spain and in South Africa, have qualified him to write out of a considerable fund of first-hand information concerning the Islands and the administrative features of our Colonial armies and their leaders. Mr. Robinson deftly expresses the Philippine situation from the viewpoint of the Filipino when he says: "Almost no reliance can be placed upon him. That is one of the things we have to teach him. He has to learn that he will be a great deal happier if he will work himself half to death for the sake of getting a lot of things that will not do him a bit of good. He has to learn that life is a flat failure unless he has something better than his neighbors, that life is useless unless spent in moiling and toiling, early and late. Of course this is flat heresy——."

The Filipino has never had to work hard in the past; some Filipinos did so, and if you doubt this watch the naked brown men poling loaded cascoes up the Pasig River to-day. But in general, the needs of life came very easily to him; he lived in a country where work, as we understand it, was not necessary. Since we took his Islands the difficulties of his existence have increased many fold and until such time as he becomes properly appreciative of the blessings of labor, he will probably continue to judge us according to the present high price of rice.

Harold Martin.

MORE ABOUT THE AMERICAN NEGRO

THAT so considerable a number of the intelligent American negroes of to-day interest themselves in the welfare of their people is in itself a happy demonstration of the advisability of educating them. That their representative men agree almost without exception as to the methods that should be adopted for the amelioration of the present condition of the race and its ultimate regeneration indicates a very general understanding among the educated negroes of their needs. Thus Professor W. H. Council, President of the College at Huntsville, Alabama, Booker T. Washington, President of Tuskegee, and Mr. W. H. Thomas, formerly a legislator of South Carolina, and the author of this latest volume on "The American Negro," all advise industrial development, discourage political activity, and question the advisability of professional training for the majority of the freedmen. It is also worth noting that these men and many more of the colored people concur in the belief that their best friends are the former slaveholders, and that the Southern States present the greatest opportunities for the race.

Mr. Thomas' exhaustive volume is apt to discourage one at first because the great bulk of it is given over to an impartial exposition of the characteristics of a race but a few generations removed from savagery, yet in view of the improvement, as it is exemplified by the negroes in many communities at the present time there is just cause for congratulation, and at the same time encouragement for all who believe in their possibilities.

It is impossible to deny the truth of Mr. Thomas' arraignment of his race as a self-contented, lazy, ignorant and superstitious

people, who generally simply imitate the white population instead of applying to the needs of their lives, our manners and methods; yet the apparent results of such work as is being done among the negroes to-day by race leaders like Booker T. Washington is sufficient to refute his sweeping statement that the "American negro when in leadership has not suggested, devised, or instituted a disinterested movement for the uplifting of his people." There are other cases in this volume where the author's arguments are not convincing, and in at least one instance there is a conspicuous failure on Mr. Thomas' part to justify the advisability of a method which, as he says earlier in the volume, might have been adopted by the United States with gratifying results in the improvement of his race at the time the slaves were emancipated. From the chapter on "Decretal Freedom," p. 46, we quote: "That which European serfdom did for the slaves of Europe, and industrial apprenticeship for the emancipated negroes of the British West Indies, might have been successfully invoked in behalf of our own released bondmen with infinite profit to themselves and the nation." Now note a statement showing the results of this treatment of the negroes in the British West Indies. On pages 338-339 he says, "The negro slaves of those islands were emancipated more than half a century ago. . . . But to this day they have not shown evidences of possessing those moral or mental qualities out of which strong character and solid worth are evolved," and further, regarding conditions in Jamaica he says, after speaking of the many possibilities presented there, "Yet these abundant natural resources are neither developed nor garnered by the indolent negroes, who precariously exist in beggarly apathy with such constant reversion from civilization that to-day more than half of them are

barbarous savages." Surely this is a curious contradiction, but it is not by any means the only one presented in Mr. Thomas' discussion of the negro question, for though, as we have already noted, the bulk of his advice indicates that he believes industrial development, and especially agricultural training, to be the key to the problem, yet we find him writing of the freedman, "He is now told that industrial training in schools will transform the race into trade artisans, and that through industrial strife will come the redemption of the freed people. But this mirage of golden expectations is doomed to fade away."

The punishment the author proposes for the frequent attacks upon white women by negroes will attract attention because of the continued spread of lynching until it is now resorted to for nearly every crime in the calendar including murder, arson and theft. We have little idea that his scheme offers any solution of the problem, and in fact, unless a reign of law be inaugurated and continue, it seems that this terrible tendency must inevitably result in the ruin of both races in the South. Death is the proper punishment for such crime, and had it long ago been made the legal penalty in the South for this offence "lynch law" might never have been known.

Considering Mr. Thomas' repeated expressions of belief in the need of agricultural training for the negroes it appears paradoxical that, without any understanding of modern methods of farming on their part, he should advocate an expenditure of millions of dollars by the government to provide small farms and homes for his people in the expectation that they will be able to cultivate the land to such advantage as, at the end of eight years, to have repaid the government loan in full, and over \$20,000,000 in excess.

However, inasmuch as Mr. Thomas

points out the numerous failings of his people, and indicates the limitations of their possibilities, his volume is valuable to the social economist, and deserves a careful reading by all who are interested, not only in the welfare of the colored people, but of our country as well. Let us add that the author of this book denies to the white man a true understanding of the negro, while—a final paradox—his observations and conclusions regarding the freedman coincide with those generally expressed by Southern white men. The explanation of his attitude toward the negro probably lies in the mere accident of having been born into freedom instead of slavery, being accustomed to independence of thought and action, and associated with the whites to a considerable extent in his career as a lawyer and a legislator.

F. F. S.

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY

CONCERNING Mr. Hewlett's latest work numerous opinions are rife, but in one respect at least it has achieved a triumph. *Richard Yea-and-Nay* may not awaken in all readers an enthusiasm akin to that displayed by Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Le Gallienne. The mediæval phraseology may at times present difficulties, and the episode of the "Old Man of Musse" may be denounced as theatrical claptrap. Graver errors than these, however, might well be pardoned in a novelist who refrains from increasing the long train of artistic temperaments that grace the pages of recent fiction.

So soon as it is clear that Richard is not to hide behind the friendly wall that sheltered Manisty and Tommy, and a dozen others, one is disposed, whatever his

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

faults, to give him instant quarter. But such indulgence would be scorned.

"I have never justified myself to any man," said he to his mortal foe, de Gurdun, who had sought to murder him in his Austrian prison, "nor shall I now to you. I take the consequences of all my deeds when and as they come."

"He had been seethed in wicked doings from his boyhood," admits his biographer. "He had faced unnamable sin and not blanching, laughed when he should have wept, promised and broken his promise."

It is true, on the other hand, that he loved one woman all his life, relinquished her that he might fulfil his vow to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and remained always faithful to her. He made open war upon his father, but hushed the acclamations of his friends at the news of his own accession to the crown with the cry, "God have mercy upon me, I am very wicked." The idol of his soldiers, and the terror of his enemies, by the sheer force of his personality, he wrought with the motley horde that had followed him to Palestine the work of a well-disciplined army.

To his sacrifice, his endurance and his daring, however, fate vouchsafed only the reward of a solitary ride to the crest of a hill overlooking the holy city. Here, holding his shield before his face, lest seeing the object of his highest devotion he might be tempted to sacrifice the lives of his followers in a mad attempt to seize it, "What I have done, I have done," he said, "deliver us from evil." Then he "rode down the hill into the cold shadow of the valley."

Into the darkness of his after years came no gleam of light, save with his last hour a fleeting vision of Jehane the Fair Girdled.

Truly a man of violent contrasts, yet neither vacillating nor inconsistent, and with marvelous skill has Mr. Hewlett drawn him.

"He was at once bold and sleek, eager and cold as ice—an odd combination, but not more odd than the blend of Norman dog and Angevin cat which had made him so. Furtive he was not, yet seeming to crouch for a spring; not savage, yet primed for savagery; not cruel, yet quick on the affront, and on the watch for it. He was arrogant, but his smile veiled the fault; you saw it best in a sleepy look he had. His blemishes were many, his weaknesses two. He trusted to his own force too much and despised everybody else in the world."

Manisty's portrait is painted after the manner of Van Dyck. There is much velvet and lace and an obvious softening of unattractive features. Tommy has been done on a very small canvas, with a very fine brush, and with a magnifying-glass held in the other hand. The glass must also be used by those who inspect this clever miniature, or some of the fine lines will be missed. As for this picture in which Richard of Anjou is the central figure, it savors of the Rembrandt school, but there is here and there a trick of color and outline caught from Andrea del Sarto. The background, while historically suggestive, is not obtrusive, nor over-copious in detail. It is rich but subdued, as if the hand of time in modifying the first brilliancy of the colors, had more subtly blended them. The light, which seems to come from above, is concentrated upon the figure of "a very tall young man, high-colored and calm in the face, straight-nosed, blue-eyed, spare of flesh." Every inch a king, there is yet that in his face which one dreads, but would not have changed. This is "Richard Yea-and-Nay, whom all women loved and very few men."

One by one, other figures emerge from the shadow, each serving to throw into stronger relief some quality of this man who stands scornfully apart from them

all. There is King Henry "transformed by his burning eyes into the semblance of a fallen angel"—John, "a timid copy of his brother, a wiry-necked, reedy Richard with a sniff. Not so tall, yet more spare, with blue eyes more pallid than his brother's, and protruding where Richard's are inset." Richard, we are told, had the sufficiency of the cat, John, the dependence of a dog; John had the cat's secretiveness, Richard the dog's dash. In a remote corner crouches Alois of France, "a shrinking, thin girl, with the white tragic face of the fool in a comedy, set in black hair."

What delightful humor has gone to the lining-in of the burly form of the Duke of Burgundy; and how bold, yet withal discriminating is the sketch of the Queen-Mother, the "flinty old shrew of Aquitaine," to whom "the politics of Europe were as an open book." Gilles de Gurdun, steadfast in his love and in his hate, gazes sullenly from under his gloomy brows at the man whom he had not the power to kill.

Children and savages all these seem, no doubt, to the serene and inscrutable old man in white, who sits enthroned in the midst of those who do his bidding.

Berengere, with her pallid face, black hair, woodenness of figure and stiffness of demeanor, is somewhat coldly treated; but for Jehane, whom Bertram de Born the troubadour called *Bel Vezer*, the choicest pigments have been used. As she sits at the feet of the king the light catches her loose hair, and frames with gold the "thin-nish oval" of her face. "Her mouth is of an extraordinary dark red color, like the darker sort of strawberries, her complexion like a pink rose." In a different setting, the "Picardy rose" might have been the objective figure, but her office here is but to adore Richard. "She was the creature of his love, in and out by the work of his hands. God had given her a magnifi-

cent body, but Richard had made it glow. God had made her soul a fair room, but his love had filled it with light, decked it with flowers, and such artful furniture." Gladly to protect this royal giver did she seek a fate more bitter than death, and in so doing but helped to fulfil the prophecy of the leper, that she should be "wife of a dead man and wife of his killer." She was, however, mercifully spared the knowledge of her husband's part in the death of the "greatest king in the world." "The King died in peace, my lord," she said to the chief of the assassins, on her return to the "white palace in the green valley of Lebanon," "and I have peace because of that."

While Mr. Hewlett has not unduly tampered with the original sources of his narrative, his material has obviously been his servant, not his master, and he has freely moulded it to his uses. The greatness of his achievement does not depend upon a philosophical interpretation of characters and events, upon evidences of erudition concerning customs and costumes, or upon a brilliant display of "local color." It lies rather in the fact that the perfection of his art has made these things of secondary importance.

"The whole seems to fall into a shape
As if he saw alike his work and self,
And all that he was born to be and do,
A twilight piece."

"He's done what many dream of all their
lives,
—Dream, strive to do and agonize to do,
And fail in doing."

E. J. Hulbert.

LIGHT READING

POLITICS and love warring with each other, and the romance of a buried letter are the themes of *Opie Read's In*

IN THE ALAMO. By Opie Read. Rand, McNally & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

the Alamo. San Antonio, other parts of Texas, and Kentucky are the setting for the career of Lucian Howardson, who aspired to be United States Senator, but cared more for the love of the frank, sentimental daughter of a cattle and hog breeder than for fame. The story is refreshing in its mixture of interesting conversations, bits of shrewd observation and breeziness of style, however crude at times. The men are well drawn, particularly Stephen Acklin, the liveryman, the biggest man in Kentucky, and John Quailes, the best newspaper man in the state, who did not recognize inherited greatness, and who made it a point to have friends that people want to meet. The book is quite out of the ordinary.

The atmosphere of *The Maid He Married* is not Bostonian, although the State House is mentioned. The seductions of city life are successfully shown to young Josephine Grey, however, and the name of the city makes no difference. The chief point is that she does not marry the wrong man. Her aunt's reasons for remarrying and the condition resulting from her marriage are the best parts of the book.

Mrs. Clyde is another story some scenes of which are laid in Boston. New York and Rome are also backgrounds for the triumphs of the little country girl whose "selfhood panted for expansion." The Boston depicted is the Boston of fifty years ago, when Upper Bowdoin Street was a social centre, and the Revere House and the Tremont were the gay hotels of fashion. Mrs. Clyde and Mrs. Devereux both married men much older than themselves, and Mrs. Clyde was wealthy, she of the selfhood. Both of the women had daughters and their married life, too,

is described. An English libertine who had been at school in Paris and sometimes thought in French, Lord Dearborn, opened the eyes of Gabriella Dunham to the fact that only in a large city can a woman acquire the proper perspective of men; that love which is geographical, dependent upon the environment of one little town, in which the most attractive man is attractive only because he has no real rivals, is not true love. Gabriella becomes Mrs. Clyde, and the question is, Were her prizes worth her struggle?

We can always depend upon Mrs. Cruger for interest. We may not approve, but we are entertained. This book is no exception. Although it is somewhat carelessly written, almost unrefined in parts, a trifle risqué, and occasionally extravagant, yet the sentences have a snap, and the book is racy. The little worldly-wise observations on life do not always bear the close scrutiny of logic, but they are amusing and provocative of thought.

"Gardening is like everything else in life; if one is not compelled to do it, it is great fun." When a thing becomes duty, it generally ceases to be pleasure. To be one of two *Mountain Playmates*, as Helen Albee was, has peculiar charm, if at the end of the summer holiday, there is a well-appointed home, with shaded lamps, cheerful fires, and a trim maid. But the "return to nature" is not unaccompanied by great inconvenience, unless one has the benefits of civilization close at hand. Running water in the house, although not absolutely essential, is most desirable. The author and her Adam started their New Hampshire summer house with a nucleus of brass andirons, flanked by one of Emerson's books and Ary Scheffer's "Dante and Beatrice." The story of the gradual transformation of a recalcitrant old lounge and other hopeless pieces of furniture

THE MAID HE MARRIED. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 16mo, 75 cents.

MRS. CLYDE. The Story of a Social Career. By Julien Gordon. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

*** MOUNTAIN PLAYMATES.** By Helen R. Albee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

into serviceable and beautiful members of society is told with sparkling humor and vivacity. Shingling the house and discussions of philology and Celtic literature proceed harmoniously side by side. The book has sentiment without being sentimental. A clever turn always saves the thought from mounting too high above earth. Mrs. Playmate has made a very delightful chronicle, written in remarkably forceful English, with a nice sense of the proper value of words. The chapter called "The Enchanted Rug" has sociological value.

The twelve stories in Frederick Trevor Hill's *The Case and Exceptions* are some of the strongest written in many a day. In this age of specialization a man must know what he is talking about or he does not get a hearing. Mr. Hill knows what he is talking about. Of course the technicalities and phraseology of law are at his pen's end, but not every lawyer is able to state his case briefly and picturesquely. The stories swing through the whole gamut of emotion from the humor in Michael Clancy's deposition to the tragedy in "The Distant Drum." Sing Sing, the Bowery, and the rotunda in the courthouse are vividly presented, as well as hospitals, where the sick suffer agonies from the tactless wisdom of the embryo physician. The "laboring" man who wants not work but help, permanent and increasing help, and the lawyer who prostitutes the court with cheerful zeal, although his private life is blameless, these and many more familiar figures are put before us with a facility which gives very little chance for adverse criticism.

In its attitude towards Mr. Henry James, the literary world is divided dichotomously, as the logician would express

it. No half measures are possible. One either likes him very much or not at all. This is a not uncomfortable position for an author to occupy. He is certain beyond doubt that there will be no damning with faint praise. Whatever is said behind his back is either pleasant or unpleasant, and he can dismiss the unpleasant entirely.

The Sacred Fount provides much food for thought. It is written in Mr. James's most thoughtful style, indeed, the carping critic might say that the style involves too much thought. Three people leave Paddington Station for a house-party numbering some dozen people. One of them is Mrs. Brissenden, who has become so good-looking as to cause her male companions to wonder. A corresponding deterioration in her husband, younger than herself, still further complicates the question, until it becomes the pleasure and the obvious duty of one of the men (who tells the story) to ferret out the mystery. Another fact demanding explanation is why Gilbert Long should have changed from a stupid to a clever man. In this case the hunt is for the woman. The action covers only two days, but the amount of thinking and watching and putting two and two together (which finally results in three instead of four), is enormous. It is impossible to skim this book if one would grasp all its subtleties. The constant repartee which is characteristic of people on their guard requires close attention.

Whatever may be said of Mr. James's increasing mannerisms of style, no one who is interested in human nature can fail to care for what he has to say.

Carolyn Shipman.

THE SACRED FOUNT. By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

THE CASE AND EXCEPTIONS. Stories of Counsel and Clients. By Frederick Trevor Hill. Frederick A. Stokes Company, 12mo, \$1.50.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

How answer you that ?

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM III. 1.

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York*]

533.—I wish to know the value of a book entitled "The Fan," by Octave Uzanne, with designs by Paul Avril, published by J. C. Nimmo and Bain, London, in 1884, and printed by the Ballantyne Press.

R. G. H.

The original price of the English edition was \$10, but now it is not worth more than \$5. The original French edition may be worth fifty francs.

534.—Who was the author of "Michigan, My Michigan," and where can the poem be found?

J. S. W.

535.—Will you kindly furnish me with the names of the most prominent Southern authors, together with the titles of their most notable writings?

E. M. R.

If you mean living writers only, we should mention Joel Chandler Harris, author of "Uncle Remus," Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and To Hold," Thomas Nelson Page, author of "Red Rock," and Frank L. Stanton, author of many poems.

536.—Isn't something "split," besides the infinitive in Brander Matthews's remarkable article on "Questions of Usage in Words" in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*? Our beloved and always reverential Dudley Warner said one ignorant of the Bible went through life handicapped, but he never sent us to it for grammar. Will Mr. Matthews accept the English in *II Chron.*, Chap. 2, verse 6?

V.

537.—In the old case of *Gray vs. Commonwealth*, reported in 9 Dana (Ky.), 300, the Court used this expression: "Wherefore, though the license could not be perverted so as to cover a drinking-room, such as is commonly called a grocery," etc. On applying to the *Century Dictionary*, I find as one of the meanings of the word grocery "a drinking-shop," the usage being characterized as "Southwestern U. S." and supported by the following quotation: "Every other house in Santa Fé was a *grocery*, continually dis-

gorging reeling, drunken men." I wish some philologist would kindly tell how this word, originally relating to wholesale dealing (matters and things in the *gros*, or large), came to be thus applied, and how extensive such usage is.

T.

When the word was first applied thus, it may have been a euphemism, like "sample room." Or, the establishments referred to may have done a double business. In the interior of the State of New York, and probably elsewhere, before a license was required for liquor-selling, it was common for a grocery to have a bar.

538.—Can you or any contributor give me any light on the derivation of the word "culprit"? The etymologies in the *Century* and *Standard* dictionaries are rather vague.

V. D.

A learned friend to whom we referred the question furnishes this explanation: At the old common law, when the prisoner pleaded "not guilty," the plea was entered on the minutes as "non cul" or "nient cul" (*non culpabilis*). The clerk, in behalf of the crown, then replied that the prisoner was guilty, and this he was ready to prove. This was entered as "cul. prit." (*culpable*, or *culpabilis*, and *prit*, *præsto sum*, or *paratus verificare*), and the *viva voce* pleas at the bar came, in time, to be expressed in the same brief fashion. Blackstone says (4 Black. Com., 340): "How our courts came to express a matter of this importance in so odd and obscure a manner can hardly be pronounced with certainty. It may perhaps be accounted for by supposing that there were at first short notes, to help the memory of the clerk, or else it was the short method of taking down upon the minutes the replication and averment "cul. prit." which the ignorance of succeeding clerks adopted for the very words to be by them spoken. This expression is commonly understood as if the clerk of the arraigns, immediately on plea pleaded, had fixed an opprobrious name on the prisoner by asking him, 'Culprit, how wilt thou be tried?'"

ANSWERS

523.—The author of the phrase "Mast-hemmed Manhattan" is Walt Whitman. M. N. M.
 Answered also by F. C. W.

526.—The lines are from Milton's "Comus," 12-14.

528 (a).—The quotation is the refrain of a poem in George MacDonald's "Phantastes" (p. 202 of the Routledge edition). The exact words are:

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!
 A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
 And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
 And life is never the same again."

A. B.

(b).—This quotation is from "Words for Parting," by Mary Clemmer. I came across it by chance in a collection of love poems entitled "Because I Love You."

"A sweeter, sadder thing,
 My life for having known you,
 Forever with my sacred kin
 My soul's soul I must own you,
 Forever mine, my friend,
 From June to life's December,

Not mine to have or hold,
 But to pray for and remember."

E. C. M.

Answered also by E. G. H.

530.—Many years ago I read in a literary review an article written to prove that Owen Meredith's "Lucile" was a plagiarism from one of George Sand's novels. To substantiate this, there was given, in parallel column with portions of "Lucile," what purported to be a translation of the corresponding portions of the novel. The similarity was very striking.

E. D. F.

In the preface to Owen Meredith's *Poems* (American News Company's edition) the author defends himself against the charge of having copied "Lucile" from George Sand's novel "Lavinia," and says the charge of having plagiarized Alfred de Musset might more reasonably have been made.

In the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1881, stanzas are printed from "Lucile" and from De Musset's "Espoir en Dieu," which are almost identical, and accusations are also made of Meredith's literary thefts from the German and other literatures.

C. R. C.

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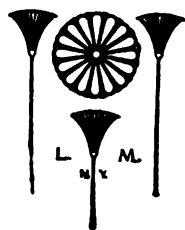
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Mark Twain

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THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

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No. 3

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THE RAMBLER

MARK TWAIN has told countless good stories about the various people he has met and his experiences with them, but here is a story which, so far as we know, he has never told and which has not been printed before.

He once had an engagement to lecture in a small town in—say—the Western Reserve, and was met at the railway station by the minister, as the leader of intellectual society in the place. The minister welcomed the distinguished visitor, and as they walked up to the parsonage where Mark was to be housed and fed during his stay, his host conversed on several topics, and finally said: "Mr. Clemens, it has always been our custom, in this little town, to open every entertainment given here, with prayer, and I should like to do so to-night, if agreeable to you. Would you have any objection to my doing so?" "Why, my dear sir," replied Mark warmly, "on the contrary, it will give me great pleasure—I should be very glad to know that the lecture was going to be started right, anyhow."

So with this understanding, they went to the lecture room that evening, and the minister left the lecturer sitting in the

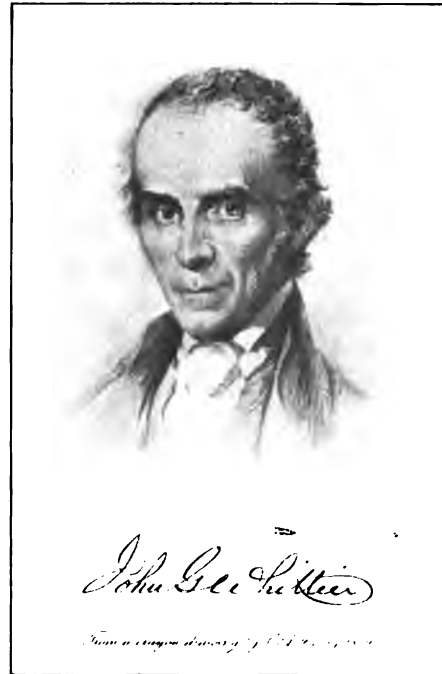
corner of the platform, took the centre of the stage himself and proceeded to offer a prayer about half an hour long, in the course of which he gave his views on all the current affairs of interest and concluded by saying: "And now, O Lord, we have with us to-night a man who is known throughout all the world as the great American humorist. Help us, O Lord—help us to understand what he is about to say to us, and to be amused by it; and if possible, grant that we may derive some real benefit from his lecture."

Major Pond has wisely said of Mark Twain that he is as great a philosopher as a humorist, but if Mark were to own up, he would probably say that he needed all his philosophy to pull him through the next few minutes.

In the March BOOK BUYER was published a reproduction of the famous Bradford Map of New York, which, by accident, was said to have been made from the original owned by Mr. William Loring Andrews, and loaned by him to the Old New York exhibition at the Lenox Library. The reproduction was made from the facsimile of the Bradford Map, as, in-

deed, a line at the edge of the engraving stated. There are several points of difference between the two prints which are well known to experts in cartography, and with Mr. Andrews's permission we reproduce, this month, in the first installment of his entertaining article upon the "Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden," the original Bradford Map, from the unique copy in his possession, and also the Duyckinck map, both of which are referred to in his monograph.

Here is a question for debate in the ladies' literary clubs: Does the "higher education" of women tend to lessen their imagination? This question arises from some cursory examination of a more or less fragmentary list of women writers whose novels and stories have brought them wide reputation. Among the women who began to win distinction in fiction writing ten or fifteen years ago we note the names of Miss Woolson, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Phelps-Ward, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet), Mrs. Mary Hallack Foote, Miss Mary Wilkins and Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock). None of these is a college woman, if we remember correctly. And among the women writers of distinction who have gained their fame more recently, we believe that neither Mrs. Edith Wharton, Miss Mary Johnston, Miss Ellen Glasgow, Miss Bertha Runkle, nor Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, is a college graduate. Two young women, Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, and Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe, are college girls who have written successful stories, but their fiction is based to a great extent upon college life, and might be classed as special work in story writing—a newspaper man might call it first-class reporting rather than imaginative work. Again, Mrs. Jennette Lee and Miss Margaret Sherwood, both of whom



A NEW PORTRAIT OF WHITTIER
[From a crayon drawing by C. A. Barry, 1859]

are college women, have written good stories, but they are "problem" novels, rather than romances. Can it be that the discipline of study and the influence of scientific thought incline to clip the wings of soaring imagination? Are the yea-yea and nay-nay of political economy and the higher mathematics hindrances to the freest fancy?

In a handsomely printed volume, together with a unique portrait of Mr. Whittier, made from a crayon drawing done by C. A. Barry in 1859, Mr. Samuel T. Pickard has gathered together Whittier's letters to Professor Elizur Wright, Jr., illustrating the poet as a politician. The book is published in a limited edition of one hundred and fifty copies by Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston. With his permission we reproduce the frontispiece portrait herewith, of course, considerably reduced in size.



W. J. STILLMAN

In the March BOOK BUYER was published an early portrait of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, and in an accompanying paragraph we sinned so grievously as to call her the "gifted authoress" of "St. Elmo." Heterophemy, and not illiterate ignorance, caused this lamentable stumble, and we wish to thank the many friends who have rushed to catch us as we fell. It is almost superfluous to say here—in view of the widespread knowledge of the fact denoted by the number of letters received on the subject—that Mrs. Holmes never penned such fiery romances as "St. Elmo," whose creator—or ought we to say creatress?—was Augusta J. Evans (Mrs. Wilson), and that Mrs. Holmes's fame rests four-square on "Sunshine and Tempest," "Dora Dean" and "Maggie Miller," and sundry other tales of a less strenuous type than the brilliant romances of Mrs. Wilson.

A novel by Mr. Owen Johnson, called "Arrows of the Almighty," is announced by the Macmillan Co. for early publication. Mr. Johnson was chairman of the "Lit Board" in Yale where he graduated

in 1900, and this is his first book. He is a son of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, and a grandson of Judge Nimrod Johnson, of Indiana.

This interesting portrait of the late W. J. Stillman, whose "Autobiography of a Journalist" is just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is reproduced from a drawing made by his daughter in 1900, and appears as a frontispiece in the book. The drawing is here reduced in size.

A new edition of the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe, edited by Professor James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia, is announced as in preparation by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

When Professor Bliss Perry was called to Boston to assume the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, his place in the English Department of Princeton University was filled by George M. Harper, who was then the head of the department of Romance Languages. Magazine readers will remember Professor Harper as the author of a study of Balzac which appeared last summer, and aroused wide comment for its original and highly interesting interpretation of the life and works of the greatest of French novelists. Professor Harper's new book, including the essay on Balzac, which the Scribners are publishing under the title "Masters of French Literature," shows its scope and character in the title, and gives evidence that the author is gifted with the finest critical discrimination and a rare sympathy for the spirit of French literature.

For several years after his graduation from Princeton, Professor Harper was engaged in newspaper and magazine work in New York, but in 1888 went abroad to pursue the study of his favorite subject.



ARTHUR MEES

On his return he was called to Princeton to direct the department of Romance languages. His new book represents the study of many years, and has the zest of the writer's enthusiasm in his subject.



Two new volumes in the "Music Lovers' Library," "Choirs and Choral Music," by Mr. Arthur Mees, and "The Opera Past and Present," by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, were noticed by Mr. Huneker in the last number of *THE BOOK BUYER*, and we take pleasure in publishing herewith the portraits of the two authors. Mr. Mees is the conductor of the New York Mendelssohn Glee Club, and for several years has annotated the programmes of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Apthorp is widely known as the music and art critic of the Boston *Transcript*, the writer of the Symphony Society's programmes, and as the author of several books on musical subjects.



W. F. APTHORP

One of the most interesting personalities of the stage to-day is Maude Adams. She has a magnetism that has won her an immense following all over the country. Her many admirers will be pleased to learn that a biography of her is to be published in a popular series of "Pen Portraits of Stage Favorites," issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., to be written by Mr. Acton Davies, the critic of the *Evening Sun*.

Maude Adams was, it may be said, born to it if not on the stage, appearing first as a stage baby; her mother is an actress at the present time; all her surroundings have been those of the stage; and her life has been one of continuous and arduous work in her profession.



The Louisville *Courier-Journal* recently printed a well-deserved criticism of the practice of publishing a dead author's early and least excellent work almost before he is buried. The paragraph concludes:

Maurice Thompson is dead, but no less than three "new" novels by him are advertised as just

issued by as many publishing concerns. It is true that these concerns do not specifically use the word "new," but they so construct their advertisements as to make no other impression. It is a shabby business. The only new novel by Mr. Thompson, if we are not greatly mistaken, was published several months ago. Those which are now sprung with such a fanfare on the public were published so many years ago that they have been forgotten. To resurrect them now and attempt to foist them off as Thompson's latest work is a petty piece of humbuggery.



A correspondent in Seattle sends us some verses written by a child of twelve named Bonnie Phelps, who has a gift for rhyming that is certainly unusual, and considerable poetic fancy to justify it. Bonnie's mother says that she began to lisp in numbers at the age of three, and has preserved her first metrical achievement (of course, an oral deliverance), whose theme was her kittens :

"Every Sunday morning
Waiting to be fed,
Little hungry kittleties
Playing in the shed."

In a moment she added :

"Two little alligators!
Crawling on the walk,
Making up some poetry
That they was bound to talk."

We make no apology for printing Bonnie's first poem, for it is childish and spontaneous enough to pass muster anywhere. Bonnie continued to compose her verses for the pleasure of her family, and liked to stand and solemnly reel them off while somebody wrote down her words. Many of the rhymes—for which we haven't space here—are dainty as flowers and show genuine poetic thought. We can make room for only one, called "Little Minutes."

Glad little minutes are short little minutes:
Glad little minutes seem
Wafted away in one little breath,
Only to be a dream.
Sad little minutes are long little minutes:
Each seems to be a year.
Glad little minutes bring you a smile,
Sad little minutes a tear.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Sad little *tears*, I've heard it said
Are nearly always blue;
But when glad little tears come, then
Glad little smiles come, too.
And now I'll give you a riddle to guess,
Please tell me if you know.
Where do glad and sad little smiles and tears
And little minutes go?
Why every New Year's night, you'll see,
If you'll just take a peep,
The Old Year come a-creeping out
When all the world's asleep.
He tiptoes through the silent street
And bids them all adieu,
Then gathers up his smiles and tears
And little minutes too.
He pops them in a monstrous bag,
And ties the mouth up tight.
And when the sun wakes up again
And drives away the night,
You'll find the Old Year and his sack
Have somehow flown away
To a fairy land beyond the stars,
Where all the Old Years stay.

This very creditable little poem was written, we believe, before the child was ten years old. It is only fair to say that the child has written all her rhymes herself—she declares they would not be her own if a single word were changed by her mother.



The portrait of Mr. Booker T. Washington is taken, by permission of his publishers, from his new autobiography, "Up from Slavery," just issued by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A new book by Nelson Lloyd, the author of the successful "Chronic Loafer," is promised by his publishers, Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Co. This new work is an idyllic story of country life in Pennsylvania, entitled "A Drone and a Dreamer."



We are indebted to Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. for Max Beerbohm's caricature of George Bernard Shaw, which was published in an early number of the lamented *Chap-Book*. Mr. Shaw's new volume, "Three Plays for Puritans," is as good reading as most of his work. One may agree or not, but one isn't quite satisfied to let him go unread.



A new "History of the American People," in a single volume, by Professor



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[Caricature by Max Beerbohm.—From the *Chap Book*.]



MRS. EDITH WHARTON

Francis Newton Thorpe, is announced by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It is said that Professor Thorpe has been at work on the book for the past nine years.



This new portrait of Mrs. Edith Wharton, whose book of short stories called "Crucial Instances," is just published, is made from a photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf.



In his forthcoming book on China, Mr. Henry Savage Landor purposes to treat of the country, the people, the war, and the situation in a comprehensive way. The book, which will be issued by the Scribners, late in the spring, will, if Mr. Landor's original intentions develop in execution, comprise about one hundred and twenty chapters. Mr. Landor will give an explicit account of the Boxers and their doings, rites, rhymes, war dances, etc., a full account of every engagement during the war up to and including the taking of Peking, an account of the Seymour expedition, a complete diary of the siege of Tientsin, an official and complete diary of the siege of the Legations in Peking, an account of the siege of the Pei Tang Catholic Mission furnished by Bishop Favier, with plans and photographs by the author, an ac-



MISS A. C. LAUT

count of the various armies, including the Chinese, concerned in the war, and their respective qualities, a review of the official correspondence between Sir Claude MacDonald and Lord Salisbury regarding Boxer movements (previous to the outbreak of hostilities), and illustrated descriptions of many other details of the history of last summer.

Mr. Landor has about eight hundred original photographs, two hundred Chinese paintings and prints, a quantity of Japanese war pictures, and about three hundred sketches in oil, water color, and black and white, drawn by himself. With this enormous stock of material to draw from, the book will be illustrated with a fullness to satisfy the most critical.

Miss Laut, whose first novel "Lords of the North," recently published, has already passed into a fourth edition, is at present engaged on a new story of contemporary life and conditions in Canada, which

her publishers, Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Co., will bring out as soon as completed. Her first book, just mentioned, has been chosen by Heinemann, of London, for the first volume in a new series of American novels, which will also include stories by D. D. Wells, E. Hough and Hamlin Garland.

The character sketch of three types by Mr. F. D. Steele, which is reprinted here from *McClure's Magazine* was intended to illustrate the article on Mr. Steele's work elsewhere in this number, but was crowded from its proper place.

Three books on out-of-door matters are announced by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Readers of the *Evening Post* have enjoyed "A Journey to Nature," as its chapters appeared on Saturdays in that paper, and the signature "J. P. M." provoked inquiry. It now appears that the author is Mr. J. P. Mowbray, whose tale of a Wall Street man who was ordered to go to the woods and stay there for a year or two, is more or less autobiographical. "The Brook Book," by Miss Mary Rogers, is a fanciful and delicately written study of a brook and its doings throughout the



From "McClure's Magazine."—Copyright, 1900, by S. S. McClure & Co.

TYPES



GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON
Author of "The Last of the Flatboats."

year, from the activity of its waters in the spring, when the water grows warmer and all the swarm of insect life awakens, to the winter days, when the frost clogs its flow and stills its noisy voice. Less imaginative, but of more practical quality is Miss Nina L. Marshall's "Mushroom Book," which now appears in the Nature Study Series, with colored plates and a profusion of half-tone prints. This is a popular book on the common species of mushrooms, intended to be a safe guide to the unscientific reader in distinguishing between the poisonous and edible varieties. The author is a teacher of botany, and has made a clearly written and useful volume.

A first novel by the veteran writer, George Cary Eggleston, is announced for early publication by the Lothrop Company of Boston. It is entitled "A Carolina Cavalier," and is a story of the American Revolution. Tories, patriots, adventure, love and valor crowd its pages.

The same publishers also have in press a story entitled "The Potter and the Clay," by Maud Howard Peterson, whose



MAUD HOWARD PETERSON

portrait we print herewith. Miss Peterson's plot is puzzling, her characters are unique, and the action of the story is remarkably vivid, the motive being love versus loyalty.

The Book Lover is a literary paper, printed in Melbourne, which comes to us occasionally and in which we usually find something entertaining, though sometimes a paragraph sounds familiar albeit credit is not always given. But from the February number we make haste to extract a gem which is quite original in its own columns and is full of that exact and accurate information about American cities and customs which our British friends can always be depended on to give:

Ever since Oliver Wendell Holmes let the English-speaking peoples know that the dome of Boston State House is "The hub of the Universe, and you could not prize that idea out of a Boston man if you had the tyre of all creation straightened out



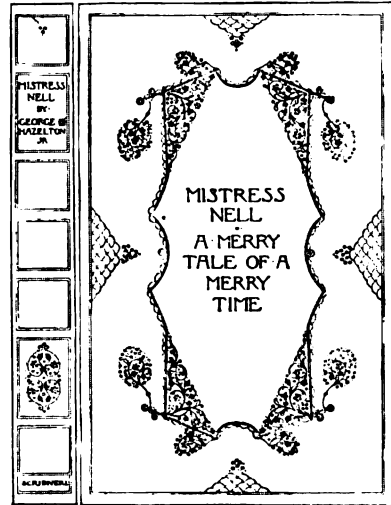
MISTRESS NELL

as a crowbar," there has been much curiosity as to the capital of Massachusetts, its inhabitants, their customs and their culture. This curiosity is agreeably satisfied by a little book, "Her Boston Experiences," written by "Margaret Allston," and supposed to give that mythical person's adventures as a Western arrival in the literary capital of America. The love story which runs through the volume is slight, but rather pretty, and serves as a peg on which to hang a few character sketches and a great deal of playfully sarcastic comment upon the famous city and its inhabitants.

Australians who read the book will get a fair idea of a centre which has to be understood by anyone who wishes to comprehend American literary development. Containing as it does Faneuil Hall, "The Cradle of Liberty," and the Bunker Hill Monument that marks the spot where

the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Boston is historically by far the most interesting city in the New World. It is the only one laid out with the irregularity needed for urban picturesqueness. It has on one side Cambridge, with Harvard University, and on the other the village of Concord, with its memories of Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne. Though the most select, not to say supercilious, of American cities it is distinguished as having once possessed as its



A REPRODUCTION OF A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BOOK-COVER

leading divine Phillips Brooks, and as its mayor the still more famous John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter. At all these and many other peculiarities of "the Hub," Miss Allston pokes fun in an irreverent but good-natured and amusing manner.

We have heard lately that Australians are much like Americans in many traits. But that information about Boston is British to the core.

The cover of Mr. Hazelton's novel, "Mistress Nell," is taken from a binding executed by Samuel Mearne, who was, by appointment, bookbinder to Charles II. The original was probably executed about 1660, and shows the characteristic cottage pattern of the period,—"cottage pattern" being a term which was applied to many of Mearne's bindings, owing to a fancied resemblance, at the top of a central panel, to the roof of a cottage with projecting eaves. Mearne lived in Little Britain. Almost all his books bear the two reversed C's, surrounded by palm branches, and surmounted by a royal crown. We reprint the frontispiece, from the beautiful, if familiar, portrait attributed to Sir Peter Lely.



MRS. BOTTA



GEORGE ELIOT



EDGAR ALLAN POE



J. G. HOLLAND



From Mrs. Gilbert's "Reminiscences." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. ANNE HARTLEY GILBERT

[From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.]

From Mr. Coster's portrait gallery, we reproduce this month four old pictures of unusual interest. The portrait of Poe was made by Anthony from a Brady negative, as was also, we think, the picture of Mrs. Botta. Dr. Holland's portrait bears Anthony's imprint, and that of George Eliot is printed from an old drawing.

✱

Mr. Francis W. Halsey, the editor of the "Saturday Review" of the *New York*

Times, has written a history of "The Old New York Frontier, Its Wars with Indians and Tories, Its Missionary Schools, Pioneers and Land Titles, 1616-1800," which the Scribners now have in press. Mr. Halsey's title-page gives a fair idea of the genuine interest of the book to students of the early history of the State, and his record of the titles to land, made from original sources, will be found of great value. *The Rambler.*



From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden."

Copyright, 1901, by William Loring Andrews

CASTLE GARDEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE BATTERY AND CASTLE GARDEN

I

IT was in the closing years of the seventeenth century that the southwest extremity of the Island of Manhattan—anciently known as Schreyer's Hook—was first laid out as a public park for the use and behoof of the people of New York. A ledge of rocks called the Capske reared its black craggy head, garlanded with seaweed, above the blue waters off the outermost point of the island; and as a state of war existed between France and England, and it was feared that the enemy contemplated a descent upon the city, the Governor of the Province of New York, Colonel Benjamin Fletcher, determined to "erect a platform on the outermost point of rocks under the Fort, whereon to build a battery commanding both rivers." He therefore issued a proclamation requiring the Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen of the City of New York and Manning's (Blackwell's) and Barent's (Great and Little Barn) Islands "to cut down 86 cordes of stockadoes of 12 feet in length and to have them in readiness to be conveyed to New York."

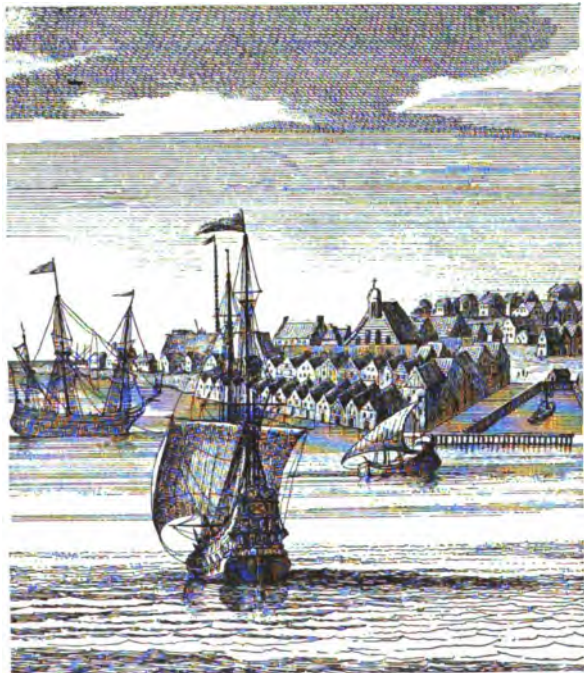
These defensive works, constructed in 1693, extended from the present Whitehall Street westward two or three hundred feet and were commonly known as the Whitehall Battery. About the same time that the Battery, which Governor Fletcher found "it of absolute necessity to make," was constructed, steps were also taken for filling up the ground around the Fort for the purpose of increasing its area and laying it out as an esplanade and pleasure-ground. As such it has remained from that day to this, and although latterly it has fallen upon evil times, has been greatly encroached upon and sadly defaced by the heavy iron trestle-work of the elevated road, it still remains the most delightful spot on earth to all true Knickerbockers and the bourne towards which they turn with longing and delight.

The appearance of this end of the island when the Dutch traders first built their thatched-roofed huts upon it, is displayed in the print on page twenty-one of the "Beschrijvinghe van Virginia, Nieuw Nederlandt, etc., t'Amsterdam 1651,"—

provided this engraving is what it purports to be, and not, as some have ventured to assert, a clever concoction of Joost Hartger, the publisher of this rare and valuable little tract. However this may be, there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the view inset in the map in Adriaen vander Donck's "Nieuw Nederlandt," which engraving shows a narrow, barren, and rather precipitous shore with a number of one-and-a-half story houses nestling closely as if for protection under the walls of Fort Amsterdam. This and nothing more was the condition of the southernmost point of the island of Manhattan, Anno Domini 1656, as it is depicted in Vander Donck's "Description." There are no signs anywhere of the sunflowers, and red and white lilies which Mynheer Donck tells us the Netherlanders found growing in profusion and to which they added roses, tulips and gilliflowers—or of the kitchen and herb gardens, in which our Dutch great-grandmothers found their hearts-ease and comfort, and which, under their careful husbandry, thrived apace and produced goodly store of cabbages and pumpkins, rosemary, marjoram, lavender and thyme.

In the view inset in Hugo Allard's second map, 1673 (?), the ground in front of the fort (from which, by the way, the windmill, which waves its outstretched arms over that structure in all the earlier pictures, has disappeared, presents much the same appearance that it does in the Visscher and Vander Donck maps, except that a second row of houses is shown standing directly upon the brink of the water. As every other picture of New York, down to the one engraved by William Burgis in 1717, is simply a replica of the foregoing, Burgis's six-foot

panoramic view is our next resource. Unfortunately the extremity of the island in this picture is almost entirely hidden by the ruins of Whitehall, the former residence of Governor Thomas Dongan, and this "*South Prospect of ye Flourishing City of New York*" is of little or no assistance to us in our present quest. Views or maps of the island of Manhattan and the city of New York for one hundred years and more after the arrival of the Dutch are few and far between; and so we come in short order to the Bradford map of 1731. The word Battery does not appear upon it, but it exhibits the open ground or Parade around the Fort and a *Ledge of Rocks* extending from Whitehall one thousand feet and more to the westward, so that it would appear that Governor Fletcher did not quite reach, as he intended, the *outmost* point of rocks with his *platform*.

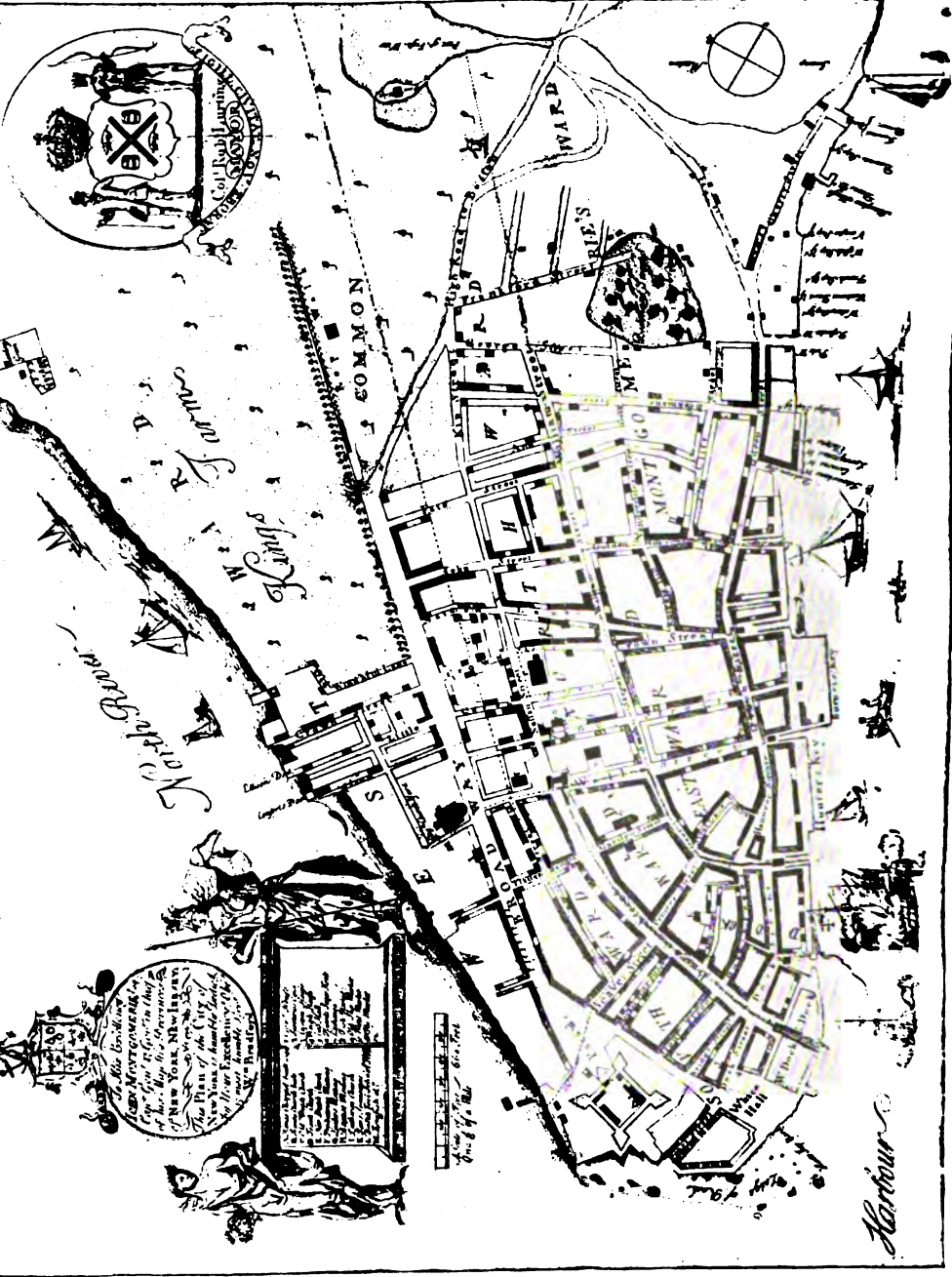


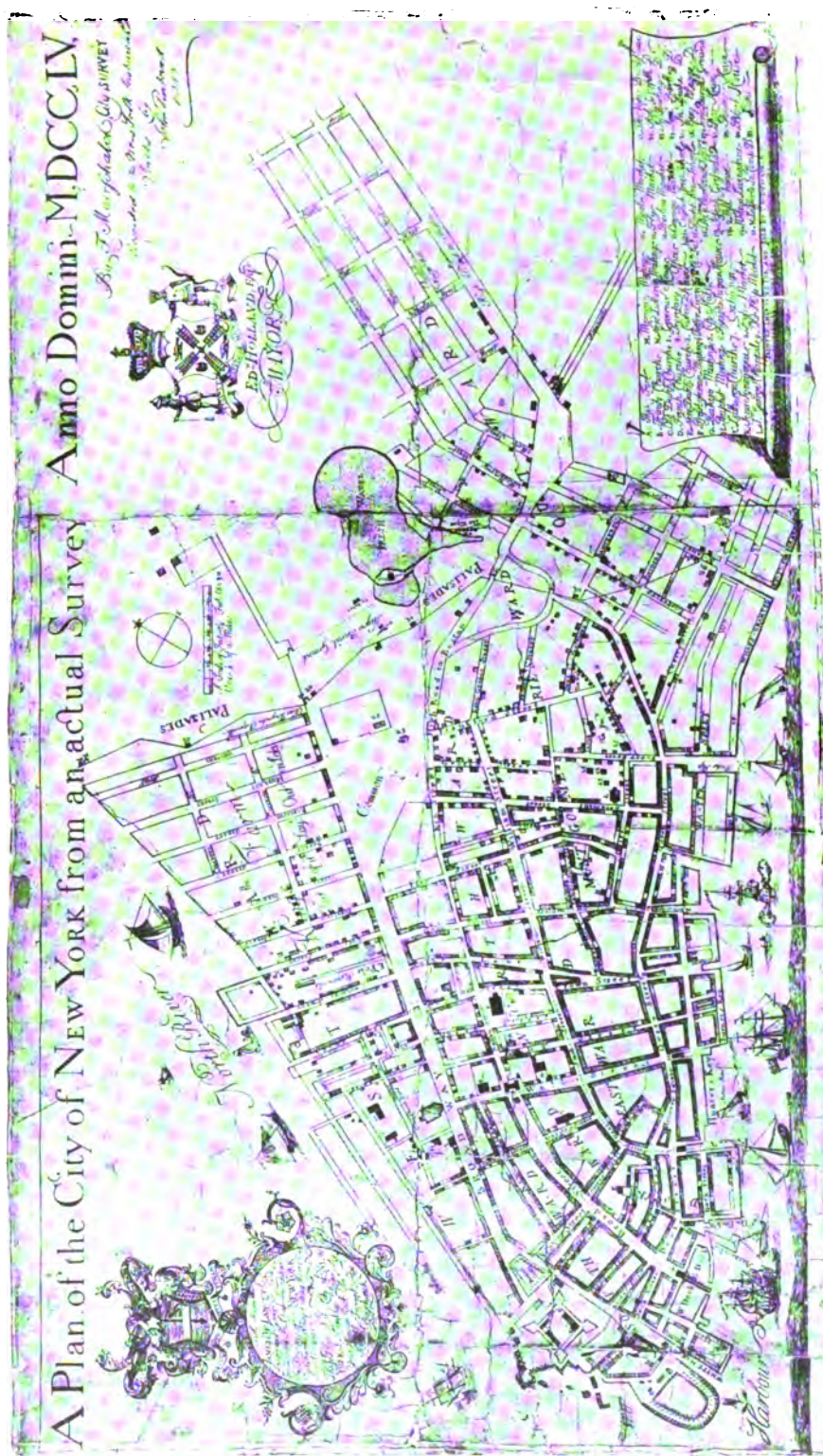
From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden."
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NIEUW AMSTERDAM. 1702.

A Plan of the City of New York from an actual Survey

Made by James Oglethorpe





FACSIMILE OF THE DUYCKINCK MAP IN THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

In 1734 the Battery was ordered to be "kept clear of houses from Whitehall Street to Eeld's corner, now Marketfield Street." This date, therefore, probably marks the period when the one-and-a-half-story buildings in front of the fort, or their successors, which are so prominent in the Visscher, Vander Donck, Allard and Montanus Maps, were finally removed.

In 1756 William Smith, Chief Justice of the Province of New York until, as a Tory, he was obliged to flee the country, composed a history of the Province of New York in which he inserted a large folding plate entitled "The South View of Oswego on Lake Ontario." New York print-collectors have always felt aggrieved that Justice Smith did not give them a picture of the chief town of the Province instead of a view of this far western settlement. He forces us to accept the word picture (from which we extract the following short paragraph) in lieu of the engraved one we feel that we had a right to expect as a frontispiece in a work of this importance on the Province and City of New York:

"Below the walls of the garrison [Fort] near the water we have lately raised a line of fortifications which commands the entrance into the Eastern road and the mouth of Hudson's River. This Battery is built of stone, and the merlons consist of cedar joists filled in with earth. It mounts 92 cannon and these are all the works we have to defend us." Happily the Duyckinck Map compensates us for the shortcomings in the way of illustrations in the work of Justice Smith and his son, who wrote a continuation of his father's history from 1732 to 1762, and shows the situation and appearance of the fortifications at the Battery at the precise period covered by their history, Duyckinck's Map being dated 1755. Many of the rocks lying off the Battery, as shown

in the Bradford Map, disappeared under this line of fortifications.

A fine line and stipple engraving, and as charming a picture of the upper Bay and the City of New York as we possess, is the long and narrow view taken from Governor's Island which decorates the large plan (three by four feet in size) of the City of New York by B. Ratzer, 1766-1767. This picture and the ground plan of the Battery and old Fort George (*alias* Fort Anne and sundry other *aliases*), made by Colonel John Vandyke, a captain of Artillery in the Revolutionary War, clearly define and present to view the construction and appearance of the Battery as it existed when the first great crisis in the history of our country was approaching. The trouble that was brewing between England and her Colonies kept the mother country busy spying out the land and sounding the harbors of her rebellious children. Among the charts and war maps which Great Britain's ministers made haste to prepare at this momentous period we find the plan surveyed in the winter of 1775 by the military engineer, John Montresor, which gives a scientifically accurate ground plan and full description of the Fort and Battery at New York and their means of offense and defense. The *external* appearance of these structures from the water side is shown in J. Carwitham's engraving published in London by Carington Bowles about 1780. This print was afterwards republished by Bowles & Carver, a firm of print-sellers, which, a London bookseller has recently stated, did not exist prior to 1794, as is shown by an examination of the London directories in the British Museum. This is damaging to the reputations of Messrs. Bowles & Carver, for it shows that they were guilty of either gross carelessness or intentional misrepresentation in leaving the British flag flying over the fort at the Battery. Rumors must have reached their

ears of the evacuation of New York by the English forces in 1783, eleven years before, and of the consequent disappearance then and thenceforth forever of every emblem of British sovereignty from this island.

This attractive picture fortunately was reproduced on a smaller scale in Russell's "History of the War" (1788) and so brought within reach of a modest purse, which the Carwitham print, by reason of its scarcity, certainly is not. Russell also neglected to lower the flag of Albion in his picture as the truth of history required him to do.

About the year 1788 it was resolved to remove the old Fort, now partially in ruins, and erect upon the site a residence

for the President of the United States. This building was known as the Government House; the stones from the demolished Fort were used in the foundations. The appearance of this old Fortress, immediately before its demolition, and of the ground adjacent to it, which later became known as the Battery, is thus described by a contemporary writer:

"First a green bank which was sloping about fourteen feet high, on which were erected the walls (of the Fort) of about twenty feet additional height. In front toward the Bowling Green were two apple trees and an old linden tree, which were about the same height as the walls."

William Loring Andrews.



From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden."
Copyright, 1901, by William Loring Andrews.

NOVUM AMSTERODAMUM. 1671.

MARK TWAIN : MORE THAN HUMORIST

THE art of humorous story-telling is, according to Mark Twain, a distinctly American creation. "The basis of this art," he says, "is to string incongruities and absurdities together in a wandering and sometimes purposeless way and seem innocently unaware that they are absurdities." It is, it seems to me, with some such definition as this in mind that we have accustomed ourselves to refer to him as the "great American humorist." From the popular point of view he has defined his own work to a nicety. For nearly half a century we have accepted and approved the label. He is the great American humorist. But he is more than that. And so clearly is this the case that were the contrary true more than a good half of his work, at the least estimate, could never have been written.

It is a curious fact that for all time and almost without exception the world's greatest humorists have been among its keenest thinkers and observers. It was so with Cervantes and his "Don Quixote," with Ben Jonson and the "Silent Woman," with Addison and "Sir Roger de Coverley," and it is so with Mark Twain. Moreover, the public has never admitted this serious basis of all the best humor without a struggle. It took more than a hundred years after the publication of "Don Quixote" for the world to see in it anything more than a tale of comic misadventures. Doubtless this spirit, summed up in two words in the old saw "once a humorist always a humorist," accounts in some measure for the present popular *précis* of Mark Twain. Yet, in the main, as already noted, with the exception of stories like the "Jumping Frog," and the like, which are purely humorous both in manner and conception, by far the largest part of Mark Twain's work is serious.

One is bound to recall, for instance, that "Life on the Mississippi," "Roughing It," and parts of "Tom Sawyer," and "Huck Finn," are primarily records of actual experience; and that works like the "Innocents," the "Tramp Abroad," "Following the Equator," etc., depend at least for their point of view upon this same underlying motive. It would be well, therefore, if one is to consider Mark Twain for the moment as something more than humorist to have in mind some clear idea of the main incidents in his early experience which has just been referred to as the underlying motive—the first cause, as it were—of a large part of his work.

The first few years of his life, then, Mark Twain spent in the little "out-at-the-elbows, slave-holding" town of Hannibal, Missouri. There his family had moved from the town of Florida, also in Missouri, where, in 1835, Mark Twain was born. Previous to this the family had lived first in Lexington, Kentucky, and just before moving to Missouri, in Jameson, Tennessee. During the residence in Tennessee his father took up a large tract of land—some 80,000 acres—in the hope of providing for himself and family by the expected rise in land values. But in this he was disappointed, and the incident is only noted here because years later it furnished the idea for the "Gilded Age," which in 1873 the author wrote in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner.

In 1847 his father died and Mark Twain was left with very little property, to shift for himself. He was then only twelve years old. He left school at once and went into a printing office with his brother. In 1853 began his "wander years." He came to New York, supporting himself by odd jobs of type-setting, and the like, and until 1857 lived the free

life of a wanderer, first in New York, then in St. Louis, Muscatine, and finally in Keokuk, Iowa. In 1857 he met Horace Bixby and learned from him the difficulties of steamboat piloting along the Mississippi. Of this period he says: "I am to this day profiting by that experience; for in that brief, sharp schooling, I got personally and familiarly acquainted with about all the different types of human nature that are to be found in fiction, biography or history. The fact is daily borne in upon me that the average shore employment requires as much as forty years to equip a man with the same sort of education."

For nearly three years he served as cub-pilot on the Mississippi. With the advent of the Civil War his occupation was at once wiped out and he enlisted with the Confederates in the army. But he did not stay there long. He recently explained his sudden leave-taking by claiming that his plan of closing the rebellion by surrounding Grant and driving him into the ocean was not favorably received by his superior officers. At any rate, he soon left the army and is next heard from in Nevada as private secretary to his brother, who held a government position there. A year of fortune-hunting followed in the silver mines of the Humboldt and Esmeralda regions. His experiences here are told in "Roughing It." Soon after, he became editor of the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*, and later, legislative correspondent at Carson City, where he first assumed the writing name of "Mark Twain"—the Mississippi leadsmen's call for two fathoms. Mr. Howells has recently said that Mark Twain writes English as if it were a "primitive and not a derivative language;" and this is in large measure due to the influence of his Western newspaper training of that period.

But something more than the ability

to write English as if it were a "primitive language" came from that vigorous school of Western and Southwestern training. And first of all the short series of autobiographical sketches just mentioned. Here the stories are what they pretend to be—records of experience. They present a series of definite pictures of actual life. In "Roughing It," for example, the author has given us the first and the only effectively true account we have of that "free, disorderly, grotesque society of men—swarming hosts of stalwart men"—in whom was bound up the story of the rise, growth and culmination of the silver-mining fever in Nevada. The result is in some degree humorous, because such a society had its broadly humorous side. The episodes of Scotty Briggs in his interview with the clergyman about Buck Fanshaw's funeral, and that of Brigham Young who in his desire to make a small present to his favorite wife, to the value only of twenty-five dollars, is finally obliged to invest in several hundred at the same price in order to keep peace in the family, are examples of the best humor in the book. The first is the more effective because it grows out of the subject and so, while just as amusing as the other, adds to the understanding and appreciation of the picture as a whole. The latter is a return to the old method of incongruity of which the early sketches offer the best instances. But such episodes are rare. Fully half of the book is serious. One effective incident like that of the wife and the miners in whose eyes a woman in camp was a "rare and blessed spectacle," stands for more than the combined effect of all the purely humorous incidents in the book.

Similarly in "Life on the Mississippi." Here again the real, actual and living predominates; the purely humorous or whimsical is secondary. The story goes that the author after the publication of

the "Innocents"—his first considerable success—was besieged by publishers on all sides with the cry for more "copy." He had no more "copy" to offer. He felt that he was written out. He confided his predicament to a friend and happened at the same time to relate some of his experiences as a cub-pilot along the Mississippi. The result was that the value of the material was at once recognized, and the author was urged to tell his experiences exactly as they had occurred, in book form. This he has done in "Life on the Mississippi." The philosophy, point of view and ideas of the book are those of the river-men. It is a history of the motives, generosity, brutality, humor, even, of the life of that time along the Great River. All this is well told. Bits of description—such, for instance, as the race of the two steam-boats down the river ending in the unexpected explosion and conflagration—are particularly vivid. As an example of humor, the contest between the "Child of Calamity" and the "Corpse-maker of Arkansaw" is one of the best. It may, indeed, be taken as typical of all or of nearly all the humorous episodes in the book. The humor is on the order of the "Scotty Briggs" rather than the "Brigham Young" type. That is, it is in general based on the study and observation of character; and the characters whose whimsical traits are woven into incidents and episodes are more or less intimately connected with the idea of the narrative as a whole.

Here, from a purely humorous point of view, is a step in advance. But as yet the study and development of character results only in episode. In its further development it lies at the basis of the author's best humor, and of his success, in so far as he may be called successful, as a writer of romance. Meanwhile, the "Gilded Age" better, perhaps, than any other of the author's works, illustrates this imper-

fect method of introducing the study of character as a subsidiary interest, rather than as the main underlying idea. Here it is not enough to say that in the character of Colonel Sellers we have the best there is in the "Gilded Age"; nor that in the contrast between his irrepressible buoyancy—his "millions in it"—and the actual failure of all his plans and ambitions we have the author's first development of the humorous and pathetic side by side in a single character; nor, finally, that the character is a masterpiece of observation, and the first man in the author's fiction. For while this is undoubtedly true it only emphasizes the main point that after all the character of the Colonel represents only an incidental part, and so fails to make the book as a whole effective.

The contrary is true, on the other hand, of what may be considered, with the possible exception of the "Prince and Pauper," and the "Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," the best Mark Twain has done in the way of fiction. In "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," for example, the characters of the two boys stand for everything. The main effect here is undeniably that of humor, and it is so primarily because "Tom" and "Huck" are humorous characters. They are real boys. One of them is Mark Twain. Naturally, the life of a boy in the Southwest, forty and more years ago, was different in many respects from what it is to-day. Then there was more freedom, more chance for adventure. But boys' logic and motives change but little. The desire to "show off" is as strong to-day as it ever was with Tom Sawyer; and the efficacy of the "sore toe" in getting a fence whitewashed is as sure. The only difficulty now a days is that we no longer have any fences to whitewash. Conditions have changed. The motive must be applied in a different way. But it still remains, and because this is so, and because

this universal motive has been understood and applied in these two works, the humor of "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" is as effective now as it was then, and undoubtedly always will be—a fact which could not have been the case had these two characters been developed merely as a secondary or subsidiary interest.

In both these books, however, there is something more than humor and the delineation of humorous character. In the character of Huck Finn, the outcast and son of the village drunkard, is summed up in some sort the entire spirit of justice and equality—democracy in its broadest sense—of the Southwest of half a century ago. He is more than the Lazarillo of the picaresque novel; more, even, than Hugo's Gavroche, the immortal ragamuffin of fiction. For they were only gamins, the outcasts of the lowest round of society. Huck Finn is the equal not only of all the characters in the book, but of all readers. In spite of his birth, he is human; he has our sympathy; we must own him brother. It is the consummate art of the author that has brought this result to bear. But it is the broad spirit of equality, the result of actual experience and long familiarity with the ideas and ideals of that early Southwestern life that, in the first instance, made the conception of such a character possible.

As a writer of romance, however, Mark Twain can never be wholly successful because he cares so little—practically not at all—for effective construction. Even in the two works just referred to there is no climax. The stories might be continued indefinitely. They end only with the end of the book. The most effective bit of construction in all its works is seen in the short story of the "Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg." Here the construction is well-nigh perfect. In idea, too, and in conception and development of character within short story limits, the "Hadley-

burg" story is a masterpiece. It is conceived and worked out in the manner of Cervantes. And as a good-humored satire on the whims and foibles of one phase of our social life it stands, it seems to me, of all Mark Twain's writings, easily first.

But it is rather to the qualities that underlie his merits as a writer of romance and a humorist than to these merits in themselves that we wish here to call special attention. Mark Twain has so long been a cosmopolitan that we are in danger of forgetting, in speaking of him only as a humorist, how thoroughly American he is—especially in his point of view. Or, better still, how thoroughly Western he is. He has never been educated up—or down—to many of the false standards of Eastern and European culture. He still holds to the old ideas. Moreover, he is a Westerner of that time when the West had not yet come to borrow its ideas and so-called culture from its Eastern neighbors. He represents the West as it was forty years ago. His point of view is primitive, elemental, uneducated, perhaps, if reckoned by Eastern "book-learning" standards of education. But he knows *men*. And his work has the sovereign merit of being honest, unaffected, vigorous and above everything, fearless. Of this point of view the best illustration is to be found, perhaps, in his first success—the "Innocents Abroad." Here from the beginning we have the hard sense of the West set against the established customs and "culture" of the East. Mark Twain was the first man to look upon the catacombs as a joke. Turner's "Slave Ship," floundering about in that "fierce conflagration of reds and yellows" reminded him of a "tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes." And as for the "Old Masters," he considered the modern copies in all respects superior to the originals. Twelve years later, in the "Tramp Abroad," his judgment is somewhat modi-

fied. But, after all, his satire in both instances is directed not against one phase or another of art but against those who persist in seeing in art what from his point of view is not there. Both the "Innocents" and the "Tramp Abroad" are protests against affectation. In asking about the mummy "Is it dead?" he directs his flings not so much at the mummy as at those who pretend to admire mummies because it is fashionable to do so, although they are really incapable of any such æsthetic enjoyment. The humorous description of Bassano's "Hair Trunk" as the world's artistic masterpiece proves, moreover, that his point of view is still essentially American and Western however much it may have been modified by twelve years of "cultivation;" and in its humorous application to the obvious absurdities of many phases of European life, of which the protest against the blind worship of "art" is only one example, lies the main interest and significance both of the "Innocents" and of the "Tramp Abroad." Their method is the method of "Don Quixote"—the application of the philosophy of common sense to social foibles.

But from this point of view—which we are wont to call "thoroughly Western"—there is a much more significant result than this first protest against insincerity and affectation. And here we come to what seems to me the keynote of the character of Mark Twain as a serious writer. I refer to his sense of absolute fairness and justice, already noted in passing as one of the underlying motives in "Huck Finn." In one of his early sketches called the "Bloody Massacre," Mark Twain satirizes quite mercilessly his own efforts toward becoming the champion of justice and right; and here he deplores the fact that in this sketch the public only read as far as the "bloody" part, and passed over the underlying idea. That is the trouble today. The public forgets, or what is worse,

will not admit that there is anything in Mark Twain beyond mere humor. They prefer to be amused. They read the "bloody" part and skip the rest. But the fibre is none the less there. In "Joan of Arc" the character of the "Maid" is based wholly upon the author's conception of what is just and right. It is his evident sympathy with her not as a romantic character in history, but as a human being forced to the highest sacrifice injustice can bring, that counts for most in the effectiveness of the book of which the "Maid" is the central figure. Similarly, in the "Prince and Pauper." Here the idea of justice is universalized. The old problem of class distinction, democracy based upon merit and equality, is written into a story for children. In a slightly different sense the same is true of the "Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur;" although here, of course, the more serious opinions are woven about a central motive which is purely whimsical. The chapter on "Sixth Century Political Economy," and repeated references throughout the book to the respect he has for any kind of "unearned supremacy," show in what direction these opinions tend. Moreover, this animating spirit of justice may be observed as the basis of a large part of his writing in which humor even as a secondary motive does not exist. In the essay on the "Defence of Shelley," the author criticizes Professor Dowden for upholding an unjust view of the poet's relations with Mary Godwin, for no other reason than that the blame for the separation should have been Shelley's and not his wife's. Again, with Mark Twain, to an unusual degree, the book is the man. The recent fortunate outcome of the relations between the author and his former publishers is only a concrete example of his spirit of justice applied to every-day life and conditions. Even in the recent humorous incident of the cab—humorous chiefly because the

wrong motive has been attached to the unusual proceeding of a man constituting himself, of his own accord, a "social" policeman—we have only a practical demonstration of the ideas already developed in the story called "Traveling with a Reformer."

In the last article Mark Twain has published—advice to the "Person Sitting in Darkness"—his conception of justice and his ideas as an humanitarian are for the first time applied to world politics and questions of international importance. The conclusions reached in this article will doubtless appeal to all those who are opposed to the attitude of the present administration toward the "savages" of the East. As a whole, however, it may be said that the article is rather a clever caricature upon the conditions, as they are supposed to exist, than a valid argument that wrong is being done by our present Eastern policy. But on one question raised in the article there can be no ground for dispute. It is evident that the "Person Sitting in Darkness" has as much right to live and live without the interference of others for mere pecuniary gain as the most enlightened among us. And this, after all, is the broadly humanitarian view here taken by the author. In this respect Mark Twain is in exact opposition to the attitude of "jingoism" of which, for instance, Mr. Kipling is so consistent an exponent. Upon Mr. Kipling it has been charged that he is more responsible, perhaps, than any other one man in England for the "most diabolical development of the foul art of war." Moreover, he urges taking up the white man's burden only where England stands to win and so to derive thereby added glory and commercial or pecuniary advantage. This is not to say that he has created the situations which have led to the troubles either in Africa or in the

East. But, in treating of these situations as they exist, he has been the first to cry as Dick Heldar did: "Give 'em hell! Oh, give 'em hell!"

Now Mark Twain in his way is just as patriotic as Kipling, but he is quieter about it. He goes at it in a different way. He is less of a "jingo." With Mark Twain the key-note is justice—not war and conquest for gain. He stands up for American standards because he believes that these standards are just. But he does not go so far as to say that we as Americans—or at least those set in high places over us—are infallible. The advice to the "Person" proves this most abundantly. And yet he is not opposed to war as such when in its results it means progress and advancement of modern methods and civilization. "The great bulk of the savages," he says in one place, "must go." The white man needs their lands, but he objects to the manner of their taking-off. For instance, speaking of the reduction of population in South Africa by Mr. Rhodes' "slow-misery and-lingering-death" system he says, "Rhodesia is a happy name for that land of piracy and pillage and puts the right stain upon it." In general, however, the influence of Mark Twain is for peace rather than for war and conquest; and always—first, last and all the while—for justice, absolute democracy and humanity. This stands for more than humor, and more than success as a novelist. And it is largely through the recognition of the fact that underlying a great part of his work runs the undercurrent of seriousness of which justice, contempt for affectation and love of humanity are among the chief characteristics, that we shall eventually come to the best appreciation of Mark Twain as the "great American humorist."

R. E. Phillips.



From Ford's "George Washington."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[Facsimile in colors of John Trumbull's picture at Yale University.]

(Half-tone from the color print.)

WORTHINGTON C. FORD'S "WASHINGTON"

IT seems a natural piece of evolution that Worthington C. Ford should write a life of Washington. Many years have passed since the first volume appeared of the "Writings of Washington," edited by him in a small shelf full of stately octavos, as one of the sets of the writings of the Fathers of the Republic, begun with John Bigelow's "Franklin," and continued with the writings of Jefferson, Madison and others, but which are not yet completed. Mr. Ford in that edition made a striking contribution to Washington literature. The editorial delinquencies of Jared Sparks were not only corrected by him, but large additions were made to the collective mass of Washington's writings. Mr. Ford also contributed many valuable foot notes, and his general plan of editing, as well as the details with which the editing was carried out, were such as to meet with commendation from all who understand the things requisite in work of this kind. That he should now write a life of Washington seems, therefore, a most fitting outcome of those beneficent labors.

The plan on which he has chosen to write this biography is an interesting one. He has allowed Washington, by means of his letters and public papers in the main, to tell his own story. For every phase of his career, except his childhood and the necessary facts as to his ancestry and early environment, the writings have supplied ample material, and probably there was no one living who was so competent to use the material with accurate knowledge and mature judgment.

The work appears in three forms, the least expensive of which alone suggests the dignity and importance of the subject, being in fact an *édition de luxe* in itself. There are two volumes printed on all-rag paper with deckle edges and bound in half crushed levant with marble sides, the edition limited to 1250 numbered sets. The volumes are profusely illustrated, not only with photogravures, of which there are twenty-four, but with other illustrations that are striking and interesting. Many are portraits, and those which serve as frontispieces are hand-finished facsimiles of water colors. The tail-pieces are of particular interest. Other illustrations are inserted here and there, including Washington's book-plate. There are also initial letters in designs that will attract the curious. The text has been printed from type set up in this country, but the full-page illustrations were printed in Paris. Of the two other editions, it need only be said that to their manufacture have been brought all the resources of the printer's art and the binder's, both of whom shine with indisputable splendor.

An advantage one derives from reading a work prepared on Mr. Ford's plan is that it enables one to gain a clear impression of Washington's character. In no sense what we call a brilliant man, as many commanders and statesmen have been, Washington gained his eminence among men and accomplished his far-reaching results mainly through force of character, combined with soundness of judgment that seemed never to be at fault. An impression of these qualities was made upon his contemporaries very early in his life, beginning when he was a surveyor of land in the western wilderness. It soon afterwards forced itself upon his associates in the Virginia legislature, and it

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Worthington Chauncey Ford. In two volumes. Illustrated, octavo. Pp. iv-308. Paris, Goupil & Company; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. \$30.00 per set. *Édition de Luxe*, 200 copies, \$100.00; *Édition de bibliophile*, 50 copies, \$200.

was further deepened on the minds of those who served with him in the Continental Congress.

It speaks volumes for the intelligence of those associates that qualities such as his should have made that impression so readily, since men of brilliant gifts usually come first to the front in great crises; those possessing the more solid qualities coming into their own later on. One can understand Washington's universal recognition only by recalling that his endowments were of the finest order and thus became irresistible. Nowhere in his career, save perhaps in one or two of his campaigns and notably at Trenton, Princeton and Yorktown, do we discover action that could be called brilliant. During those campaigns he knew perfectly well how much the enemy were at his disadvantage, and hence he was able to summon all his resources and, through rapidity and concentration, swept everything before him.

Frederic the Great, then an old man, resting on his laurels after a life of campaigns and victories, had watched his career with eager eyes, silent and unimpressed, until that astonishing work in New Jersey moved him to enthusiasm so that he declared Washington had entered the ranks of great commanders, and sent him a sword.

It was the policy of Washington throughout the war to make his campaigns defensive. His resources were small; the enemy far outnumbered him and he never knew for how long he could be sure even of the armies which he had gathered. Enlistments were often for short periods, and there occurred revolts among the troops from important colonies like Pennsylvania, so that he was placed at his wit's ends to know how his little band could be held together. His strength, of course, lay in the fact that behind him lay the open country, to which

he could retreat, and which it would be difficult for the enemy to penetrate. Thus, by a long series of campaigns, involving the prolongation of the war over several years, he might hope in the end to exhaust the enemy, which in fact he at last did; an enemy which, only half a generation before, had successfully waged a titanic war on the Continent, and which a generation afterwards was to become the chief agency in the overthrow of Napoleon.

At the time of Washington's death the colonies comprised a mere nucleus of a vast republic, which a hundred years have seen grow up on this continent. They existed as a line of towns and settlements scattered along the seaboard, whence pioneers had plunged westward into the wilderness along the main watercourses, but they nowhere reached even to the limits of the present territory of the original thirteen states.

But the colonies had then become a far more important territory than they were at the time when Washington was born. His life spanned a most interesting and important period in the history of this continent, even did we eliminate from the reckoning all that pertains to the Revolution and the organization of the Federal government after the cause against England had been won. That war with France, virtually ending when Wolff died in the hour of victory at Quebec, fixed the fate of North America in degree quite as notable as the Revolution itself; it rendered certain here the supremacy of Anglo-Saxon civilization rather than Latin. Washington's memorable participation in that older war was not the part he took in the expedition of Braddock; nor the services he rendered under Forbes; but the miniature skirmish at Great Meadows where, under his orders, Jumonville fell from the shot which, as Parkman says, "set the world on fire."



From Ford's "George Washington."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

[From a painting by John Trumbull at the Chamber of Commerce, New York.]

[From the photogravure.]



From Ford's "George Washington."
Charles Scribner's Sons.

PATTY CUSTIS

[From a contemporary miniature owned by Mrs. Kirby F. Smith, of Baltimore.]

Reading this life we are again reminded how different was the social and industrial state of the country when Washington died from what it was when he was born. He came into a world that was not a small one, but a world whose territorial parts here in America were much divided from each other. Each colony was an isolated entity, having little communication with the others. Indeed, each knew more of the life of England and had closer commercial, social and intellectual contact with England than with its nearest neighbor. We can understand this isolation best, perhaps, by recalling that it was not until the year of Washington's birth that the first stage line was established between New York and Boston, although those towns had then been settled for more than 100 years.

Virginia had been occupied by settlers quite as long, but the Blue Ridge was first crossed by explorers only a short time before Washington's birth, while the early settlements in the Shenandoah Valley came later still and Richmond was not founded until Washington was seven years old. In New York there were practically no inhabitants at all beyond the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, and what

was known of the vast regions lying beyond those streams had been acquired from the reports of traders and missionaries. Western Massachusetts was as yet unoccupied. Georgia had not seen Oglethorpe. Pennsylvania was inhabited by Quakers on its eastern borders, but its remaining domain counted up only a few thousand Palatine Germans and Scotch-Irish. The population of New York City was below 10,000 and of the entire province not more than 50,000. Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland all outnumbered New York in population. It was estimated that the entire population of all the provinces in that year 1732 did not exceed 600,000 souls—not one-tenth of the present population of a single one—New York.

But a more important fact in the condition of the colonies was the very intimate relations which they bore to the mother country. Washington's own correspondence, as indeed do many other letters of the time, not to mention account books and diaries, shows what comforts



From Ford's "George Washington."—Charles Scribner's Sons.

NELLY CUSTIS

[From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, owned by E. A. S. Lewis, Esq., of Hoboken.]

and even luxuries in domestic life prevailed in the houses of the well-to-do people. There were many homes which closely resembled the homes of the well-to-do classes of England itself. It was a common custom to send young men to English universities and to secure employment for them in London houses. Thus they brought home tastes and dispositions that were sure to be reflected in the domestic and social life of which they were now to become a part.

No region of the country possessed a population where these English modes of life could be so advantageously adopted as that in which Washington grew up. Not only was large wealth easily acquired from those vast areas of fertile soil; but the very methods of peoples' lives facilitated the adoption of the domestic customs of the English country gentleman. It was a state of domestic life in which the growth of towns was impossible. All that had been done to establish Jamestown a centre of population completely failed, and the late beginnings of Richmond itself illustrate once more the absence of any need for communal centres in Virginia. The plantation was in itself a small town, and became adequate to all the needs of the community who dwelt there. Virginia seems, indeed, to have been planned by nature for exactly that form of life with her shore line indented by several great rivers rolling down their waters from the far interior, and along which bordered her most productive lands. Owners of plantations had at their very doors streams to which ships could come and from which they could bear away the products of the soil, bringing back supplies from England.

The influence of that patriarchal system in developing in men capacity for large affairs probably explains more than all other things the large contributions which Virginia made to statesmanship in the early years of the republic. Men possessing vast estates on which were employed some hundreds of slaves and having large business interests in London were in unconscious training for greater things. Elsewhere in the colonies most men dwelt in smaller worlds. Their daily occupations were concerned with matters less ample in scope, and while their lives developed character and patriotic spirit fit to meet the great crisis soon to come, they did not train men for statesmanship, nor did they teach them power in command.

We shall doubtless never be able fully to understand such a phenomenon as George Washington—a riddle to this day for men who count on diplomatic action and brilliancy of mind as prime requisites in reaching greatness—but in the environment to which he was born and in which he was reared, joined to the soundness of judgment and force of character that nature gave him, we may find at least hints fit for use in any solution. Mr. Ford's book, better perhaps than any other biography, will enable the reader to prosecute such studies. The last word certainly has not been said of Washing-

ton; nor has Mr. Ford aspired to say it; indeed, for long years to come, it must still remain unsaid. Of all things difficult to understand and define clearly, character is one of the most difficult. In Washington the difficulties are augmented by the vast scope of the influence he exerted and to remote times will exert.

Francis W. Halsey.



From Ford's "George Washington."
Charles Scribner's Sons.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1788

[From the miniature of Thomas Peale in a watch-case owned by the Washington Grays, of Philadelphia.]



From "Scribner's Magazine."

Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"**W**HERE he lives," once remarked Bastien-Lepage, "there should a painter find inspiration, and a radius of three miles from his home should furnish him material for a lifetime." Paraphrasing the sentiment of an old Dutch craftsman, the distinguished French artist nevertheless showed by his life work how true was the statement. Although our modern illustrators are obliged occasionally to wander far afield in order to portray the characters and environment of the stories they translate into pictures, it is generally with themes close at hand that they are most successful.

The comedy, humor and pathos of to-day, and of this city, are no less entertaining or moving than that elsewhere in the world, or of any previous time. Our modern metropolis presents the varied background, different types and all the possibilities an artist could ask. Happy he who has the quick eye, the appreciative sense, and the skilled hand with which to record contemporaneous life. The charm of Mr. Steele's drawing consists in its naïve simplicity, its freedom from preconception and its frank presentation of facts caught by a sympathetic observer, in touch with his author, able to grasp his notions with unerring instinct.

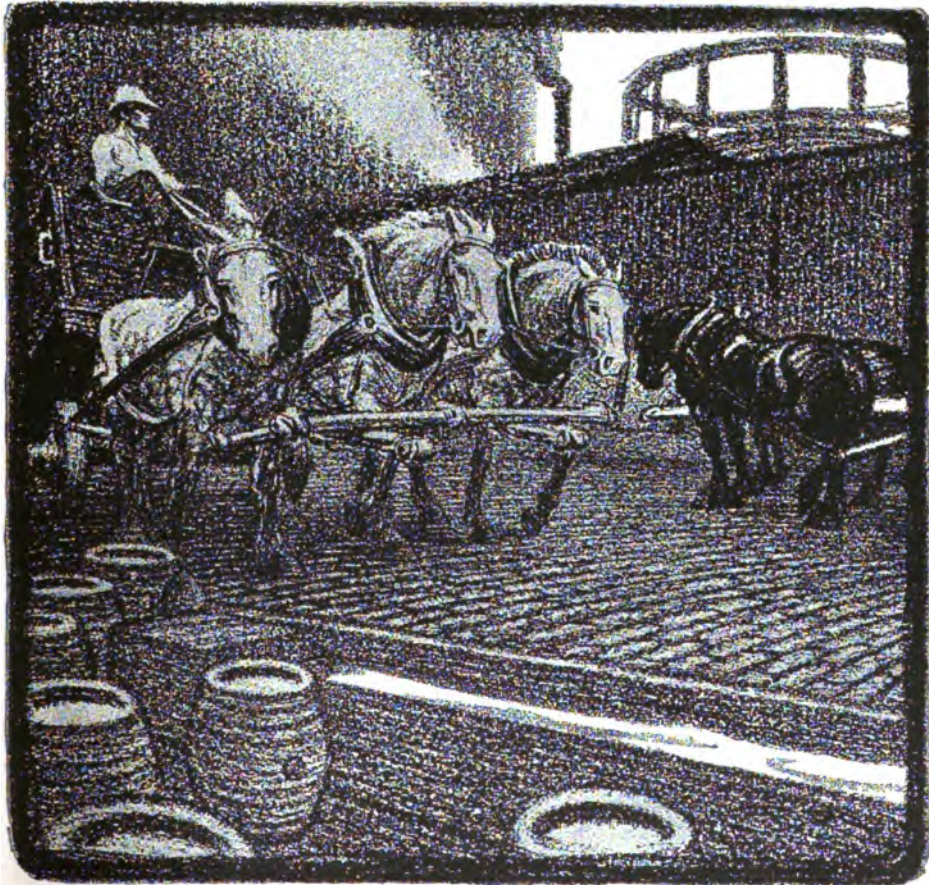
The schools graduate annually men who have all the academic cleverness that can be expected early in an artist's career; the world is full of trained men capable of drawing the human figure according to all the rules of anatomy and construction, and who are craftsmen to their finger tips; but a draughtsman who has the gift of expressing with few strokes and fewer eccentricities the essence of humanity, the psychological moment of the story, and who portrays that subtle thing called character, is a rare product. The road to a certain popular success is fairly easy where a man has artistic cleverness and is content to follow along traditional lines that appeal to the unthinking; to be original, when that originality means new methods of expression and complete freedom from convention, requires courage. I cannot see that Mr. Steele has founded his style on anyone, for his work, to me, is personal in handling and individual in conception.

He has had most of the experiences that come to men in his profession, with his share of struggle, disappointment and success, and he is his own severest critic. By birthright and from his earliest years his taste was natural. Born in the middle seventies, in a lumber camp in the forests

of Lake Superior, his childhood was spent in the Northwest, varied by frequent summers in New England. Thanks to his mother, a sincere lover of rural nature, he was brought up to look on the easel and paint-box as natural furnishings of the home. He drew constantly, with colored pencils, everything imaginable in visible nature and out of it, but never cared to copy anything. Great quantities of these early evidences of things seen and visions of the supernatural, often curiously mixed, were made between the ages of three and six; they include dreams of the city whose walls were as of jasper, and of a warmly imaginative hell. Before his

seventh birthday he had completed, by the constant labor of a summer, an illuminated circus procession which, unrolled, reached the length of forty-three feet!

When he was fifteen, his parents moved back to the East and the hard times before 1893 spoiling his hopes of college, he found employment as an architectural draughtsman in New York. It is highly probable his scientific drawings here did him little harm. Meanwhile he worked at life drawing in a club night-class and later at the schools of the National Academy, and at the Art Students' League, and he was finally able to subjugate a somewhat willful tendency to ignore the



From "Scribner's Magazine."

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"THERE WERE MANY HEAVY WAGONS"

restrictions of the academic. Nature, however, has been his best instructor. After an apprenticeship in the famous "back room" of the Harper establishment, where the traditions of Abbey and Reinhart are a part of the place, he passed a year on the staff of an illustrated weekly now defunct. He had been doing fugitive illustrations from time to time for the weeklies, but his first magazine illustration appeared in *Scribner's* for October, 1896. It was a pen sketch of Olin Warner's Portland fountain. In 1897-98, he illustrated Mr. Stockton's classic, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," for the Century Co. and other material more or less humorously intended, and in 1899 followed a series of pictures for Seumas MacManus' North Irish tales, also for the *Century*, and some slight crayon drawings for *Harper's Magazine*.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for November, 1900, appeared some drawings for a story, "The Wheel of Time," reproduced in color by an experimental method of Mr. Steele's devising, by which it was



FREDERIC DORR STEELE

[From a photograph by Appleton.]



[From an unpublished sketch.]

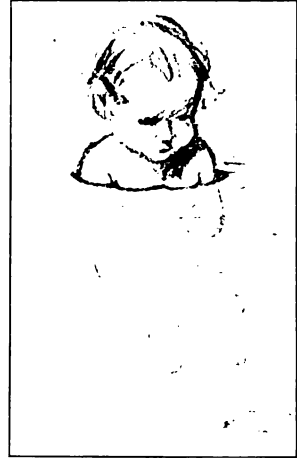
hoped greatly to simplify the process of plate making, separate drawings being made of similar size that the result might be, as nearly as possible, autographic. It is interesting to add that the "Skipper" drawings, in the current *Scribner's*, are done by the same method, with the addition of one color. Though the "Casting Away" drawings and others were done entirely in pen for rapid printing, of the various media, Mr. Steele prefers crayon as for him at least the most immediately expressive.

An interested student always of the European draughtsmen and their methods of reproduction, Mr. Steele is particularly attracted to the work of the Frenchmen, Steinlen, Lepere and Raffaëlli, and, of the younger Germans, Jank and Münzer. He is also cordial in praise of much of our own contemporary work. To quote him,

he believes that illustration in its distinctive sense (that is, work done with reproduction as its sole end) is best when kept within its natural limits. Logically, it should be rapidly done, and the most vigorous work is apt to be the swiftest. His own drawings are made rapidly, but as he destroys at least six for each one signed, the output is kept decently within bounds.

While no one may formulate exact rules for the artist, and he must of necessity be the sole judge of the fitness of his own work, it not infrequently happens that there are a spontaneity, freshness and *verve* about the first drawings not so strongly in evidence in pictures that have been gone over many times. It is debatable which is the more important and, as I have said, it is for the artist himself to decide. Mr. Steele claims that while "technique" in an academic sense is unimportant, a personal and direct mode of expression is essential and can only be perfected by the most persistent and serious application, unless one be a natural draughtsman, which he insists he is not, but which all the same I claim he is. While to produce worthy work, most men require an academic training, there are nevertheless some who have this feeling intuitively, irrespective of the schools. I am prepared to admit that they are few and far between, but I maintain they do exist. Mr. Steele is such a one, and a man whose constant companions at home include re-

productions of the works of Van Eyck and Memlinc, and of the primitive Italians, who is sensitive to the beauties of Giorgione and Velasquez, who values at once the draughtsmanship of Holbein and of



[From an unpublished sketch.]

Degas, is not in danger of taking himself too seriously.

A real sense of humor, I am inclined to think, is rare. To discover it, to convey its sense with concealed adroitness, is a gift and a very charming one. It is easy to be serious, to miss that subtle, delicate suggestion between gravity and boisterousness. This draughtsman escapes buffoonery and, when it is necessary for him to be serious, his touch has the refinement of the true artist.

In conclusion, Mr. Steele's home is in old Chelsea village, that remaining link which binds the city to its early history; but the whole town is his legitimate field which he lays under tribute, man, animal and buildings, to give him theme for pictures.

Arthur Hoeber.



From "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."—Copyright 1896, by The Century Co.

"NOTHING LIKE SAUSAGES AT SEA"



DOGWOOD

BOOKS FOR DAYS IN THE OPEN

THOUGH many of Nature's secrets will be always inviolate, devoted admirers are all the time making plainer to us the more obvious facts and beauties of her ways. There is constant delight for those who walk about in the country with open eyes and minds observant of the things that grow, and it is surprising how much more interest one finds in the songs and colors

of birds, and in the thousand things animate and inanimate about us when once our attention has been called to a few of them. Botany and ornithology and such things do not sound attractive; they suggest grind and hard names. But when we get them in the form of

alluring talks on "Nature's Garden," or "Our Familiar Trees and How to Know Them," and "How to Know the Wild Flowers," etc., they make an entirely different impression. Nature has been humanized and made to live. All sorts of flying, creeping and growing things have acquired an entirely new interest. The literature of outdoors is a continually multiplying one, and even if here and there writers are a bit prone to sentimentalize and patronize nature, we are getting the full benefit of the spirit of observation that makes for knowledge. We are developing our perceptions for undreamed of beauties and mysteries in common things.

One doesn't have to pose as a scientist simply because he or she may really know a particular plant or animal by both the Latin and the English name. I am quite sure that for general pur-



WHITE PINE

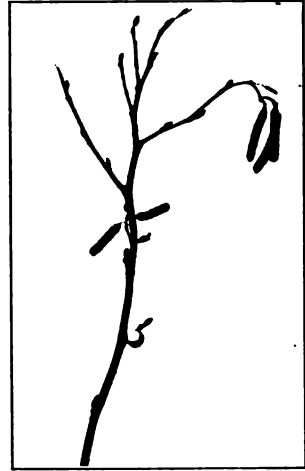
poses and pleasure it is not necessary to go about pulling flowers to pieces to see how they are made. This sort of thing, except for strictly botanical reasons, always makes me feel like including the destroyers among the vivisectionists. To any one who has fun in the spring woods in just seeing things grow and admiring the small fry that come up in defiance of cold and winds nothing is more annoying than the "pickers." They will denude an entire hillside of anemones and other frail things to make a bouquet that dies as it is plucked. These things are of rare beauty only in their natural environment; they lose their charm in conventional vases that belong to civilization.

There is one fallacy that crops up every year in regard to birds and animals that ought to be punctured. It is the idea that some of us are more highly favored than others through some peculiar personal magnetism or sympathy. This is all stuff. Anyone who really cares for birds and will take the trouble to study their ways and keep near them persistently will very soon find himself within the charmed circle. Persuading a wild bird to light on

your hand is a matter of patience usually in combination with an evident intention on your part to supply some attractive tidbits. Feed them, keep quiet, and wait, is the magical formula. Even a little know-

ledge of outdoor things need not be at all dangerous. A little nearly always makes one hunt for more, and in spite of all the books it is surprising to discover that what is really worth finding usually must be searched for pretty carefully. Since Gilbert White wrote his "Selborne" and Thomas Bewick his "British Birds" there has been evolved a whole library of books popular in character, nearly all of them redolent of the fields and woods, full of charming pictures as well as careful and loving observation. Thoreau heads the list of our masters in woodcraft closely followed by John Burroughs and they in turn by a host of others who have gone to the sources of things. Of late years the substitution of the camera for the gun has added a new

interest to all nature observations. We are introduced to the homes of the birds and animals and share their domestic responsibilities. Mr. Seton-Thompson, I dare say, has done more than all the restrictive laws in existence toward creating a saving



BLACK ALDER



AN EARLY SPRING EVENING



RED CEDAR

sentiment in favor of wild things. Brutality toward dumb creatures is very often simply a matter of ignorance. If you can get a boy to think of the animals in human terms he has to be "very bad" not to feel some compunction in mere killing.

The following selected list of books has been compiled with special consideration for the needs of the unscientific reader, though there is quite enough science in many of them to satisfy all but the specialists.

BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS

STANDARD REFERENCE BOOKS

Key to North American Birds. Elliott Coues.....	\$7.50
Manual of North American Birds. Robert Ridgway	7.50
Handbook of Birds of North Eastern America. Frank M. Chapman	8.00

BOOKS OF A POPULAR CHARACTER

Birds of Village and Field. Florence A. Merriam .	2.00
Birds through an Opera Glass. " ..	.75
Birds in the Bush. Bradford Torrey	1.25
Every-Day Birds. Bradford Torrey	1.00
Recent Rambles. Dr. C. C. Abbott.	1.50
The Birds About Us. " ..	1.50
Travels in a Tree Top. " ..	1.50
Bird-Land Echoes. " ..	1.50
Wake Robin. John Burroughs.....	1.25
Birds and Poets. " ..	1.25
Bird Neighbors. Neltje Blanchan. With Illustrations in Color.	2.00
Birds that Hunt and are Hunted. Neltje Blanchan. With Illustrations in Color.	2.00
Nuttall's Ornithology, 2 vols.	7.50
Birdcraft. Mabel Osgood Wright.....	2.50
Citizen Bird. " ..	1.50
Bird Studies. W. E. D. Scott.	5.00
Our Common Birds and How to Know them. John B. Grant	1.50
How to Name the Birds. H. E. Parkhurst.....	1.00
Song Birds and Water Fowl. H. E. Parkhurst.....	1.50
Birds Calendar. The " ..	1.50
On the Birds' Highway. R. H. Howe, Jr.....	2.00
A Year With the Birds. Wilson Flagg.....	1.00
Birds and Seasons in New England. Wilson Flagg.....	1.00
Game Birds At Home. T. S. Van Dyke.	1.50
Bird Life. Frank M. Chapman.....	1.75
Bird Studies With a Camera. Frank M. Chapman.....	1.75
A Bird Lover in the West. Olive Thorne Miller....	1.25
Little Brothers of the Air. " " " ..	1.25
Bird Ways. " " " ..	1.25
In Nesting Time. " " " ..	1.25
The First Book of Birds. " " " ..	1.25
Second Book of Birds. " " " ..	1.00
Bird Homes. A. R. Dugmore.	2.00
Birds Nesting. Ernest Ingersoll.....	1.25

BOOKS ABOUT TREES AND SHRUBS

Our Native Trees and How to Identify Them. Harriet L. Keeler.....	2.00
Trees of the Northern United States. E. A. Appgar.....	1.00
Familiar Trees and their Leaves. F. S. Mathews....	1.75
Trees of North Eastern America. C. S. Newhall....	1.75
Leaf Collector's Handbook. " ..	2.00
Shrubs of North Eastern America. " ..	1.75
The Vines of North Eastern America. " ..	1.75
Ornamental Shrubs. S. D. Davis.	3.50
A Guide to the Trees. Alice Lounsbury. With many Colored Illustrations ..	8.00
Art Out of Doors. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer..	1.50

Year With the Trees. A. Wilson Flagg.....	\$2.00
Landscape Gardening. Samuel Parsons, Jr.....	3.50
Trees and Shrubs. Edward Knobel.....	.50

BOOKS ABOUT FLOWERS

Nature's Garden. Neltje Blanchan. With Numerous Colored Illustrations.....	8.00
How to Know the Wild Flowers. Mrs. W. S. Dana.....	1.75
How to Know the Ferns. Mrs. W. S. Dana.....	1.50
According to Season. Mrs. W. S. Dana.....	.75
A Guide to the Wild Flowers. Alice Lounsbury. Colored Plates.....	2.50
Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. F. S. Mathews.....	1.75
Flowers of Field, Hill and Swamp. Miss Creevy....	2.50
Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers. Maud Going....	1.50
With the Wild Flowers, from Pussy Willow to Thistle-down. E. M. Hardinge.....	1.00
Wild Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts. Mabel Osgood Wright.....	1.50
Ferns and Evergreens. Edward Knobel.50

BOOKS ABOUT INSECTS

Ants, Bees and Wasps. Sir John Lubbock	2.00
Honey Makers, The. Margaret W. Morley.....	1.50
Bee People, The. Margaret W. Morley.....	1.25
Curious Homes and their Tenants. J. C. Beard....	.65
Insect Life. J. H. Comstock	1.50
Our Insect Friends and Foes. Belle S. Cragin.....	1.75
Our Common Insects. A. S. Packard, Jr.....	1.50
Insect World, The. Clarence M. Weed.60
Butterfly Book, The. Dr. W. J. Holland. Colored Plates	8.00
Every-Day Butterflies. Samuel H. Scudder.....	2.00
Guide to Butterflies. Samuel H. Scudder	1.25
The Insect Book. Dr. Leland O. Howard.....	3.00
Day Butterflies and Dusk Fliers. Edward Knobel ..	.50
The Night Moths. Edward Knobel.....	.50
The Beetles and Their Kind. Edward Knobel.....	.50
Spiders. Edward Knobel.....	.50
Spiders. Their Structure and Habits. J. H. Emerton.....	1.50

BOOKS ABOUT MUSHROOMS

Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms. By William Hamilton Gibson. With colored plates.....	7.50
The Mushroom Book, A Popular Guide to the Identification and Study of the Common Fungi with Special Emphasis on the Edible Varieties. By Nina L. Marshall. With Colored Plates and many Black and White Illustrations.....	3.00
Mushrooms, Edible, Poisonous, Etc. By George Francis Atkinson. 900 Illustrations from Photographs.....	8.00

BOOKS ABOUT GARDENS

Gardens Old and New. The Country House and Its Garden Environment. 450 Illustrations of old English gardens. Folio.....	15.00
The Art and Craft of Garden Making. Illustrated. Thomas H. Mawson. 4to.....	7.50
The Book of Gardening. A Handbook of Horticulture. Illustrated. Edited by W. D. Drury. 8vo.....	6.50
The English Flower Garden and Home Grounds. W. Robinson. Illustrated.....	6.00

BOOKS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO NATURE LOVERS

Spring Notes from Tennessee. Bradford Torrey...	1.25
The Foot-path Way. " ..	1.25
A Rambler's Lease. " ..	1.25
A Florida Sketch Book. " ..	1.25
Recent Rambles. Dr. C. C. Abbot	1.50
Freedom of the Fields. " ..	1.50
A Naturalist's Rambles About Home. " ..	1.50
Days Out of Doors. " ..	1.50
Outings at Odd Times. " ..	1.25
Winter Sunshine. John Burroughs	1.25
Locusts and Wild Honey. " ..	1.25
Fresh Fields. " ..	1.25
Pepacton and Other Sketches. " ..	1.25
Signs and Seasons. " ..	1.25
Riverby. " ..	1.25
Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers. " ..	1.00
Chocorua's Tenants. Frank Bolles	1.00

From Blomidon to Smoky.	Frank Bolles	\$1.25
At the North of Bearcamp Water.	" "	1.25
Land of the Lingering Snow.	" "	1.25
The Art of Taxidermy.	John Rowley	1.50
Life and Her Children.	A. B. Buckley	1.50
Fairy Land of Science.	" "	1.50
Winners in Life's Race.	" "	1.50
Four-Footed Americans.	Mabel Osgood Wright	1.50
The Open Air.	Richard Jefferies	1.00
Nature Near London.	" "	1.00
The Life of the Fields.	" "	1.00
In New England Fields and Woods.	Roland E. Robinson	1.25
Spring Notes from Tennessee.	Bradford Torrey	1.25
The Foot-Path Way.	" "	1.25
Highways and Byways.	William Hamilton Gibson	1.25
Strolls by Starlight and Sunlight.	" "	2.50
Sharp Eyes.	" "	2.50
Eye Spy.	" "	2.50
My Studio Neighbors.	" "	2.50
Wild Animals I Have Known.	Ernest Seton-Thompson	2.00
The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.	" "	1.50

The Biography of a Grizzly.	Ernest Seton-Thompson	\$1.50
Flashlights on Nature.	Grant Allen	1.50
Familiar Features of the Roadside.	F. S. Mathews	1.75
The Hall of Shells.	Mrs. H. S. Hardy	.60
Wabeno the Magician.	Mabel Osgood Wright	1.50
Little Beasts of Wood and Field.	W. E. Cram	1.25
Wild Neighbors.	Ernest Ingersoll	1.50
Little Rivers.	Henry van Dyke	2.00
Walden.	Henry D. Thoreau	1.50
A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.	" "	1.50
Maine Woods.	" "	1.50
Cape Cod.	" "	1.50
Yankee in Canada.	" "	1.50
Excursions in Field and Forest.	" "	1.50
Life on the Sea Shore.	J. H. Emerton	1.50
Nature's Calendar.	Ernest Ingersoll	1.50

James B. Carrington.

The illustrations are made from photographs by the author.



A WOOD OPENING



From "Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries."

Longmans, Green & Co.

UPPER PORTION OF SAMPLER BY PUPIL IN ORPHAN SCHOOL, CALCUTTA, 1797

[Owned by Mr. Marcus B. Huish]

"THE SAMPLERS OF OUR LOVELY ANCESTRESSES"

MR. RUSKIN once wrote for the London *Art Journal* a series of letters giving his idea of the kind of things which should find place in a museum. In these letters, after dealing with the planning of the building and its special fitting up, he set apart six chambers for the due exposition of the "six Queenly and Muse-taught Arts of Needlework, Writing, Pottery, Sculpture, Architecture and Painting," and proceeded to add what the different chambers should contain. To pass by the others, the Needlework Chamber should contain expositions of the structure of wool and cotton, hemp, flax and silk, the phases of its dyeing and spinning, and the mystery of weaving; and "finally, the accomplished phase of needlework, all the acicular Art of Nations—savage and civilized—from Lapland boot, letting in no snow water, to Turkey cushion bossed with pearl; to valance of Venice gold in needlework, to the counterpanes and samplers of our own lovely ancestresses."

The author of the present rather elabo-

rate work upon *Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries*, Mr. Marcus B. Huish, says that his book is the outcome of an exhibition held, as if following Mr. Ruskin's suggestion, at the Fine Arts Society, in London, about ten years ago, at which samplers covering every decade for the last two hundred and fifty years were shown. The interest displayed by the public in this show was remarkable, and when everybody sought the "literature" of the subject, it was found that while tapestry, embroidery and lace had their prophets, the kind of needlework shown in samplers, especially English samplers, was altogether lacking. Mr. Huish was prompted, therefore, to prepare the present work with the Fine Arts Society's exhibition as a basis, and the result is a handsome volume containing much curious information and a great number of pictures of samplers, many of them effectively printed in color.

The book, like all Gaul, is divided in three; the first part treats of "Samplers," the second of "Embroideries in the Manner of Tapestry," and the third of the "Stitchery" employed in the embroidery of both. Mr. Huish finds that while there are no samplers in existence—so far as

SAMPLERS AND TAPESTRY EMBROIDERIES. By MARCUS B. HUISH, LL. B. Also, *The Stitchery of the Same*. By Mrs. Head. With 101 Illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., 4to, \$14, net.

the most enthusiastic collector can discover—having a date more remote than two hundred and fifty years, yet that samplers must have been in vogue much earlier, for those of that age “are writ all over with evidence that the sampler was then a fully developed youth, and must have been the descendant of a long line of progenitors.” The earliest record which he finds is one by the poet Skelton (1469–1529), who speaks of “the Sampler to sowe on, the laces to embroide.” The next is an inventory of King Edward VI (1552), which cites a parchment book containing “*Item* : Sampler or set of patterns worked on Normandy canvas, with green and black silks.” It is only natural, at the moment, to wonder, in passing, whether King Edward VII has a sampler among his treasures.

Shakespeare knew about samplers; in “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*,” Act III, Scene 2, Helena addresses Hermia:

“O, and is all forgot?
All schooldays’ friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both working of one song.” . . .

Samplers are alluded to elsewhere in Shakespeare. Sir Philip Sidney and Milton both speak of them, and in “*The Crown Garland of Golden Roses*” (1612) is “*A Short and Sweet Sonnet*” made by one of the Maides of Honor upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, which she sowed upon a sampler, in red silk, to a new tune, or “*Phillida Flouts Me*,” beginning:

“Gone is Elizabeth,
Whom we have lov’d so dear.”

It is evident that samplers were common objects at least early in the sixteenth century [says Mr. Huish]; but the sampler of the nineteenth century differs very materially both in form and design from the earlier ones. The samplers “be-

fore date,” shown at the exhibition, had but little regularity. They were made for use and not for ornament. Though a sampler without either alphabets or numerals would seem to be lacking in the very essence of its being, we are told it is almost certain that the earliest forms did not contain these things, but were merely sheets of decorative designs. But as we come to the middle of seventeenth century, we find the ornamentation growing



From “*Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries*.”
Longmans, Green & Co.

SAMPLER DATED 1668

[Owned by Mrs. Percy Macquoid.]

very elaborate. Not only are there initials and signatures, besides the alphabets, but figures of Adam and Eve, borders, figures of flowers, animals and horses, and small human figures of a peculiar shape, which sampler-wise people call "Boxers," with arms extended and in close-fitting costumes. The varieties of these figures, and of the forms or trophies they carry in their hands, are among the mysteries of samplers which are so engaging to study, and so utterly impossible of elucidation.

In studying the inscriptions found on samples, Mr. Huish finds that initials, which are then followed by signatures, occur upon samplers of the earliest date. The more extended inscriptions are moral sentences and religious verse which is usually sad doggerel. In the eighteenth century the unhappy children were required to set forth the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and other long extracts from the Old Testament. Even whole chapters of the Bible are found. But the most extended task of this kind was set to six little wretches in the Orphans' School, near Calcutta. "By the

direction of Mistress Parker" these six orphans wrought six samplers, dividing between them the 119th Psalm, which is the longest chapter in the Bible. At the top of each sampler is a view of a different part of the school; one of these is reproduced at the beginning of this article.

As to the design, ornament and coloring of samplers, the general conclusion must be, says the author, that it cannot be termed English in origin, but it is usually derived from foreign sources. Indeed,



From "Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries."

Longmans, Green & Co.

MAP OF NORTH AMERICA, BY M. A. K.

[Owned by Mrs. Brady.]

Concerning American samplers, Mr. Huish says that "there must be a great many fine examples hanging in the houses of Philadelphia or Washington," which have some distinctively new-world character, but all his inquiries have only resulted in producing two, one from Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose ancestress, Martha C. Barton, worked it in 1825, and the other from the collection of Mrs. C. J. Longman, who obtained it in Massachusetts. Perhaps Mr. Huish did not know of the rather celebrated collection made by Mr. Alexander W. Drake, of New York. Mrs. Longman's collection of samplers, moreover, one of the most important in existence, is specially strong in foreign (*i. e.*, Continental) specimens. She has contributed an interesting chapter to the book, in the course of which she says:

"My collection of foreign samplers includes specimens from Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal. . . . By far the largest number of my foreign samplers come from Germany, and, next to English ones, the German seem more easy to obtain than those of any other country. . . . In the German samplers the initials of the worker and the date are almost always given, enclosed together, in a little garland or frame; but I have never seen the name signed in full. I have only once seen a German sampler with an inscription on it; in that case "Fur uns geoffert" is worked above a representation of the Crucifixion. . . . Comparing foreign samplers with English, one or two differences at once stand out. The foreign samplers are seldom worked in a pictorial form. They hardly ever, except in France, have verses or texts worked on them. The age of the worker is never given. This is much to be regretted, as in these three things lies much of the personal interest of the English samplers. On the other hand, from a practical point of view, if one goes to

one's samplers as to pattern books for good stitches, designs and effects of color, England no longer takes the first place, and one would turn for them to the samplers of Germany, Spain and Italy."

In the section of the book devoted to "Tapestry Embroideries," the author notes that, as in the case of samplers, the industry had no apparent infancy, all the pieces having the same matured appearance, and also that no specimens have been found earlier than the reign of Elizabeth. He therefore concludes that the fashion for those embroideries was a reflection of the fashion for woven tapestries. In the sixteenth century embroidery had reached the zenith of its popularity, and it would be entirely natural for ladies to work cushions for the oak chairs, and pictures of the same material as the tapestry-covered walls. Besides being admirable specimens of needlework, those pictures yield, on examination, a considerable amount of historical information, and they are "hardly inferior as mirrors of fashion," says the author, "to the pictures of Vandyck or the engravings of Hollar." As trustworthy records of both men's and women's dress of that time, they are certainly of very considerable value.

In Part III Mrs. Head gives detailed and wondrous information as to the "stitchery" of both samplers and tapestry pictures, with pictures of magnified bits of embroidery to serve as diagrams, and of the implements used, and a chapter on materials. The large colored plates, of which there are thirty, are very well done, and the scores of photographs in half-tone are beautifully printed on highly glazed paper. The book is very attractive in its stamped binding, and will delight the class of readers for whose delectation it has been made. Only six hundred copies have been printed.

W. S. M.



DR. HALE IN HIS STUDY

SOME COLLECTIVE EDITIONS

DR. HALE has written, in the preface to the *Library Edition* of his works, as discreet a summing-up, perhaps, as anybody could ask, of the dangers and delights of a marshalling of veteran books.

"You are now an old gentleman seventy-six years of age," he says, "and this hustling world, which was so doubtful at first whether those words you spoke were not heresies, has long since come up to your most radical opinions. The original copies which you sent out have been a good deal thumbed. . . . So the publisher and you and your flattering friends agree that it is desirable that this book should be included in a collected edition of your more important writings. 'Indeed, my dear

sir,' the publisher writes, 'it will be the standard edition . . . the edition referred to by your readers in coming times.'

"Only those who know the future can really know whether there will be any readers in coming times But this is not your affair In a lifetime which has passed in the most extraordinary half-century of history, I have, in my poor way, tried to do my duty with

EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S WORKS.
A new uniform collected edition of the principal books of the author of "The Man Without a Country," including revision and new matter. Little, Brown & Co., 10 volumes, 12mo, with frontispieces, \$1.50 per volume.



DR. HALE'S HOME IN ROXBURY

the rest. I should have been a fool if I had not used the press of my time as far as the conductors of the press would let me use it I suppose ill-natured people would say that I have often hurried into print; but I think I hardly ever had any ill-natured critics, and I am sure I should not have cared if I had. I believe I should be proud if that should be written as my biography which I placed upon the title-page of Colonel Ing-ham's papers:

'If it were his duty to write verses, he wrote verses; to fight slavers, he fought slavers; to write sermons, he wrote sermons; and he did all of these things with just as much alacrity as another.'

So far as the general belief of Dr. Hale's readers goes, it is likely that his wish is already granted, for the words just quoted seem to describe exactly the kind of life he has led and the kind of thing he has done, consistently and continually—whatever his hand found to do, that did he do with his might and at the instant. Possibly he may have repented at leisure once or twice in his life, but he struck a thousand times while the iron was glittering hot. And as one turns the leaves of these ten well made volumes the first instinct of admiration for the author of "The Man Without a Country" grows into something most like enthusiasm for the strong, versatile, clear-sighted optimist



TARTARIN OF TARASCON

[From the photogravure in the *Edition de Luxe*.—Copyright, Little, Brown & Co.]

who has made new friends every year of his useful life, and kept them all.

All these volumes in the *Library Edition* have frontispieces in photogravure, and special prefaces; in one of the later volumes Dr. Hale sets down the fact that Henry Ward Beecher once asked him why he kept his manuscript sermons. "I said



ALPHONSE DAUDET AND HIS SECRETARY

[From "Thirty Years in Paris."—Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.]

[says Dr. Hale] a man likes to know what he used to think." "I do not know that," said Beecher; "I want to know what I think now." Dr. Hale adds that in spite of this he would have liked to reprint a number of his old sermons in this edition, but that too many of the special sermons he wanted had disappeared from the collection of fifteen or sixteen hun-

dred which lie upon his library shelves, so he promises a selection from these at some future and more convenient season. They will be welcome when they come, but meantime the tale of bricks does not seem incomplete. The edition is one with which both public and publishers may be satisfied.

The issue of Volumes XIX and XX complete the uniform edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet, newly translated for the Boston publishers by various hands. Good Daudet needs praise as little as good wine, and in the present translations the *bouquet* of the original is, in general, very well preserved. Miss Wormeley, Mr. Charles DeKay, Mr. George Burnham Ives, and one or two others, have received the compliments of the public for their sympathetic and careful work as these books, in English, have appeared from time to time during the past year or so. The

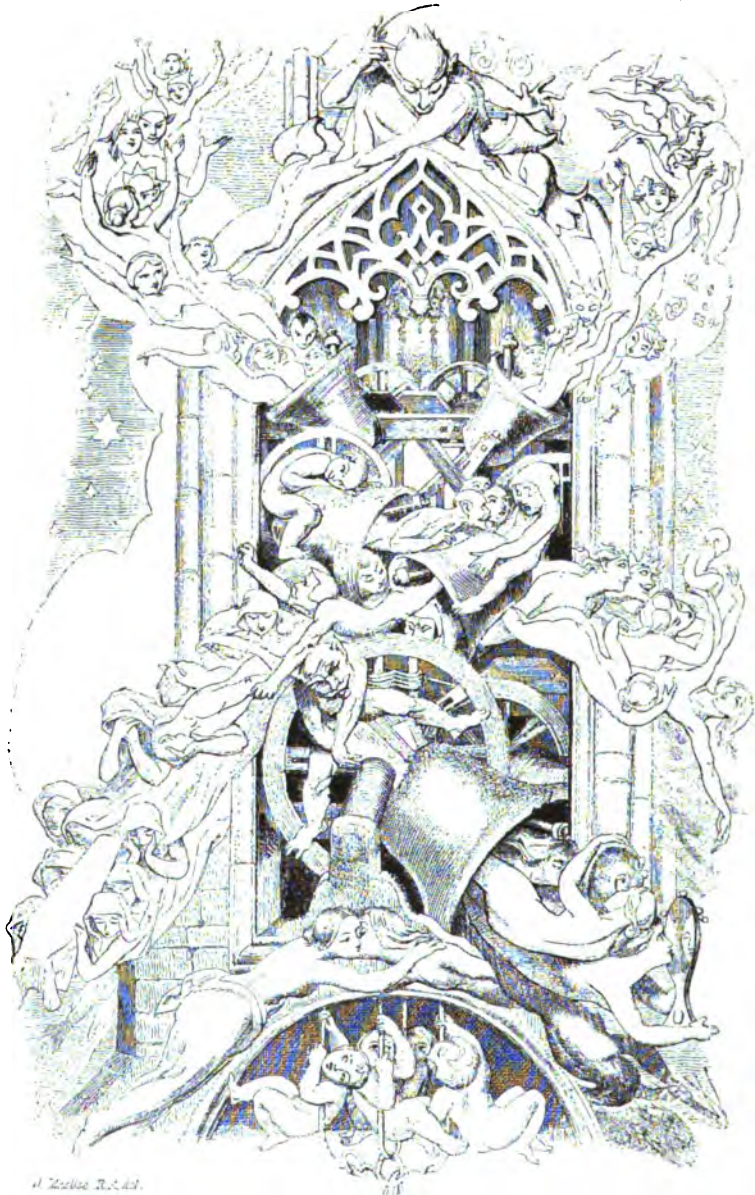
first of the twenty volumes contains M. Leon Daudet's *Memoir of his father and The Daudet Family* (*Mon Frère et Moi*)

THE WORKS OF ALPHONSE DAUDET IN ENGLISH. A new uniform edition in 20 volumes, translated by George Burnham Ives, Charles De Kay, Jane Minot Sedgwick, Marian McIntyre, and Katharine Prescott Wormeley. With frontispieces. Including Memoirs by Leon and Ernest Daudet. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50 per volume. *Edition de Luxe*, with many illustrations in photo-gravure by various artists.

by Ernest Daudet, the novelist's brother, in which are given most entertaining pictures of Alphonse Daudet as boy and youth and man, in public, at home and afield.

Daudet, "chiefly and violently," admired Montaigne, Pascal and Rousseau. He believed in them all, utterly and rapturously, and defended them vehemently, if they were ever attacked. "He loved the sincerity of these three geniuses," says his son, "so ripe and so vast and so big." He proposed them as examples for himself. He admired Descartes and Spinoza, we are told, as much for their lucidity of mind as for their minute and anxious researches into the play of human passions. Moreover, "for Schopenhauer he had a very pronounced taste." Daudet preferred the simpler word—

"he avoided the exceptional and precious, knowing well that there is often a rare quality in a word of seemingly common appearance; he left its true meaning to every term . . . he reiterated: 'I hate monsters!'" He greatly admired Henry M.



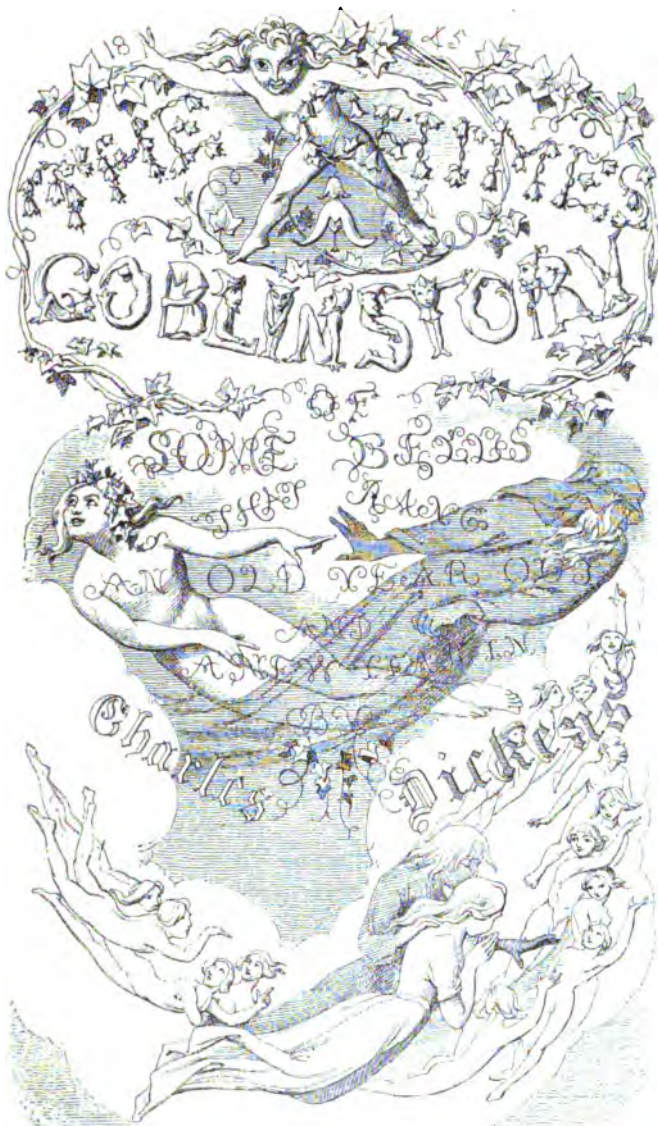
Alphonse Daudet.

From the "Authentic Edition" of Dickens.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

MACLISE FRONTISPIECE FOR "THE CHIMES"

Stanley, and expended much time and breath in explaining to people who came to Chambrosay on Thursday that "Stanley was not a cruel man . . . on the contrary, the most humane and least ferocious of conquerors." When he went to London



D. MacLise, R.A. del.

J.P. Baskerville sculp.

From the "Authentic Edition" of Dickens.

Charles Scribner's Sons

A TITLE-PAGE BY MACLISE

he met Stanley, and the two sat together on a little sofa and talked for hours. While in England Daudet also went to see George Meredith at Box Hill, and Léon Daudet's account of the visit is enthusiastic to the border of effusiveness. Alphonse Daudet called Stanley "Bonaparte"—a

hero; and Meredith he called "Hamlet"—a prince not only of Denmark but of the life of man within.

To write, at this time, of the charm of Alphonse Daudet's romances is quite unnecessary. The tales are so grouped as to make the volumes of about uniform size, and the books are beautifully printed. Each volume has a frontispiece in photogravure, printed by Goupil. The binding is tasteful, and has some suggestion of a French fashion—it is hard to say just what, it is neither flimsy in quality nor over-elaborated in style.

In an essay on "Literature in the Nineteenth Century" recently printed in the *Sun*, Mr. Andrew Lang introduces mention of Dickens and Thackeray with the critical sniff that "so much is daily written concerning them that remark is superfluous." Of Thackeray he says that "the unapproached merits of his style must preserve him in literature," and though in his opinion Thackeray "wears better" than his great rival, yet he acclaims Dickens "a mas-

ter of observation of all that had rarely

THE "AUTHENTIC EDITION" OF CHARLES DICKENS. A series of compact volumes containing the full text of all of Dickens's writings, together with the entire series of original illustrations by Brown, Cruikshank, Seymour, etc., as accepted and arranged by the author, with many additional ones, and a frontispiece in color for each volume. Charles Scribner's Sons (in conjunction with Chapman & Hall, of London), 21 volumes, 8vo. \$1.50 each.

been observed, a generous heart, an original and abundant humorist, and the greatest source of mirth in our century." The popularity of Dickens in England, we think, as well as in America, is scarcely obscured, even momentarily, by the literary passion of the hour. From the discovery of Sam Weller in the White Horse yard by Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Perker to the death of Bradley Headstone—"t'otherest governor"—as he went down into the mill-race with Rogue Riderhood—through the long galleries filled with quaintness and absurdity and pathos (great quantities of pathos, as Mr. Lang himself has observed) and lofty ideals and grotesque fancies—throughout the length and breadth of Dickens-country the sun is just as bright as ever, and just as many honest men and women and boys and girls are enjoying it now as before this latest reincarnation of Dumas had been accomplished.

These reflections have been suggested

by another elaborate edition of Dickens—surely about the tenth within a few years—which is now issuing from the press. *The Authentic Edition* has been prepared with the purpose of making a complete edition of Dickens at a lower price than some hitherto offered, and with the original pictures. There are to be twenty-one volumes, of generous size, and the illustrations include all the original drawings by H. K. Browne, Cruikshank, Seymour, Leech and others, that appeared in the original publication, together with many additional ones, and the frontispieces are in color. The type is clear, the ink black and the paper light in weight, yet substantial; the binding is in sober green cloth. A series of portraits of Dickens at different periods of his life are printed upon the end-papers of the handsome volumes. The pictures are especially interesting, and we take pleasure in reproducing two fine title-pages by Maclise.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

AN item of more than ordinary interest to the collector of first editions of Whittier has just been published by Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston. It is entitled "Whittier as a Politician," and consists of a series of letters to Professor Elizur Wright, Sr., edited, with explanatory text, by Samuel T. Pickard, the well-known biographer of Whittier. An unpublished portrait of the poet forms a frontispiece, and is reproduced in photogravure from an original crayon by Charles A. Barry. The original is considered a remarkable likeness, and was attested to at the time by W. J. Stillman, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1859. The volume consists of fifty-four beautifully printed pages, from the Riverside Press, in the type used for their edition of "The Rubaiyat," only one hundred and fifty copies being printed from type. A facsimile of a letter is inserted opposite page eight. It is so cleverly done that it is most puzzling to tell the difference between it and the original. These letters were

written between 1834 and 1845, when Whittier first began his interest in the anti-slavery agitation, and they contain much new matter to the student of Whittier's political opinions of superlative interest.

The echoes of the sale of Part I of the library of William Harris Arnold have hardly died away before the announcement of the sale of Part II is at hand, the date being definitely fixed for May 7th and 8th. Although this final portion contains only a little over four hundred lots, the catalogue is nearly twice as large, and is both a monument to Mr. Arnold's industry, as well as a credit to the Marion Press. There is something most alluring about its title, and its simplicity is quite effective. Mr. Arnold simply calls this portion of his library "Books and Letters." There is only space to mention a few of the delights that are spread before the intending purchaser, and to give the advice long ago adopted by the wary collector,

viz.: "When you see a head, hit it" or when a first edition in immaculate or unique condition appears, buy it, and shut your eyes.

Mr. Arnold states in his preface that he has always made it a rule never to buy a book that cannot be read, and he has only broken his rule twice, in an edition of "Rodericus" and "St. Chrysostom," which he confesses having bought because of their typographical excellence. In glancing over the catalogue, one notes nine items written by Mr. William Loring Andrews, Bacon's "Essays," London, 1612; Mrs. Browning's "Battle of Marathon," London, 1820 (only six copies are known); "An Essay on the Mind," London, 1826; "Prometheus Bound," London, 1893 (presentation copies); the rare Reading edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets," 1847 (privately printed); Robert Browning's "Pauline," London, 1833 (only 11 copies known); "The Ring and the Book," 4 vols., London, 1868 (proof copies); Carew's "Poems," London, 1640; "Chaucer," London, 1561; Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple," London, 1646; St Chrysostom's "Homilies," n. p. 1479; Donne's "Poems," London, 1633; Drayton's "Poems," London, 1619; Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther," London, 1687; Fletcher's "Purple Island," Cambridge, 1633; Froissart's "Chronicles," London, 1525; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," London, 1770, 8vo (probably unique); Gower's "Confessio Amantis," London, 1532; Herbert's "The Temple," Cambridge, 1633 (second edition); Haywood's "Workes," London, 1598; Coleridge's own copy with MS. notes of Homer's works translated by Chapman, London [1616] (presentation copy to Miss Hutchinson, a sister of Wordsworth's wife); Keats's "Poems," London, 1817 (presentation copy); "Endymion," London, 1818; "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, etc.," London, 1820; Kelmascott Press Publications (complete set, including a leaf from a projected

edition of Shakespeare); Langland's "Vision of Pierce Plowman," London, 1550; Latimer's "Sermons," London, 1571; Lyly's "Euphues," London, 1636; Milton's "Paradise Lost," London, 1667 (first title-page); Milton's "Poems," London, 1673 (the first edition with Latin verses); "Schemata Caelestina" (a MS. about 1797, in Russia bound by Roger Payne) (with his bill inserted); Quarles' "The Shepheardes Oracles," London, 1646 (the Bierstadt copy); Randolph's "Poems," Oxford, 1638; Sandys's "Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David," London, 1636; Shelley's "Adonais," Pisa, 1821 (original paper wrappers); Spenser's "Faery Queen," London, 1611 (first collected edition); Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea," London, 1648; Swift's "A Tale of a Tub," London, 1704; Tennyson's "The Falcon," London, 1879 (privately printed); "The Promise of May," London, 1882 (privately printed); Waller's "Poems," London, 1645; Walton's "Life of Dr. Sanderson," London, 1678; Warner's "Albion's England," London, 1597; Part II of the catalogue is devoted to autograph letters. Among the most famous are Addison, Mrs. and Robert Browning, Cowper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Irving, Keats (8 pages, 4to, and several others), Longfellow, Lowell, Shelley, Whittier, Wordsworth, etc., etc.

Part III of the sale of the library of T. J. McKee has been announced by John Anderson, Jr., the date being fixed for April 29th and 30th, and the catalogue comprises 435 lots, all old English plays, and largely those of Massinger, Ford, Marlowe, Shadwell, Middleton, Marston, Jonson and Shakespeare. Mr. McKee's copy of the first folio was the one owned by Mr. Frederickson, and although it contains a number of facsimile leaves, it is a good one to use for adding to an already imperfect one. Many other treasures are included in this part of unusual interest.

Ernest Dressel North.

EUGENE FIELD

With gentlest tears, no less than jubilee
Of blithest joy, we heard him, and still hear
Him singing on, with full voice, pure and clear,
Uplifted, as some classic melody
In sweetest legends of old minstrelsy;
Or, swarming Elf-like upon the ear,
His airy notes make all the atmosphere

One blur of bird and bee and lullaby.
His tribute:—Lustre in the faded bloom
Of cheeks of old, old mothers; and the fall
Of gracious dew in eyes long dry and dim;
And hope in lovers' pathways midst perfume
Of woodland haunts; and—meed exceeding all—
The love of little children laurels him.

—From "Home Folks," by James Whitcomb Riley. By courtesy of the Bowen Merrill Co.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

WITH the coming of the new reign, it has been suggested that the King might honor literary men with titles and thus give royal recognition to literature, which gained but little from the direct influence of Victoria. But, as the King has shown no more literary instinct than his mother—although his speeches are always delivered in excellent English—it stands to reason that he would have to rely upon expert opinion rather than on his own judgment in distributing honors. It will not be forgotten, however, that he was present at the banquet given last year by Mr. George Smith, the publisher, to celebrate the completion of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Few writers have been honored with titles during the past half century. But for the fact that Tennyson was Poet Laureate, and therefore an officer of state and a representative of a very old English family, it is doubtful whether he would have received the honor. Mr. Swinburne would undoubtedly have been recognized but for some of the revolutionary verse he has written, such, for example, as his sonnet on the Russian ship, ending with the curse: "A white shroud for the White Czar!" A wise King, however, thinks twice before bestowing honors on literary men because of the endless jealousies and criticisms that might be raised. It is bad enough in the case of painters, but to raise such questions among people who have the power of discussing them in print needs some courage. The fact remains that in this country art and literature need neither patronage of the Crown nor the fostering protection of an Academy.

So far the book season of this year has been very dull and very sober. The death of the Queen rather than the dawning of January 1, 1901, makes for us a new era,

and the point from which we survey the past. Hence, there is a great amount of activity among writers in all sorts of historical works, reminiscences, biographies and the like—and a curious lapse in imaginative literature.

The writing of the Queen's life will be one of the most gigantic biographical tasks of the future, and one is not surprised to find that nothing has been decided. Rumour asserted that Sir Theodore Martin was to undertake the work, but he promptly denied the statement—which is not very wonderful, seeing that he is 85 years old. Meanwhile, her Majesty's son-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, who is still referred to by his former title as the Marquis of Lorne, is writing a popular life for the Harmsworths on the lines of their book, "Sixty Years a Queen," which was an enormous success. Mr. R. R. Holmes, the librarian at Windsor Castle, who wrote the "Life of the Queen" as one of Goupil's beautifully illustrated series, has re-issued his text with some additions. Mr. Holmes has been Librarian at Windsor since 1870, before which he was in the British Museum, where his father preceded him. His book is very "safe," for the Queen read the proof sheets. The truth is that it will be a great many years before the true and authentic history of Victoria can be written, for the closest and most dignified reticence has always obtained among the people who surrounded her late Majesty. The various lives of King Edward that have appeared suffer from the same reticence. Meantime Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has sent to press his life of Charles, Duke of Brunswick, who was the father of George IV.'s Queen. Lord Edmond is the only brother of our Foreign Minister, the Marquis of Lansdowne,

although he represents the opposite side of politics and sits in the House of Commons. Lord Edmond has written several biographies, including one of the Earl of Sherburne and Sir William Petty, the Political Economist, both of whom were his kinsmen. Further light on the Georgian period will be thrown by the concluding volumes of Mr. Justin McCarthy's history of the four Georges and William IV. He has been assisted by his son, Mr. Huntly McCarthy.

An extremely interesting biography should be produced by Lady Burne-Jones, who is now hard at work on the memoir of her distinguished husband. She is the daughter of a Wesleyan minister, the Reverend G. B. Macdonald, and the aunt of Rudyard Kipling. Her elder daughter has married J. W. Mackail, of the Board of Education, who has made his mark in several forms of literature, including the translation of Maeterlinck's plays. A side light on the pre-Raphaelite movement will be thrown by Mr. F. S. Ellis, who is said to be writing his life. One of the few surviving friends of Morris and Rossetti, Mr. Ellis, has done a great deal to improve the taste in printing generally; and he is best known by his magnificent catalogue of the Huth Library. Another volume of interesting reminiscences is that which Professor Masson has written. He is now seventy-nine years of age, and has been a great force in the literary life of Scotland during the last forty years. I think that the literary out-put of Edinburgh University, as illustrated by Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett and Ian Maclaren is largely to be attributed to him; while his work as historiographer of Scotland has quickened the interest in Scots history which Sir Walter Scott did so much to foster. The biography of Mr. W. J. Stillman which Mr. Grant Richards issues fills in another niche in biography. Mr. Stillman is six years younger than Dr. Masson,

but, whereas the experiences of the one have been confined to London and Edinburgh, Mr. Stillman has been a wanderer over the face of the earth. In his retirement, his pen is constantly busy, and he frequently contributes letters to the daily newspapers on foreign politics. Mrs. John Richard Green will, it is stated, be assisted by Mr. Leslie Stephen in writing the life of her husband, whose essays on Oxford in the eighteenth century are to be reprinted from the *Oxford Chronicle*, where they have for long been buried. The life of the late Dr. Mandell Creighton, the Bishop of London, which will have many interests besides the ecclesiastical, is being written by his widow, who has taken a prominent part in the women's movement. She has been immensely interested in history, like her husband, and has written biographies of the "Black Prince," Sir Walter Raleigh and the Duke of Marlborough, besides one or two other historical studies. She has been granted a suite of rooms in Hampton Court Palace. Dr. Creighton left behind him some literary odds and ends which may be issued under the title, "The Church and the Nation."

Major Martin Hume, whose book "The Final Struggle for Catholic Supremacy in England, 1590 to 1603," is now almost ready for publication, has had a very interesting career, for, almost as an amateur, and at the age of 42, when he issued his first book, he took foremost rank among historians. Major Hume, though born in London, comes of an old Scottish family, and was taken, when a child, to Spain, where the senior branch of his family have been settled since 1780. He was educated in Spain, and began his literary career by picking up in a bookshop in Madrid a volume written by a merchant resident in London, on the history of Henry VIII. That was in 1889, and since that date Major Hume has done an enormous amount of work in Spanish history.

One of his books, "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," has been one of the historical successes in recent years. Major Hume likes the Spaniards and takes a keen interest in the Hispano-American Congress. He frankly admits, however, that the Congress may end in smoke, unless the Spaniards adopt some of our Anglo-Saxon methods. Major Hume has seen some fighting, for he was attached to the Turkish Army during the war of 1878-9.

Mr. A. C. Bradley, the half-brother of the Dean of Westminster, who has succeeded Mr. Courthope in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, has been Professor of Literature, first in the University College of Liverpool and in the University of Glasgow. His brother, Mr. Francis Bradley, is a distinguished writer on philosophy, and a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. The Chair of Poetry at Oxford was founded in 1708, and the salary is the magnificent sum of £170 a year. Mr. Bradley has great names to live up to in the shape of some of his predecessors, for Keble, Dean Millman and Matthew Arnold held the post. The mention of the new professor reminds me that Mr. Henry Bradley and Dr. Murray, the editors of the great English dictionary, have now the assistance of a third editor in the person of Mr. W. A. Craigie, a brilliant Oxford man who has done good work in editing Burns. Mr. Craigie is a Scotchman, who has made his mark in Scandinavian languages. He has recently been connected with St. Andrew's University, but will take up his permanent residence in Oxford.

If one were inclined to follow the instinct for signs and portents which seems to waken with a new reign, one would naturally have grave doubts over the prospects of the Edwardian theatre; for we have suffered from a great plague of revivals. Happily, Shakespeare keeps a prominent

place, for three different plays of his have been running at the same time in London—a rare event, indeed. Miss Marie Tempest, however, has revived "Peg Woffington," an adaptation of the old play, "Masks and Faces," but even she, with all her popularity, finds it difficult to give any real zest to the production. "Peg Woffington" is hopelessly old-fashioned as a play, though there is still a great interest in the career of the brilliant Irish-woman. The most elaborate book that was written about her was that by the late Mr. Daly, a sumptuous study which was printed privately for his friends. I notice a copy inscribed by Mr. Daly, for sale in a second-hand bookshop not far from Miss Marie Tempest's theatre. The American play on Nell Gwyn has outlived Mr. Anthony Hope's. We have also had an adaptation of "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," produced by Mr. Martin Harvey, who made his name with Sydney Carton in "The Only Way." The adaptation, however, is clumsy in the extreme and the consequence is a dull entertainment. Mr. Charles Frohman, who has been rather unfortunate lately, has had to revive Mr. Anthony Hope's play, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," and Mr. Pinero's clever play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," has been disinterred by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who made a great hit in the title rôle under Mr. Hare's management. London has just got a new theatre, the Apollo, in Shaftesbury Avenue, which has opened with "The Belle of Bohemia" from the Casino Theatre, New York. It is extraordinary how soon the American actresses, who come to us, lose all traces of their natural characteristics, and become thoroughly English. This is specially noticeable in pieces of the Casino type, where the retention of those characteristics is really essential to success.

J. M. Bulloch.

CURRENT LITERATURE

"TEN MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG FILIPINOS"

ANOTHER book on the Philippines! Since the battle of Manila Bay they have come to greet us at regular intervals and the average reader begins to feel pretty familiar with the volume that starts off at the early discovery of the group of islands and goes on, through their acquisition by Spain, to early history, character of the people, soil and climate, winding up with observations on the resources and boundless future of this archipelago in the far East.

But in *Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos* we have something entirely new and even those who have become well equipped with facts on the Philippines will find the story told by Albert Sonnichsen most interesting. In truth many of us have been waiting for a narrative from the pen of some of those who were held captives by the Filipinos during the heat of the struggle against American authority and the present volume keeps us waiting no longer, for it describes itself as "Being a Narrative of Adventure and Observation During Imprisonment on the Island of Luzon, P. I." What more could be wanted than this?

Mr. Sonnichsen went out to Manila as a quartermaster of the "Zealandia," one of the four transports of the second expedition from San Francisco in 1898 and had not been in the Philippines six months before he apparently got tired of staying quietly (?) within the American lines and, impelled by a sort of Yankee curiosity, wandered off with a friend in a

most irresponsible manner for a trip to Malolos—the Insurgent capital—with the idea that the soldiers of Aguinaldo would look upon him and his companion as the representatives of the British press they claimed to be. In fact, instead of walking into trouble quietly as most of us do, the author and his friend, with their cameras, took the train on the Manila and Duyupan Railway and in a most up-to-date fashion found themselves obliged to disembark as captives at Meycauayan, the third station on the time-table, and not twenty miles north of Manila. In spite of the fact that they wore "serge suits of unmistakably English cut" the insurgents took them for American spies instead of British reporters and speedily had them in jail. At this point the author's troubles begin and in the succeeding ten months he gets what he was looking for if not more, being held a captive for the entire time and going through a series of hardships, prisons, hospitals, and escapes that are all any one could desire in the way of experience.

Mr. Sonnichsen's first experience in a Philippine prison was a severe one, and he describes, with vivid scenes, the torture of being penned in a dingy cell, crowded with native prisoners and reeking with foul air and filth. To quote his own words: "Refuse was thrown out of the window where it fell in a large putrid heap between the building and a stone wall, breeding maggots and filling the cell with a sickening stench. From want of fresh air and exercise, the least physical exertion caused such dizziness that upon rising and standing upon the floor we staggered about like drunken men."

Plans for escape were made, but miscarried, and the group of prisoners being split up, the author and several other Americans, who had in the meantime been

brought in from the front as captives, were started north fast enough to keep out of reach of the American columns advancing from Manila. The plan seemed to be to keep the prisoners in one town until the distant booming of guns told of the approach of the Americans, and then all hands started north again to the next village.

Interspersed with the narrative are interesting descriptions of native manners and customs in these little provincial villages through which the author passed, and it would seem as if the prisoners had considerable freedom once that they were well into the insurgent country with hope of more than temporary escape cut off.

In many places the natives reviled and insulted the American captives, throwing stones and sticks at them, but in others more curiosity than vindictiveness was manifested. Mr. Sonnichsen tells us of the varied treatment the little band received at the hands of the insurgent officers in the towns through which it passed, and records the peculiar views of the war held by many of them. It seems some of the better informed of them understood that "The Powers had sent an ultimatum to McKinley, making it incumbent on the American Army to advance on Malolos by March 24th, which capital they must take by April 1st. This being done, the war might go on; but should the insurgents successfully defend their capital until after that date, then combined Europe would demand the independence of the Philippine Islands. In speaking further of these officials, the author comments on their ability to steal in the words: "A Filipino in office can never be honest, the Spaniards having taught them that a dishonest 'peso' is worth two gained fairly, and it will take a long time before the effect of their examples can be eliminated." On the whole he found few of these officials and officers who had either

respect or fear of the American soldier, but all this was before most of them had come into actual contact with the enemy.

Every chapter takes the reader farther north along the coast, and teems with hardships of the march over dusty roads, attempts to escape and efforts to keep soul and body together with the few coppers that were daily allowed for provisions.

At San Isidor Lieutenant Gillmore and his companions from the Yorktown, who had been taken captives on the Pacific coast, were marched into town—"seven limping, dirty, ragged, half-dead looking creatures," and were joined to the little group of prisoners of whom the author was one. The march was continued, and at Vigan Mr. Sonnichsen gave out, and was thrown into a native hospital, which was totally unequipped with medicines or the bare necessities of the sick. As the author says, "there were not even the necessary instruments for amputating a limb, and in many cases paper was substituted for bandages. In spite of this he recovered.

The last stage of the journey was inland to the mountains of Bangued, and here the prisoners were well treated, some of them, including the author, actually being installed as school-masters, and being comparatively free to go and come as they liked. It was from Bangued that Mr. Sonnichsen determined to make one last effort to escape, and the closing chapters of his book contain vivid accounts of his adventures in pushing his way back to the coast of Vigan, where he had the good fortune to see the Oregon lying at anchor, and later to fall in with the marines who came ashore to raise the stars and stripes over the town. From here he was sent back to Manila on one of the gunboats, and his troubles were over.

Mr. Sonnichsen writes a strong, interesting story in a thoroughly straightforward style, and his book should find many readers.

Joseph Earle Stevens.

A GLIMPSE OF SUNNY FRANCE

APRIL days bring spring fever, a restlessness and an eager desire to leave old haunts and habits for new lands and new ways of thought. Mrs. Dodd's last book contributes to this feeling. The subtle and satisfying charm of Normandy of which she speaks is so communicated through her words that a great longing comes to experience that rarest of human sensations, the satisfied, completed sense of perfect enjoyment which a warm, balmy day in that land gives. The man or woman who loves nature, sanely, she says, can be made more entirely content in the rich inland parts of the marvelous Normandy province than in any other country.

She starts from the famous old inn at Dives, Guillaume le Conquéran, for a drive in a Normandy *char-à-bancs* across the Caen plain to the old town of Falaise, birthplace of the greatest of Normans, William the Conqueror. Half the book contains a description of this town, and of the famous eleventh-century Horse Fair held annually at Guibray, a suburb of Falaise; half is the story of Falaise, the history of the loves of Robert and Arlette, and of the conquests of their famous son.

At any other time of year than spring the historical part of the book might appeal strongly as an attractive addition to our knowledge of the character and attainments of William. And it appeals now, especially as a tourist's guide to the region around Falaise. But the principal delight to those that love the skies and the soft colors of France is the great open-air picture of the Fair which has persisted through eight centuries, as stable an institution as the solid Norman architecture of the Château of Falaise. As the sturdy bridges and castles of Wales, everlasting

like the mountains surrounding them, appear to give staunchness to the Welsh character, so it would almost seem as though the remains of Norman architecture in France serve as an example to the peasants of what a man should be. Certainly no man could live all his life beneath the shadow of that invincible fortress of Falaise and die a weakling.

Among the many photographic reproductions which Mrs. Dodd's book contains is a picture of the Fair as it now is. Until the middle of the nineteenth century Germans, Dutch and English came to trade, Spaniards with steel and cutlery, and Hungarians with leather goods. Hosiers from Orléans, grocers from Marseilles, silk merchants from Lille and Lyons, clothiers from Rouen and Sedan, goldsmiths and jewelers from Paris mingled and exchanged ideas as well as wares. The fair was the great occasion of the year for the interchange of thought and the broadening of horizons. No wonder the wise rulers encouraged it, for they saw the enormous advantage to be gained through it by the centralization of trade and the consequent advancement of financial prosperity.

Commercial methods have so diminished the need of such gatherings that now the Horse Fair is practically the only relic remaining of the time-honored custom. The picture of which I have spoken shows the Fair in full swing on the great square in front of the Norman-Gothic church of Guibray. Hundreds of horses make the scene as gay as a bridal, and the rich contrasts of color, one of the secrets of the perdurable fascination of France, make the picture live in memory. With the assembling of the horses and their owners come the long, slow talks, the long, slow bargains, and, above all, the long, slow drinks—processes best suited to the keen yet careful Norman wits and to their deeply veined sensuousness. At this Fair

the equality of the sexes is apparent. Women are perfectly at home, they transact any business or sell any article or object sold by men.

Peasant France is not degenerate, says Mrs. Dodd. The harvesters of the wheat-fields of inland Normandy and the serious-eyed, massively built farmers in the full flush of life's tide are pillars of strength. Nobly built they are—men of stature, strength, length of limb and breadth of girth, with healthful faces full of those forces that make for character-building. No products of the effete civilization of Paris are visible at this fair. Paul Bourget's theory for the degeneration of his race is the intermarriage of north and south, east and west, the intermingling of too dissimilar characteristics. Mrs. Dodd's theory is more plausible. The peasants live close to nature, from which they derive their strength. Their dissipations are open-air horse fairs and not new sensations, like those of Parisians. There is a stirring picture of the young William, soldier at the age of twelve, conqueror possibly because he was bastard, and therefore desired to prove his power. We are told of his youth, his training at Falaise, his sieges and conquests on Norman soil in a poetic manner which makes the book an addition to the literature of history.

Carolyn Shipman.

FACTS AND FANCIES FROM THE DEEPS

TWO books that illustrate in a very curious way the possibility of a wide difference between things made of the same material are *Notes of an Itinerant*

NOTES OF AN ITINERANT POLICEMAN. By Josiah Flynt, L. C. Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

POWERS THAT PREY. By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

Policeman, by Josiah Flynt, and *Powers that Prey*, by Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton. In that on whose title-page Mr. Flynt's name appears alone, he has collected from various periodicals the articles embodying the knowledge of criminals and tramps acquired by him while the member of a railway police corps. This knowledge is, of course, both wider and deeper than the ordinary employee in such a service would be likely to secure, for Mr. Flynt undertook this particular work merely that he might for a time study the unlovely objects of his scientific interest from the point of vantage occupied by the official representative of law and order, and he performed it with powers of observation and deduction that had been developed by an association with the underworld closer and more prolonged, probably, than has ever been endured by any one not a native or naturalized citizen of that social stratum. The "notes" of this "itinerant policeman," therefore are those of a trained specialist, and they are addressed in all seriousness to the growing class of serious men and women who realize the solidarity of the human race, who have formed a new conception of charity, and whose aim is rather to prevent the creation of criminals than to repress and punish them.

Powers that Prey, on the other hand, is a sheaf of short stories, dealing with law-breakers, chiefly while contending, sometimes successfully and sometimes not, with the men who are paid and have sworn to protect the lives and property of respectable and well-intentioned people. In other words, they are "detective stories," told—and very well told, too—with no obvious intention of doing more than to gratify the tastes of readers hungry for that form of literature. But the tales, though better than many of their kind, even when considered simply as tales, are peculiar only in that they il-

illustrate Mr. Flynt's contentions as to the real nature of criminals and as to their real relations to policemen and politicians. It is a safe assumption that Mr. Flynt supplied the substance of the book, and Mr. Walton, by the exercise of a lively but carefully guided imagination, its form. Hence the stories have value as well as interest, and distinctly "sensational" as some of them are, each of them produces much the same impression of accuracy and actuality that results from perusal of the grave essays contained in the intensely matter-of-fact *Notes*.

As seen by Mr. Flynt, the typical detective is not even a distant relative of Sherlock Holmes. Instead of philosophizing, about crime and catching criminals by the exercise of deductive and inductive logic, the sleuth whom these volumes introduce despises "clews," except as a topic of conversation with the reporters, and trusts entirely for the accomplishment of his ends—ends as often personal as public—to the exercise of pressure upon the friends and accomplices of such offenders as he deems it judicious or profitable to apprehend. Mr. Flynt evidently thinks that if there were honor among thieves, few of them skillful or fortunate enough to avoid seizure in the very commission of crime would ever be put in danger by men of the sort that form the great majority of all existing detective forces. But there is no honor among thieves, and, either for fear or for favor, they will usually betray to the detective any one of their number whom he convinces them he really wants. This system means corruption at worst, and at best it involves the granting of a qualified, but still dangerous and expensive, immunity to a constant and considerable portion of the criminal class. The alternative to it is the selection of policemen and detectives much more widely separated by education and social positions from the criminal classes than are

our present highly unsatisfactory protectors. In the opinion of Mr. Flynt all police ranks are to-day filled by men differing little in intelligence or morals from those whom they hunt or exploit, as necessity or opportunity suggests. He thinks that what Colonel Waring did for New York's Street Cleaning Department, another Colonel Waring could do for its Police Department, if entrusted with the power to select and remunerate properly his subordinates of every grade. The slum, the author holds, is the cause, not the consequence, of the criminal, and the policeman whose origin was in or near the slum, and who has had neither the inclination nor the capacity to differentiate himself from the slum dwellers by more than a uniform or a badge, is sure to sympathize and affiliate with his nominal enemies rather than with the part of the community he is supposed to represent. The remedy is plain—attract to the police force men of a grade to make it honorable, men of education and standing. Then remove from it every taint of politics, and hold it to a rigid and undivided responsibility.

As likely to do more than any other one thing toward the immediate solution of the tramp problem, Mr. Flynt advises the adoption of means for excluding the members of the ragged fraternity from all railway trains. He regards the facility for free travel which they now enjoy, and utilize to an amazing extent, as the condition so nearly necessary for their existence that its withdrawal would instantly force a large majority of the present tramp class back into the ranks of honest workers and do much toward repressing the disposition toward vagrancy which so often seizes the lazy and the discontented.

In previous works Mr. Flynt has told us so much about tramps that in this one he gives more, rather than new, information on the subject. Interest in what he

has to say does not flag, however, and one can at least hope for good results from his peculiar method of investigation. A late and significant discovery of his is the fact that the whole tramp world boils with enthusiasm for Mr. William Jennings Bryan, holds that ambitious personage to be the greatest of living statesmen, and confidently expects on his election to the Presidency to see the condition of things so changed that food, drink and raiment will come without even the trouble of begging them at back doors. Mr. Flynt's remarks on this topic are full of material for reflection, but he is just, withal, and not only admits that the tramps ascribe to Mr. Bryan statements and intentions which Mr. Bryan's speeches do not fully warrant, but also confesses that the argument to be drawn from trampish approval is confused by the fact that in the selection of reading matter these modern knights errant show a very pretty taste. Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson and Victor Hugo are their literary favorites.

F. C. Mortimer.

A CERTAIN GREAT PERSONAGE

THE mere statement that *The Private Life of King Edward VII* was written by a member of the Royal Household does not give the book authority as a piece of history. Strictly speaking, we can regard it only as an interesting story, until it has a name of some standing back of it. It has evidently been written for some time and held for publication until after the death of Queen Victoria. The King is always referred to as the Prince, and Sir Arthur Sullivan is spoken of as living.

It is not so much what is said as the

manner of saying, the point of view, that is amusing. The book is gossip, discreet as far as revelations are concerned, abounding in stock phrases, provincial, or rather, insular in tone, obviously womanish in parts, and disconnected sometimes to the point of being illogical. The writer takes the minute details that she (?) describes so seriously, that the narrative provokes more than an occasional smile.

Among other things we are told that the King's tact is so great that he never makes inquiries after a son who may have gone to the bad; that the clocks at Sandringham are always half an hour fast; that the dining-table is narrow and has oval ends; that (and this comes with a shock) family portraits and china adorn the drawing-room; that Albert Edward is "the most genial Prince the world has ever seen;" that his tastes in literature are very sound, one of his favorite novels being "East Lynne;" that he is among the best informed men of to-day, insatiable in the acquisition of knowledge and as a student of human nature; that there are three hundred flower vases at Sandringham with two men especially told off to keep them filled; that the King wears a seven and one-eighth hat and an eight shoe; that he is always properly dressed because his clothes are always appropriate for the occasion; and that he has never been injudicious enough to make friends with actors. The book contains one bit of delicious humor which will appeal with direct force to every true American heart. "This [an anecdote illustrating his courtesy] is an indication of the Prince's broad views in society—views that have made Americans and Jews welcome into the greatest houses in the land." This bit of information recalls the bourgeoisie Parisienne who thought that Wales was a city in England.

There is one original thought in the book, and a good recipe for a cocktail.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KING EDWARD VII (PRINCE OF WALES 1841-1901). By a member of the Royal Household. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

The photogravures help out the interest, and the descriptions of life at Sandringham and in Marlborough House are graphic; but the points of the anecdotes are not well brought out, and the "biography," as it calls itself, is so adulatory from start to finish that it is worthless as an all-around estimate of an all-around man. Nevertheless, it is good reading.

AN UNMISTAKABLE SOUTHERNER

IN these days of universal novel reading, when, to the despair, one would think, of a certain school of critics, everybody who is anybody is eager to read "the latest story," not because it criticises life but because it ministers to the same primitive instinct that secured Homer his audience, it seems almost a work of supererogation to criticise a new novel by a writer who has already won for himself by his previous books a goodly number of readers and friends. "Mr. Harrison Robertson's Latest" might well be his publisher's laconic advertisement, and the merits of his story, the praises of his admirers, and the literary contagion that carries a new novel every month beyond the hundred thousand mark, ought to do the rest. But although fiction is triumphant and gossip is its pursuivant, a modest place in the procession is still left to criticism, provided it be not captious and fractious which accounts for the fact that I am given the pleasure of being allowed to read the advance sheets of *The Inlander* and to say something about them.

It is a pleasure, because Mr. Robertson's story seems to me to be a very interesting one, especially as it deals with that new South or rather that new Southwest with

which I was myself until recently closely connected. An "Inlander" need not necessarily be a Tennessean residing in Kentucky, but this "Inlander," Paul Rodman, is typical in many respects of those young Southerners who have essayed successfully the task of forcing and conquering new conditions without unduly forsaking the fine old traditions that made the ante-bellum Southern gentleman what he was. I am not quite sure that Paul Rodman is an unmistakable Tennessean, but he is an unmistakable Southerner whose beautiful if somewhat impracticable notions about women get him into serious embarrassments from which his creator mercifully and quite rightly delivers him.

Paul Rodman's "chum," Barney Caruthers, may pass for a good Southerner or Southwesterner, but I prefer to think of him as a good American, one of the best that I have encountered in recent fiction. His slang, his energy, his loyalty, his eccentricities—in short, his unique personality—make him a real creation. Friendship between young men is always delightful, but it is not often set so charmingly before us as in the pages of this novel that describe the buoyant life led in Louisville by Paul and Barney and their satellite, Drewdie Poteet—a character who seems partly modelled on some one or other. Perhaps these idyllic pages may not be those that will linger longest in the memories of most of Mr. Robertson's readers, but to me at least they hold out promise of admirable future work in the same *genre*, or, let us say in plain English, along the same lines.

But it is tragedies, not idylls, that made men, and Paul Rodman has to undergo his probation. He undergoes it chiefly at the hands of a Miss Lucy Arnam, whose character is fortunately as little typical of the women of Kentucky as Selma White's is of the women of America. Having had

a fairly wide experience with unpleasant female characters in fiction from Mme. Marneffe down, I have no special grievance against Mr. Robinson for his creation of Lucy Arnan, or Lucy Oxnard, as she is known to us later, but it is to be feared that some sensitive readers will not impute her creation to him for a virtue. Such readers ought, however, to confess in all fairness that he has made them most ample amends in his creation of the lovely and lovable, if surprisingly innocent, character of Madge Cabanis—Paul's good angel—who, after many trials and tribulations, makes him the man he was intended to be and lifts Mr. Robertson's later pages clear of the flats and fens of romanticism over which they tend at times to flutter.

Emphasis has thus far been laid on Mr. Robertson's characters rather than upon his plot, both because it is only fair not to dull the reader's interest, and because his characters and the simpler, the more idyllic parts of his story are apparently the surest basis that can be discovered in his book on which to ground confident hopes that this good novel will be followed by others still better. But it would be unfair not to acknowledge that the plot is more than usually interesting, that it is managed with a great skill, and that it will not merely hold readers of the book, but make many of them loth to put it down until they have finished it. If this were a methodical criticism rather than a sympathetic appreciation, it might be necessary to question the inevitability of some of Mr. Robertson's scenes and incidents while not denying their power as well as to apply standards of realistic criticism with results not entirely satisfactory. For example, while Mr. Robertson's handling of financial matters is very far from bad, it is not good enough to tempt any one to say that he could ever make a dollar the protagonist of one of his novels.

Probably he will never attempt to do it, and, considering the success with which he deals with love and friendship and nature, he will have little need to. Paul Rodman's business enterprises will be of no great moment to readers of this strong, wholesome and charming story, but his relations with Barney Carruthers and Madge Cabanis will be, nor will the sympathetic reader soon forget the peace and beauty of Division Valley and of the rural region of Middle Tennessee where Paul was born and where he won his bride.
W. P. Trent.

FIVE NEW NOVELS

TRUTH DEXTER is a story that calls for more than a passing notice if only for its style. It is very cleverly told; so cleverly, indeed, that the dexterity of its handling clings to memory after the book has been read and dominates somewhat the story itself. The hero is a rising Boston lawyer, a bit of a prig, yet highly honorable in intention, and with sufficient human weaknesses to make the unfoldings of his character a very entertaining study. The girl who gives her name to the story is the granddaughter of an Alabama planter of decayed fortunes, with whose legal affairs Van der Weylde Craighead, the Boston lawyer, becomes entangled. When introduced to the reader the girl is only half grown, gawky and uneducated; with all the instincts of a proud old family in her blood, and all the possibilities of a very beautiful and noble woman in her soul. Into such a character the reader sees her develop as the story advances. She goes to Boston to unfold, and with all her Southern prejudices thick upon her. Her surprise at the opulence of a sort of life of

TRUTH DEXTER. A Romance of North and South. By Sidney McCall. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

which she had never dreamed is delicious.

In fine contrast to Truth is Mrs. Orchid Wiley, wife of a Boston multi-millionaire, who has long sought to direct Craighthead's destinies. Orchid is a delectable creation, and will be easily recognizable by many readers; intellectually keen as a rapier's edge, a conversationalist of scintillating brightness, a woman who covets all knowledge in order to use it as a plaything for personal conquest; and yet in the end she proves herself no more than the victim of her own meaner emotions.

There is a good deal of humor in the book. The movement of the story from East to South and back again affords scope for play of character contrasts, feelings and prejudices of which the author makes the most. A conversational bout between the hero and an English lord is capital. The human interest is strong and the manner of working it will invite comment.

The motive of *The Devil's Plough* may be more readily understood by quoting a few lines from the author's preface. "The French court of Anne of Austria and Mazarin, whose atmosphere made work for the devil's plough was in some measure responsible for the Jesuit decadence beginning to prevail at that period."

The incidents of this romance of a remarkable period are stirring, and the movement incessant, yet they scarcely warrant the name. In other words the sin it relates is no worse than that which is committed all around us to-day, and the devil's plough is not a whit more active in its workings; but the courtly and remote setting, and the historic personages introduced give charm and glamour to the human drama of love between a high born Jesuit priest, who took vows not of his own choice, and an equally

high-born dame, who was married without choice in the matter. But the love of Héloïse de Lunéville and Gaston L'Artanges is in the end morally blameless. The priest is a splendid character, blessed or cursed—as the tide might draw him—with a dual nature; one side drawing him to self sacrifice for the good of humanity, the other to the beauties of the world and the joys of social life. There is a tremendous struggle, which the author works out with well sustained skill. The environment of the priest draws him into difficulties with the making of which he had little to do, and the wilful strength of the woman's love, ready to break all barriers, almost engulfs him. The moral and spiritual heroism of the man is immense, and the description of his fight very interesting reading. We catch a glimpse of Anne of Austria and her young son—the future Louis XIV—and not a glimpse, at all, of Mazarin. We see Ninon d'Enclos queen of her court, surrounded by the notabilities of France. It is quite evident the author has made a study of the marvelous heroism of the Jesuits in America and desires to accord them justice.

Lords of the North is a story in which there is doubtless as much history as romance. It deals with the brave, open life of the men who founded the Northwest and Hudson Bay Settlements. The tale purports to be told by one Rufus Gillespie, and so has all the intimate charm of a personal narrative. The love affair of the narrator runs like a vein of gold throughout all these records of hardships and adventure, while the plots and counterplots hedge around the search for the wife and child of one of the chief personages of the story, Eric Hamilton, a brave Scotchman.

The other characters are trappers, run-

ners, *coureurs des bois* and Indians. Above all these stands out Father Holland, an Irish priest, whose resources of wit, blarney—heroism, when needful—splendid truth and piety, make up a character not to be forgotten. The story opens up large vistas along the once pathless West, from the St. Lawrence to McKenzie River, and awakens memories of the men who, wherever they went, left their stockades and fur posts as landmarks around which civilization was to gather.

Whatever opinion may be held of the art of Sarah Grand, no one can deny her the art of making an entertaining story; *Babs the Impossible* may remain an impossibility, yet a no less entertaining creation for that. Reading between the lines one is tempted to believe that the book is intended as a protest against bringing up young girls in ignorance of the actual world about them. Had Babs been coached more cannily, we think as we read, she would not have said and done the things she did.

But as we follow further Babs' blunders among the conventionalities, and mark her correct, and even acute replies, to other people's criticisms of her, we are forced to discard our first impression of her ingenuous ignorance. We begin to suspect that the author had no really set plea or motive other than just to entertain—and entertain she certainly does. Whoever takes the trouble to ask, one after another, any dozen young people, boys or girls, who have read Babs, what they think of her will be apt to find their approval unanimous. The question of the moral danger of Babs' antics is not at all apparent; they have eyes only for the fun and "sauce." This will perhaps give one a better insight into the author's true motive for creating Babs than can be obtained by subjecting that young lady's

conduct to critical acumen. She is Babs, and is amusing; let her pass at that! The daring absurdity of her conduct will doubtless keep most young people from trying to emulate her—even while they unconsciously pay the author a tribute in admiring her audacity.

A quotation from Pippa Passes gives its name to Imogen Clark's latest story, *God's Puppets*. It is a story of old New York, that mine of romantic material that has as yet only begun to be worked. The scenes are laid within the period when English dominion had conquered Dutch rule, and while Dutch customs still prevailed the social life of the two peoples were far apart.

The art of the story touches perfection; we feel the atmosphere of days long past, and the spirit of things that surround us like half forgotten memories. The story of the Dutch Dominie Ryersen—parson of Garden Street Church—and his lovely daughter, Annetje, is one of idyllic beauty. The whole setting of the story is unhackneyed. A note of strong dramatic interest is struck the moment Jack Bellenden, an English officer fresh from the Barbadoes, finds his way to the Dominie's house, bearing a message from a woman recently dead, a nurse and angel of mercy whom the Englishman had met in that far-off land, and whose dying request he had promised to fulfil. The interest deepens with Annetje's instant wonderment about the stranger, and the admiration which becomes at once visible. The girl knows nothing of her mother save traditions of her beauty and goodness, and a tablet set up to her memory within the church. She has no suspicion that her secret life story forms the burden of Bellenden's message. From that day begins the swiftly moving dramatic life of the good Dominie and his flower-faced daughter.

Ballenden is an easy, pleasure-loving, honorable young fellow, desperately in love with his fair kinswoman, Peggy Crewe, the belle and toast of New York. It never occurs to him that a stolen hour in Annetje's garden, and an immense service to saucy Peggy Crewe, into which he lured father and daughter, is destined to injure either. The injury is brought about by the jealous machinations of Adrian de Hoage, a rich young Dutchman, who coveted Annetje because of her fair face, and so far unbent his pride as to offer her marriage. The working out of the character of this young man is a study in heredity and selfishness.

The story wastes no time on mere description, but its unfoldment lets in a flood

of light on the narrow, the less than provincial, the merely petty, parochial life of early Dutch New York; with its piety as stringent as that of the Puritan New England, without the latter's range in speculative thought; its utterly material standards and the dominance of its rich families. Incidentally this is all contrasted with the broader worldliness of the ruling English set. There are domestic scenes—and outdoor, too—so racy and rollicking that they recall the comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith. To outline the plot would only mar a story whose charm depends on the telling, whose incidents are closely dovetailed, and whose dénouement is distinctly unexpected. *M. T.*

SPRING FICTION

AN episode of nineteenth-century history, which is almost mediæval in its romance, and its brutal disregard of modern political usage, forms the background of Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's new novel, *In the Name of a Woman*. But, for all that, it is a tale of adventure, a romance of the Zenda school, rather than an historical novel, properly so called, for Mr. Marchmont concerns himself little with facts, beyond the high-handed abduction of Prince Alexander of Battenberg and his enforced abdication, and prefers to avail himself to the full of the romancer's license. His hero is an Englishman on a secret diplomatic mission to Sofia; the villain is the Russian agent at the Bulgarian capital. The heroines are two—one the self-constituted protector of the Prince, a passionate Oriental ready for the blackest crime, the other, a native Princess, the apparent tool

of Russia, but in reality a candidate for the throne on an independent national platform. Mr. Marchmont is a rough-and-ready inventor of tales of derring-do. His books are "good stuff" to a certain class of readers, who like adventures, dangers, narrow escapes and dark intrigues for their own sake. He gives them the framework, and relies upon them to aid him in filling it out. Literary graces or well-drawn characters are not for him. Plot is what he gives us, and knows how to invent.

The formula for the historical novel being now fully understood, the ingredients being well known, there is no reason why its numbers should not continue to increase, the value of the output being dependent only on the talent of the compounder. Most of what is contained in Mr. William Farquhar Payson's *John Vytal* has been served up time and again,

IN THE NAME OF A WOMAN. By Arthur W. Marchmont. Illustrated. F. A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

JOHN VYTAL. By William Farquhar Payson. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.20.

yet there is a certain crude force in the way in which he handles adventure. His love element, too, is according to the recipe, but somewhat less well done. A tale of Elizabethan days, even when its scenes are mainly laid in the New World, must begin in London; there must be a tavern in it, a midnight brawl, and, if possible, one of the group of immortals whose flower is Shakespeare. Marlowe fills the rôle in this tale of the "Lost Colony" on Roanoke Island, on the coast of Virginia, and, undoubtedly, there can be no serious objection in a novel to a fictitious trip to America of the poet, whose life leaves so much to conjecture. An episode in the early days of Anglo-Saxon expansion of which history tells us practically nothing, least of all of its ultimate failure, justifies the novelist in any liberty he chooses to take. Mr. Payson has taken many, and taken them well. His book is a fair specimen of a historical novel of the second class, and nothing more.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's books are a firmly established fact in popular American fiction. It has become the fashion, nay, more, a tenet of our literary creed, to regard them *du haut en bas*, and to refuse to treat them seriously. Mr. Gunter himself, so far as we are aware, has never asked to be treated seriously; he seeks to amuse the multitude, and he succeeds. He deals fairly with it, giving it invariably what he has taught it to expect, therefore his reward is great. A careless writer, having found an easy road to success, he does not trouble to exert himself, to adorn his undoubted ingenuity in the invention of stories to tell. He is as timely as ever in *Tangled Flags*, practically the first novel based on the Boxer rising. An American girl is its heroine, a Japanese soldier and gentleman, its hero, but the two do not marry;

there is a deeper thrill in his sacrifice of his life for her sake, for the colors must be vivid in a book of this kind, the contrasts strong. The villains here are not only the Chinese; the white race, too, produces a few. The horrors of Pekin on a smaller scale, an American officer and his betrothed, treachery, bravery, chivalry, and just a spice of the forbidden in one or two places—it is all very simple, yet Mr. Gunter alone knows just how to do it to suit his following.

The "young person" must have "serious" books; the "young person" shall have them. Her immature conception of the tragedy of life must be catered to, even though it bear no relation to the stern reality she will face later on. Eugenia Brooks Frothingham's *The Turn of the Road* is a serious tale of life for the immature, who are likely to read it with rapture. The maiden's ideal of the masterful man meekly wooing a little chit, who, having as yet no mind of her own, continues to refuse him, is here in all its glory, with, towards the end, blindness, to make the heroine's ultimate love for the man more impressive. She is an opera-singer, who "lacks temperament" until passion unlocks for her the mystery of the highest art, temperament being apparently, according to the author, the result of emotional experience, and not a matter of intuition, the crowning gift. The story is evidently written with honest conviction, but it bears only a slight resemblance to life. It is, however, far superior to such efforts in the same direction as the amazing books of the author of "The Princess Sonia," or the strange compositions of Miss Myrtle Reed.

Platonic love, Sir Walter Besant's school of literature, the present craze for self-advertisement in London, and stock-gambling—these are the subjects of Mr.

Frankfort Moore's genuinely amusing satire in *According to Plato*, which, in addition, contains a fresh, though not strikingly original, love-story. Satire and story are not too closely welded together, being, in fact, set side by side with a simplicity that is unexpectedly successful, even though it makes one suspect that Mr. Moore likes to take his ease while composing his innumerable books. The inventor who is in secret a true poet harks back, of course, to Mr. Kipling's emphasis upon the romance of science, a field that still remains largely fallow, though its horrors, chiefly in the dark domain of heredity, have been assiduously and depressingly exploited. The fun poked at the school of literature is excellent, the advertising agent on ultra-modern lines, devoted chiefly to the forwarding of the interests of social aspirants, ingeniously conceived. In fact, the whole book is entertaining, with a real spontaneity that is surprising in so old a hand as Mr. Frankfort Moore, who has, we believe, already nearly fifty titles to his credit.

In *The Heiress of the Forest*, Eleanor C. Price tells what she calls in her subtitle "A Romance of Old Anjou." It is a very simple tale, of seventeenth-century rural France, of the heiress of the Marquis de Montaigle, and of the efforts of his relatives to bring about a marriage between the girl and one of their sons, that the wide domain and great wealth of the Montaigles may not pass out of the family. Hence dark intrigue with, on one hand, René's rascally relations and on the other, her guardian, the Abbess of Montrévault, her father's young ward, whose ultimate union with the girl the reader may suspect, and the traditional faithful servitors, her mother's foster-

brothers. Nor should the little jester be forgotten, with his heroic soul in a weak body. This story differs vastly from the usual historical novel, in that it carefully omits all meddling by historical personages in its affairs, leaving the Sun King in Versailles, with his Montespan. The book is far from bad, the utter isolation of the rural districts of those days, which made each castle and its dependency a little domain in itself, being deftly reflected. Miss Price is a painstaking "minor novelist."

Much as she has made of her material, Mrs. Jennette Lee should have made far more of it. *A Pillar of Salt* has a good plot, but it does not begin to grip the reader until late in the book, being delayed through many pages by scenes of New England life that are reminiscent rather than descriptive, for to the New Englander alone can they be fully understandable. Her types of the factory town—the women, the clergyman, etc.—are mere silhouettes, and even her hero and heroine are somewhat shadowy, this indistinctness rather favoring the portrait of the dreamy inventor, but blurring that of his wife. Under the surface her mind and emotions are working.—Mrs. Lee knows this, and so tells the reader, but she leaves the direction and import of this inward activity in doubt, for the reader to interpret as he lists. The inventor, ignorant of all else but his machinery, unpractical, unaware even of the monetary value of what he creates, is an interesting figure with which the history of the industry of the last fifty years in this country is more familiar than is its fiction. Such a man is the central figure of this story. Mrs. Lee has still much to learn of the art in which she is a newcomer, and the learning will be worth her while, for she has something to tell.

ACCORDING TO PLATO. By Frankfort Moore. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE HEIRESS OF THE FOREST. By Eleanor C. Price. Lothrop Publishing Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

A PILLAR OF SALT. By Jennette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

A rather palpable lack of the philosophic spirit makes Mrs. Emma Wolf's *Heirs of Yesterday*, a story for American Hebrews, rather than for American Christians. Jewish "exclusiveness" and Gentile "intolerance" are in essence much the same thing: the social and racial friction is mutual. It was needless to make practically the only Christian in this book such an unmitigated cad; it weakens the argument. For the rest, this is a study in social evolution and the persistence of racial allegiance—a bit of our every day life found in other than Jewish circles. The son of the successful immigrant who, having tasted of better things, and acquired a wider outlook, attempts to soar beyond the narrower, plainer life of the home whence he sprang, is with us always. In this case he ignores his race and religion, not denying them, but allowing the impression that he is a Christian to pass uncontradicted; and it is not until he has been found out that the awakening takes place. He is a sorry hero at the best, far inferior to the other types in the tale—fine, hearty specimens of the race, men and women of flesh and blood and spirit as we know them. A book of this kind is a truer study of the American Hebrew than are the stories of the New York Ghetto, which is essentially foreign; and perhaps next time Mrs. Wolf will deal a little more gently with the Gentile who wanders into her tale.

Occasionally the strain of the Byron-cum-Werther romance as it survived in the first half of this century appears again for a moment in the fiction of the hour, and the old stock, modified by years and literary fashions and collateral hereditary influences, is found to be still serviceable. *The Crimson Weed* is such a

tale, of the present day in garb and circumstance, but in essence of the days before Victoria was crowned, old-fashioned, eighteenth-century almost, in the intensity of its characters and situations. The old castle in the prologue is an Italian one, but the sequel, which is the story itself, is laid in England. It is the England of to-day, the social England of Mr. Benson and Mr. Mallock, but how naïvely old-fashioned it all appears! Even the impropriety of the worldly wife of the rich parvenu is of the past. The heroine is not improper; hers is a great passion, basely betrayed; the youth who is her son faints even, all in the good old way. The story does not end logically, according to the rules of modern art. It proceeds to the end with the lapse of years and their disillusion; but it is well worth while to stray through its pages back into a forgotten form of English romance.

Mr. E. W. Hornung has added another Australian "episode" to the list of his books. *The Shadow of a Man* is slighter in texture, lighter in touch than is "Pec-cavi," but here, as in all his volumes as they have succeeded each other, there is discernible again the constant deepening of the study of character, and the equally constant progress in the technique of story-telling. Mr. Hornung still wavers between two methods; let us hope that he will continue to do so, for there is real pleasure in all this series of Australian tales, less enduring, perhaps, than the possibilities of the development of the tragic side of this author's talent, but certainly not evanescent, because they are sound, admirable art. The interest of the situation itself, the sterling quality of the young woman, her winsome, lovable, noble femininity when face to face with the shadow which darkens her betrothed's path, are strong enough to carry inferior

HEIRS OF YESTERDAY. By Emma Wolf. A. C. McClurg Co., 12mo, \$1.00.

THE CRIMSON WEED. By Christopher St. John. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE SHADOW OF A MAN. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.95.

workmanship to success. But here everything is finished, polished with the art that hides the traces of the work-shop; it may have been hard writing, it is certainly delightful reading.

The second of Messrs. Harper & Bros.' series of twelve American novels to be published during the current year, is Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier's *The Sentimentalists*, a tale of unquestionable cleverness, if of but little more than average merit. The laudable aim of this undertaking is, of course, the discovery of new American genius, and its introduction to a waiting public, but there is no trace of the greatest of gifts in either this story, or its predecessor, "Eastover Courthouse." It is, in fact, a question that obtrudes itself more and more, whether the conditions of present-day American life will furnish inspiration for any but the most highly endowed writers. With us the superficialities of things reaches rather far below the surface, if the paradox be allowable. Meanwhile, Mr. Pier's story is far from bad. Its love interest is the less attractive element, the one dominating figure being Mrs. Kent, the widow of a Western druggist, who moves to Boston to advance her children's interests, and becomes a social impostor, and somewhat of an adventuress in a harmless way. She is slightly vulgar, has a sense of humor, a nimble brain, and a sharp tongue, as her enemies discover to the reader's entertainment.

M. Paul Bourget's *The Disciple*, published a little over ten years ago in France was the first indication of the gradual change of its author's attitude towards life; as he himself shortly afterwards confessed, from being an impassive psychologist, he had become a "moralist." *The Disciple* is a novel with a moral, though it is an abstruse one. It tells the story of

a young man who puts into practice the theories of an eminent philosopher, a man who knows nothing of life, because he lives in the world of pure thought, and who ignores the real power of the emotions, because he has never felt it. His evolutionist "Theory of the Passions," which ascribes an animal origin to human sensibility, is tested by the disciple, who succeeds so well that he drives a young girl to suicide, but not before his scientific interest has given way to a more human one. He is accused of murder, while the moral responsibility for the tragedy is laid upon the master, whose eyes are opened to the dangerous influence abstract scientific theories may have upon the thought and practice of young men. The story is by far the ablest of M. Bourget's many books. He owes a word of thanks, by the way, to his gifted translator whose name does not appear on the title-page.

The first novel of Mr. Frederick W. Hayes, "A Kent Squire," suffered somewhat from an overcrowding of the canvas, but it was a good romantic-historical tale for all that. The same may be said of his second venture, *Gwynett of Thornhaugh*, in which the Squire again makes his appearance, to go through a second series of adventures no less exciting than the first. Mr. Hayes does not take history too seriously, he uses it to best advantage for his own purpose, and avails himself liberally of the novelist's license, but it is skilfully done, and the reputation of neither Louis XIV at the end of his reign, nor of the Regent, Marlborough or Mme. Scarron, suffers really in the process. We have here a series of vivid pictures of exquisitely mannered well-born people whose souls are black with all wickedness and

THE DISCIPLE. By Paul Bourget. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

GWYNETT OF THORNHAUGH. By Frederick W. Hayes. Illustrated. F. M. Lupton Pub. Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

roguery; and there are plot and frustration, planned murder, and other thrilling things in generous measure. This is exactly the book for people who like that kind of thing, and even those who do not care for it particularly in theory, will learn to tolerate it while reading Mr. Hayes. For the guidance of those who have not read "A Kent Squire," he has prefixed to this volume a clear synopsis of its plot.

The worldly wisdom of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is very innocent in essence, being but a pose assumed by him for a professional purpose—the captivation of the fancy of youths and maidens who are still attracted by the Byronic Don Juan tradition. His romance is equally *voulu* and insincere, a thin rill trickling weakly through a desert of thought; and his literary lore is a matter of ornament for his books, rather than a staff of life to be given to others. *The Love Letters of the King* is the latest of his works of the imagination, and also the least profitable. It is dragged out painfully to its allotted length, with musings by the way that are merely a waste of time to the reader, and with little clevernesses that are provoking. Mr. Le Gallienne is the eternal writer of sweet eighteen, and of darkling masculine twenty-one, wrapped in the mantle of its imaginary wickedness. To mature men and women he is a puzzle, which they hardly try to solve, because the solution must be unprofitable. All of which is to be applied only to his fiction. His literary pilgrimages, if not profound, are of real help to many, who aspire to a place among the *illuminati*.

Peter Rosegger's *The Forest Schoolmaster*, translated by Frances E. Skinner, is unlikely to repeat in its English dress the popularity it has attained in Austria. Ro-

segger is the local story-teller of Styria, the chronicler also of the province's manners and customs, the lover of the beauties of its mountains and forests. Much of what he tells can have no meaning for foreigners, who lack the knowledge of the Styrian peasantry, without which their superstitions and legends cannot be fully understood. This book can hardly be called a novel: the slight thread of fiction at the beginning but serves to introduce a series of reminiscences of the life of the Styrian foresters and charcoal-burners in the early days of the century, and of the changes brought about among them by civilization, slowly penetrating the isolation of their mountainous retreats. The "schoolmaster," self-exiled and anxious to serve, is the instrument of civilization, but the author makes him a lovable apostle as well.

There is nothing about *Milly*, a novel by Mr. Maurice Thompson, to indicate whether it is an old or a new story—nothing, that is to say, in the way of a copyright date or notice of previous publication. But the internal evidence points to the author's youth, the story is so naïve, both in conception and in workmanship, so simply immature. It is "A Romance of the Southland," but Mr. Thompson had not yet learned when he wrote this tale to express in words his appreciation and love of the beauties of Nature. Being dead, he cannot protect his literary reputation, which is not likely to be enhanced by the revival of his earliest work. The last of him was so much better than his first, but his first seems unhappily predestined to represent him with the multitude.

A. Schade van Westrum.

THE FOREST SCHOOLMASTER. By Peter Rosegger. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

MILLY: AT LOVE'S EXTREMES. By Maurice Thompson Illustrated. New Amsterdam Book Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF THE KING. By Richard Le Gallienne. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

539.—(1) Who created Mrs. Malaprop—was it not Hood?

(2) Who wrote "Little Boy Blue"?

(3) To whom did Mrs. Craik refer in her poem, "Philip, my king"?

(4) What German philosopher compared the moral law to the heavens for sublimity?

(5) What American statesman wrote a diary of his town on the Ohio?

(6) Who described a battle between a man and a cannon?
J. E. B.

(1) Sheridan, in his comedy "The Rivals." But perhaps the original is Shakespeare's Hostess Quickly.

(2) You will find him in "Mother Goose's Melodies." But perhaps you refer to an exquisite little poem with that title by Eugene Field.

(3) To Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English poet (1850-1887).

(4) We believe it was Kant who said that two things most strongly appealed to him—the moral consciousness within him and the starry heavens above him.

(6) Victor Hugo, in "Toilers of the Sea."

540.—(1) Kindly inform me what is the national song of Protestant Germany, and who wrote it?

(2) What American statesman declared a standing army to be a peril to a republic?

T. P. B.

(2) More than one has so declared.

541.—Enclosed I send you what are evidently some extracts or quotations from some book, essay or lecture on the character of Jesus Christ. I have no knowledge whatever of the source from which they came, in what manner they were communicated, or who was the author. They impress me so forcibly I am very desirous to find and obtain the lecture or book from which the extracts were taken.

W. L. S.

The following extract from the passages enclosed by our correspondent will probably be sufficient to recall the essay to anyone who is familiar with it: "Recently there has been some controversy in the literary world as to whether Shakespeare wrote the wonderful collection of plays that bears his name. But if criticism should succeed

in annihilating Shakespeare and proving that Bacon was the author, the world would be no poorer, for we would still have the plays and know that their unequaled author once lived, even if called by a different name. So, if it were possible to prove that Jesus Christ never lived, infidelity would still stand face to face with the unalterable truth that some person just as great and good as Christ did once live, and the infidel would find that he had merely raised a doubt about the particular name of that person."

542.—Do you happen to know of anyone that has been called "the British Aristides"? O. C.

543.—(1) Who were the Cockney poets?

(2) Is the curfew bell so often alluded to by the poets still rung in England?

(3) Who were the Seven Wise Masters?

T. L.

(1) At first, Leigh Hunt and John Keats, so nicknamed by John G. Lockhart. Afterward some included Hazlitt and Shelley with them.

(2) It is said that the bell is still rung at eight o'clock in the evening in half a hundred places in England, but we cannot name the towns.

(3) That is a collection of stories made in Germany in the Middle Ages. They are connected by the thread of another story about a good prince and a wicked stepmother.

544.—(1) Can you tell me who is the author of a little poem that has the refrain—

"'Creep afore ye gang'?"

(2) What is a Skellig list?

(3) I would like to know the author of this quotation:

"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."

And also of this:

"No man who is correctly informed as to the past is disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present."
S. S.

(1) It was written by James Ballantine (Scotland, 1808-1877).

(2) It was a rude ballad that used to be published in Cork, Ireland, on Shrove Tuesday. It was a rhymed catalogue of bachelors and unmarried women who were advised to make a pilgrimage to the Skelligs, rocky islets off the coast of Kerry, which had been frequented for prayer and penance.

(3) We think it is Emerson's.

545.—Can you or any reader tell me anything about William S. Cardell, who wrote the Jack Halliard books years ago?
J. R.

525.—The poem referred to is called "Through the Ages: A Legend of a Stone Axe." It appeared in a publication printed by the American Book Exchange, called "The Library Magazine," Vol. I, May, 1879. It had previously appeared in the "New Quarterly Magazine."
M. E. K.

Answered also by H. J. B., who kindly sends a copy of the magazine, which the inquirer can have if he will send his address. The author's name is not attached to the poem.

529.—The first two lines of those asked for may be found, with a slight difference, in a hymn by the Rev. R. Lowry, of which the first stanza reads:

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door."

F. C. W.

ANSWERS
517.—In one of the early chapters of "The Virginians," Thackeray speaks of the mountaineers as making sugar from the maples when they are clad in their flowing autumn foliage. I have never seen this remarked upon in print. The author of "A Friend of Cæsar," a Harvard professor, makes Arcturus and Orion look down upon the summer landscape in Rome.
H. L. W.

W. L. H. writes that in an old hymn-book the verses are credited to Urania Lock Bailey.

1897

1900

SOME RESULTS

During the past three years and a half the present management has endeavored to develop every department of THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER to the highest degree of excellence, and has met with such gratifying success that to-day the paper is recognized as one of the best edited in New York, with a high-class circulation that cannot be duplicated. Knowing these facts leading advertisers in various lines of business have so largely made use of its columns for their announcements that the figures for the year 1900 show the following percentages of increase over 1897:

Financial	Increase	69 Per Cent.
Instruction	Increase	132 Per Cent.
Real Estate	Increase	153 Per Cent.
Summer Resorts	Increase	170 Per Cent.
Publishers	Increase	186 Per Cent.

THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER
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1897

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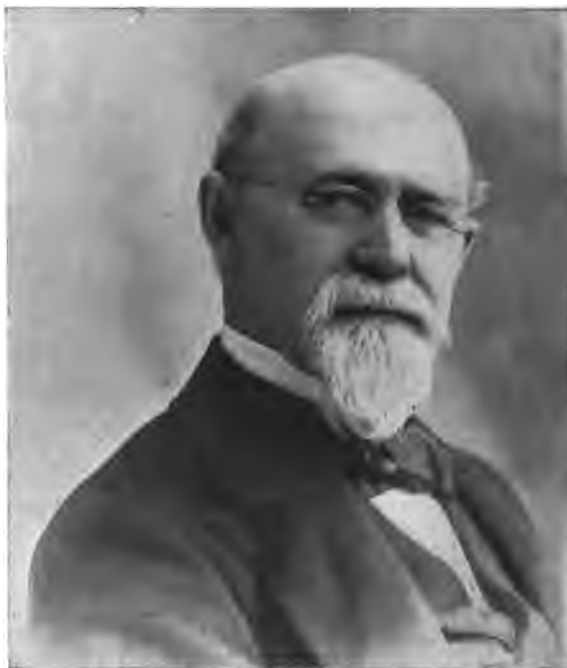
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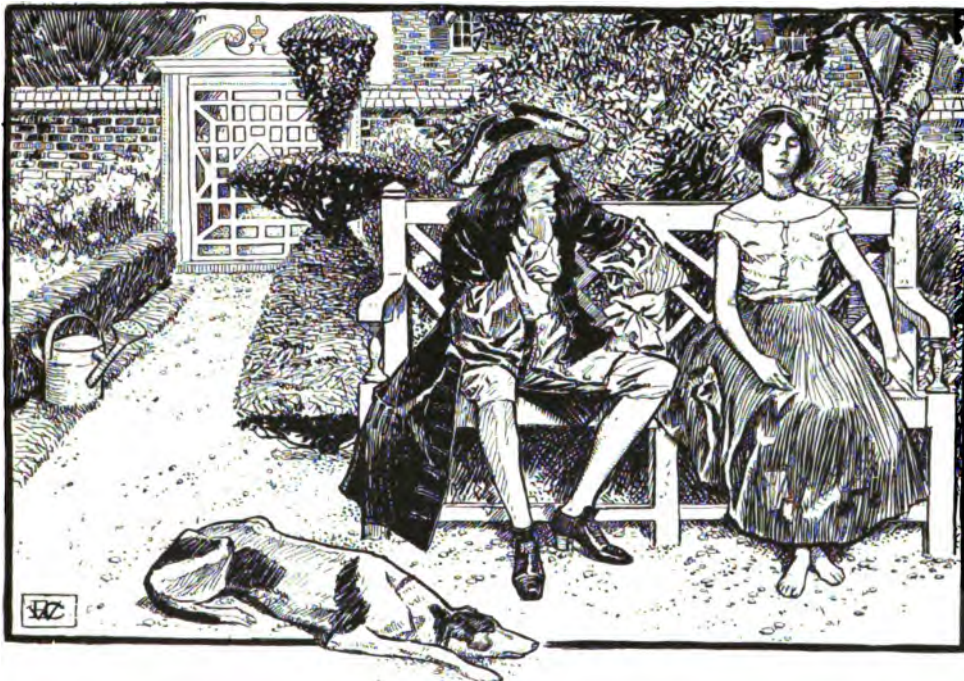
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THE RAMBLER

A NEW portrait of Bret Harte shows that veteran romancer unmoved by the lapse of years—certainly he did not look younger or more debonnaire ten years ago than in this photograph taken within a few weeks.

It is not only in personal appearance that Bret Harte holds his own so magnificently: his latest work can be measured by the old standards, and shows the same living spark as of old. We cannot agree, for instance, with our neighbor, the *Bookman*, in its criticism of the story about Colonel Starbottle, lately published in *Harper's*. It seems to us that in "Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff," the familiar definite, peculiar chords are struck full and clear, as only Bret Harte does strike them. We have in America to-day scores of men writing good stories for every one who attracted attention when Bret Harte wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp;" possibly there are a dozen writers, now, who stand, geographically, in what was distinctively Bret Harte's literary bailiwick. But the disappearance of the "Old West" from the map has made it impossible that any writer should now write of miners and plainsmen as Harte wrote

about them—from the very midst of them, breathing their atmosphere, speaking their tongue. Yet Bret Harte himself, who cut the die that made so deep an impression on American literature a quarter of a century ago, still has the vision of his old west in his brain, and when he writes stories laid in the old surroundings, he makes a reissue of the old coinage: it rings true and nobody could mistake for it any of the counterfeits which are put in circulation from time to time.



Not very long ago a writer in one of the English quarterlies expressed admiration of the firm hold which Bret Harte retained upon his old power. And we think it all holds true to-day, and that his art is as good as it ever was. In "Under the Redwoods," the new book of collected stories which his publishers have just issued, the old charm persists. It is not the charm of the newest fashion in story writing—Bret Harte's master was certainly Dickens. His stories show it in their grain, and Harte transplanted veritable Dickens heroes and heroines to the sierras. Sentimental, highly-colored, exaggerated in de-



THE "POTTER HOUSE."

tail, the charm of these stories is the same charm that beguiled the readers of Dickens, and it is not too bold a claim, to say that one may go back to the creator of John Oakhuret with much of the same pleasure that one goes back to the creator of Mr. Micawber and Pip and Eugene Wrayburn; and find in his work just such genuine, absorbing entertainment as that of the miners in the familiar poem:

"Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

* * * * *

"And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles
shaken
From out the gusty pine."

Miss Hildegard Brooks, whose story of adventure, "Without a Warrant," is reviewed on another page, is the daughter of the late Thomas Barton Brooks, the geologist, whose home was at New Windsor, near Newburg, on the Hudson. Miss Brooks's education was begun in Germany, though she graduated at the Quaker College of Swarthmore, in Pennsylvania. During recent years the family have spent

about half the time on their plantation of Roselands, in an estate of some 5,000 acres in the pine woods of Georgia, near the Chattahoochee River. Besides Roselands, there is another old house on the big estate, called the Potter House, and it is in this neighborhood that the scene of her dashing story is laid. Miss Brooks is devoted to out-of-door life, and is a famous horsewoman. "Without a Warrant" was written when she was twenty-one years old. She had previously written many shorter stories, but apparently found more pleasure in writing them than in their publication, for she has made little effort in that direction. She is much averse to anything that looks like self-advertisement, and prefers not to have her portrait published.

✱

Soon after Dreyfus was pardoned in September, 1899, an offer was made to him for his autobiography. He did not consider the proposition, and for a year and a half his own story of the trial and his martyrdom was not given to the world. The reason for the delay was simply that until recently it was a physical impossibility for this man who had endured all things unendurable to prepare an autobiography.

✱

After four and a half years on Devil's Island he was a physical wreck. Steevens described him, when he entered the courtroom at Rennes, as an "old, old man of thirty-nine," with hair "gone white as silver." The words fell from his lips as "from the lips of a corpse." Such a man could not possibly have produced an intelligent account of his sufferings. All he could say was, "I am innocent!"

✱

After his pardon he retired to a quiet little village near Geneva, Switzerland, where, surrounded by his family, he sought to regain, in a measure, the health and

strength which his awful exile had cost him. For many months he was not capable of sustained brain work, but the time he could spend in mental effort was devoted to the preparation of the manuscript which is now published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., under the title "Five Years of My Life." Besides the personal story, the volume contains the diary which he kept on Devil's Island until he thought his death was near. Interspersed through the text are letters of Madame Dreyfus to her husband, quite remarkable in themselves.



The latest arrival in the field of toy magazines is called *The Manuscript*, and is published by Dr. M. M. Miller, the literary agent. His first number is as scintillating as one might expect a first number of such a periodical to be, and contains many gems of thought, including somewhat extended criticism of Mr. Elbert Hubbard and his methods. From the latter we have room for but the single pearl appended:

THE ROYCROFT IDEAL

"Dear printers," said Fra, the Philistine,
(And he smiled like the cherubim Sistine,
"Learn to work without wages
Like monks of Dark Ages,
Then we shall make books that are pristine."



Mr. Lawrence Binyon is one of the trio of younger English poets who first came into the family of letters in the mid-nineties, the other two being Mr. William Watson and Mr. Binyon's cousin, Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. Binyon is one of the staff of the Print Department of the British Museum. His latest book of verse is to be published at once by Mr. M. F. Mansfield, and is entitled simply "Odes." The title-page of the volume is cut on wood by William Strang. Another of Mr. Binyon's undertakings is the editorship of the new Artists' Library, a series



LAWRENCE BINYON

of monographs in small quarto volumes issuing from the Unicorn Press, London, and published here by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. The four numbers of this Library now ready are devoted to Goya, Altdorfer, Giovanni Bellini, and Hokusai, the Japanese painter. Each issue includes besides the short sketch of the artist's life work, many reproductions in photogravure, color and half-tone of his most notable pictures.



Mr. Charles Henry Webb pours out the vials of his wrath in a poem in the current *Atlantic* called "An Age of Ink." It is comforting, perhaps, to observe that such wrath still dwells in minds celestial as finds sputtering outbreak in these lines:

Of all the ages ever known,
Of Brass or Bronze, of Brick or Stone,
The blackest and the worst, I think,
Is this pestiferous Age of Ink.

In volume vast the torrent pours,
 Its vouldmes blocking all outdoors;
 And fed and fattened as it flows
 With verses scanned and potted prose,
 Though all would dam it—and some do—
 The Deluge still is *apres nous*.
 Lured to the brink women and men
 A moment pause—then dip a pen.

Mr. Webb would seem to be conservative in that he says men and women pause a moment "on the brink" of authorship—it would be hard to say what authority he has for saying that they pause even for a moment. A clever woman in Boston the other day made a good descriptive phrase when she spoke of America as, at present, a land flowing with ink and money.

The first publication of The Laurel Press recently established at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, promises to be a noteworthy example of bookmaking. It will be an edition, limited to 450 copies, of the "Amoretti or Love Sonnets of Edmund Spenser," printed on Arnold's unbleached handmade paper with decorative initials for each sonnet, in form a small quarto volume bound in gray charcoal boards.

Mr. George Gissing's new novel of English politics, "Our Friend the Charlatan," will be published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. this month. The motive of this latest story is the one now so popular of the politician and the woman, but it is here treated in a new way.

Dr. James Ball Naylor, author of "Ralph Marlowe," a new story reviewed on another page of this issue, was born in a log cabin in Morgan County, Ohio, in the latter part of 1860, and grew up as a country boy on a large farm, attending school only about six months during the year. He later took to teaching in the public schools himself. Dr. Naylor began writing for the press about ten or twelve

years ago, most of his contributions appearing in the Western dailies. The way this story, which is his first attempt at sustained writing, is being received argues well for his future as a writer.

Mr. FitzRoy Carrington has written an introductory note for some excellent reproductions, in reduced size, of Dürer's drawings illustrating the Apocalypse, which Mr. R. H. Russell publishes. We reproduce on the opposite page the drawing which is perhaps the most widely known—where, when the fourth beast had spoken, the seer looked "and behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him." Mr. Carrington has shown excellent judgment in having the old cuts made from smaller blocks, which make the prints more effective even than in the original size. Mr. Carrington notes that with a few unimportant exceptions the literal and realistic rendering of mystical ideas which Dürer gave of the Apocalyptic text had about it nothing of the grotesque. With the simplicity of implicit faith Dürer saw nothing incongruous in this exact interpretation of the words of the evangelist, and his earnestness carried him successfully over such difficult artistic problems as that of picturing the Son of Man with "eyes as a flame of fire," and with a sharp two-edged sword proceeding from his mouth. Lack of space in this number forbids the reproduction of this drawing of "The Calling of St. John," which is strikingly effective in the present reproduction. Mr. Carrington has made a picture-book of the most dignified kind.

Among other recent publications of Mr. Russell, two new issues of children's books in the "Wayside Series" deserve commendation. Two of Haw-



THE OPENING OF THE FIRST FOUR SEALS



GENERAL MCCLURG



MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS

thorne's shorter stories compose one volume, and Kingsley's "Perseus" the other. Such books should make book-lovers of children, for inside is the best literature, and all details of manufacture comply rigidly with the canons of the best taste in book-making.

✱

By the death of General Alexander Caldwell McClurg an interesting figure was removed from among the publishers of America. His title was won by gallant service in the Civil War, and throughout his business career his name has always stood for clear thought, high principles and sturdy common sense. General McClurg wrote much on military matters, and was for a long time the Chicago authority upon old books. With him his book-seller's trade was a profession, and he never lost sight of its dignity. He died in Florida on April 15th, after a painful illness.

Through the courtesy of her publishers we are able to present herewith the most recent portrait of Miss Mary Harriott Norris, author of "The Gray House of the Quarries," whose new story is about to appear from the press of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company, of Boston. This new book is entitled "The Grapes of Wrath," and it is believed will rank as a really great American novel of the civil war. The title is suggested, of course, by Mrs. Howe's line :

"He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored."

Miss Norris is a native of New Jersey, and traces her descent through Revolutionary ancestors back to one of the original patentees of New Jersey. She is a graduate of Vassar College, and for a number of years has conducted a private school in New York City.

✱

The new edition of short lives of nota-

ble Americans, coming from the presses of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., admirably supplements the work begun with the inauguration of the Beacon Biographies, including as it does histories of many of the great personages of our past not to be found in the latter series. The six issues of this Riverside Series now ready contain the lives of William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson and James B. Eads.

We believe Miss Imogen Clark's portrait is now published for the first time. Her novel, "God's Puppets," is already in its second edition.



IMOGEN CLARK

A new monthly magazine called *American Country Life* is to be started next October by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Its field is to be very wide—it is said to be "intended to interest every one who cares for out-of-door matters of any kind." There is an English periodical called *Country Life*, in which many fine photographs of English scenery appeared, and became so popular that the pictures, with the accompanying text, have been issued in a book called "Gardens New and Old," which is reviewed elsewhere in this number. The new American periodical is to have a much wider scope, including nature study, many articles upon suburban life, besides, as we understand, departments of sports and general athletics. The size of the page will be a little smaller than *Harper's Weekly*, and its illustrations are planned upon an elaborate scale. It will be edited by Mr. Liberty H. Bailey, who, as editor of the *Cornell Nature Bulletins*, author, professor and practical farmer, has done much to promote interest in things out of doors. Of similar interest is a new book of "Nature Biographies," by Professor Clarence Moores Weed, announced by the same firm, which

places the reader on terms of personal acquaintance with the more common butterflies, grasshoppers, etc.

Literature publishes the letter which Mr. Kipling sent to the *Times* with his "Recessional" poem, thus disposing of all the fairy tales about its accidental rescue from the waste basket, and many other like fables. Mr. Kipling wrote a short note offering the poem "on the usual terms"—i. e., no pay and permission to include in collective edition—and suggested that if the poem were acceptable it might be well to get it in on Saturday "to end the week piously."

Literature also publishes as supplement a new portrait of Mr. Kipling, etched by Mr. William Strang. This shows Kipling seated with his arms full of his puppets—Mulvaney, Mowgli, and a jumble of Hindus and Newfoundland fishermen, while subordinated are the figures of the elephant, the tiger, the python, and the masts of ships. The author's head is thrown back, and the drawing is as forcible as Mr. Strang's drawing always is. The figure is that of a seer and the portrait is very effective.



JOHN L. MOTLEY



F. S. COZZENS



HENRY J. RAYMOND



GEORGE P. MORRIS



FREDERICK PALMER

Mr. Coster supplies us with three more old portraits this month. The picture of the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers" was made by Brady, and the portraits of the famous editor and historian were published by Anthony, though made from old Brady negatives. For the picture of General Morris we are indebted to Mr. Peter Gilsey, in whose collection the original belongs.

Mr. Frederick Palmer, whose "Ways of the Service" has just been published by the Scribners, is said to have had a wider experience than any other of the younger war correspondents. He was first sent to the Greek war by the *New York Press*, and later reported the Spanish war for the same newspaper. Then he went to the Philippines, and went on to China, arriving at Peking with the relief column. His stories are the direct outgrowth of his observation of army life; in fact, Mr. Palmer declares it is impossible to give a reader a right idea of the progress of a campaign

in correspondence, where facts are told without embellishment. Thus, he thinks, his fiction should be found to be truer than much that is written as fact.

✽

Mr. Francis W. Halsey is a journalist of some thirty years' experience in the best schools the country affords. For two years after his graduation from Cornell, in 1873, he edited a morning newspaper, the *Times*, of Binghamton, N. Y., and then, after a correspondence with White-law Reid, came to New York. On the staff of the *Tribune* Mr. Halsey, with other less important work, prepared obituary notices of famous men, went to the Paris Fair in 1878 for his paper and gained his experience, which has been invaluable in editing the *Saturday Times*, by contributing book notices and literary news to the *Tribune's* literary column, then conducted by Dr. George Ripley.

In 1880 Mr. Halsey joined the staff of the *New York Times*, and for several



FRANCIS W. HALSEY



OWEN JOHNSON

years filled the post of foreign editor. When Charles de Kay was appointed Consul-General to Berlin Mr. Halsey succeeded to the chair of literary editor, which he still holds as editor of the *Saturday Review*.

Although his editorial duties have allowed small leisure for outside work, Mr. Halsey has been engaged for the past nine years in extended research for the material which he has utilized in his book, "The Old New York Frontier," an account of the early history of the headwaters of the Susquehanna from Otsego Lake to the Pennsylvania, the scene of the most famous of our border wars. This history, which includes much new and interesting matter not at the disposal of earlier historians, has just been published. Besides "The Old New York Frontier," Mr. Halsey has published a volume of correspondence and one of family history.



GWENDOLEN OVERTON

He was married in 1883 to Virginia Isabel Forbes, who died in January, 1899.

For the portraits of Mr. Owen Johnson, author of "Arrows of the Almighty," and of Miss Gwendolen Overton, author of "The Heritage of Unrest," we are indebted to their publishers, the Macmillan Co.

An unpublished hymn by Longfellow called "Christo et Ecclesiæ," was recently read by the Rev. Dr. Peabody at a morning service in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University. The poem was written for the dedication of the chapel on October 17, 1858. Miss Longfellow has been urged to allow the publication of the poem, but prefers rather to abide by the action of her father in not including it among his published works.

The Rambler.

Saturday, JULY 9, 1864.

[191—175] Oxford Trinity Term ends. Fire Insurance expires.

Since of the Thackeray advertisement appeared, & they look well. This is the one in "Punch."

W. M. THACKERAY.—THE FOLLOWING NOBLEMEN AND

GENTLEMEN have applied to the Very Reverend the Dean of Westminster for permission to erect, in Westminster Abbey, a Memorial to the late WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY:—

Richard Ansdell,	Alfred Elmore,	Mark Lemon,	Richard Owen,
Robert Bell,	Frederick M. Evans,	John Lubbock,	Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P.
John Blackwood,	J. H. Foley,	Samuel Lucas,	Henry T. Prinsep,
William Bradbury,	Thomas Fraser,	Kenneth Macaulay,	R. Redgrave,
Dr. John Brown,	Sir William Fraser, W.P.	Samuel Maclise,	Henry Reeve,
Shirley Brooks,	Lord Granville,	William O. Macready,	Alexander Russell,
Sir Arthur Butler, M.P.	William Ewart Gladstone, M.P.	Lord John Manners,	William H. Russell,
Robert Carruthers,	F. Seymour Haden,	M.P.	David Roberts,
Henry Cole,	James Hannay,	Baron Marchetti,	George Smith,
Wingrove Cooke,	M. J. Higgins,	Theodore Martin,	James Spedding,
Charles A. Collins,	Matthew D. Hill,	David Masson,	Clarkson Stanfield,
John Crawford,	T. H. Hull,	O. G. Merewether,	J. Fitzjames Stephen,
Thomas Creswick,	Lord Broughton,	Herman Merivale,	Sir Charles Taylor,
E. S. Dallas,	George W. Hunt,	John E. Millais,	Tom Taylor,
Charles Dickens,	Holman Hunt,	Alexander Munro,	Martin Thackeray,
John Dickensson,	Henry King,	Sir Roderick Murchison,	Anthony Trollope,
J. H. Dillon,	Charles Knight,	Charles Neale, M.P.	William B. W. Vaux,
Joseph Durham,	John Leech,	Morgan J. O'Connell,	William N. Welsby,
Sir Chas. L. Eastlake,		Henry O'Neill,	Erasmus Wilson.

The Dean of Westminster having granted the desired permission, subscriptions in aid of the object will be received (only) by MESSRS. ROSSETT, LUBBOCK, & Co., 15, Lombard Street, E.C.

Immediately on the closing the subscription, a List of the Contributors will be published, and they will be invited to a Meeting for the purpose of deciding on the necessary arrangements.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, Hon. Sec.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE THACKERAY MEMORIAL. CLIPPED FROM "PUNCH" AND PASTED IN BROOKS'S DIARY

THE THACKERAY MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ON the morning of December 24, 1863, Thackeray was found dead in his bed in Kensington. One of his biographers wrote of the event as follows:

"He was no better in the evening [of Wednesday, December 23], and his valet, Charles Sargent, left him at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, Mr. Thackeray wishing him 'Good night' as he went out of the room. At nine o'clock on the following morning the valet, entering his master's chamber as usual, found him lying on his back quite still, with his arms spread over the coverlet; but he took no notice, as he was accustomed to see his master thus after one of his stomach attacks. He brought some coffee and set it

down beside the bed, and it was only when he returned after an interval and found that the cup had not been tasted that a sudden alarm seized him and he discovered that his master was dead. About midnight Mr. Thackeray's mother, who slept overhead, had heard him get up and walk about his room; but she was not alarmed, as this was a habit of her son when unwell. It is supposed that he had, in fact, been seized at the time, and that the violence of the attack had brought on the effusion on the brain which, as the post-mortem examination showed, was the immediate cause of death. His medical attendant attributed his death to effusion on the brain, and added that he had a very



THE POETS' CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—SHOWING THE THACKERAY MEMORIAL BUST IN THE CORNER

large brain, weighing no less than 58 1-2 oz. He thus died of the complaint which seemed to trouble him less."

On Friday, January 1, 1864, Shirley Brooks wrote in his diary: "Thackeray's death is on all our minds just now, and will be. The notice in *Punch* is quoted everywhere."

The same page contains a newspaper clipping from the *Scotsman*, which tells that within a black border *Punch* [for January 2] has the following notice, "evidently from the pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks."

"While generous tributes are everywhere paid to the genius of him who has been suddenly called away in the fullness of his power and the maturity of his fame, some who have for many years enjoyed the advantage of his assistance and the delight of his society would simply record that they have lost a dear friend. At an early period in the history of this periodical [1842, one year after its beginning] he became a contributor to its pages, and he long continued to enrich them, and though of late he had ceased to give other aid than suggestion and advice, he was a constant member of our council, and sat with us on the eighth day from that which has saddened England's Christmas. Let the brilliancy of his trained intellect, the terrible strength of his satire, the subtlety of his wit, the richness of his humor, and the catholic range of his calm wisdom, be themes for others; the mourning friends who inscribe these lines to his memory think of the affectionate nature, the cheerful companionship, the large heart and open hand, the simple courteousness, and the endearing frankness of a brave, true, honest gentleman whom no pen but his own could depict as those who knew him would desire."

Thackeray's connection with *Punch* ceased in 1854, the year of "The New-comers."

The pen that Mark Lemon called "the gracefulest in London" was called upon a number of times to testify to the greatness of the man who had just died. On January 2nd Mr. Brooks records that Lemon asked him on the part of Thomas Parry "to write a memoir of W. M. T. for the *Illustrated L. N.*" On January 3rd he wrote:

"After E. [Emily, his wife] and the children came from church, she and I walked to Kensal Green cemetery. Saw, what we went to see, W. M. T.'s grave—only a flat stone as yet. I have said 'A statue in the Abbey' in the *Illustrated L. N.* Saw other tombs which I had never seen—Hood, Scott's grandchild . . . and daughters, Molesworth, etc."

"January 5, Tuesday. The memoir of W. M. T. wanted in a hurry, so I wrote it all between 12 and 5." [It was published January 9].

"January 22. Read Thackeray's lectures on the Humorists. I attended and summarized these when I was on the *Chronicle*."

These lectures were delivered in 1851, but not published in book form until 1853.

On February 3 appears the important entry: "Drew up a letter to be sent to private friends of Thackeray, with a view to getting a memorial of him in the Abbey."

"February 4. At Westminster, had to dawdle about—looked into the Abbey, and at many places where a memorial to Thackeray might be placed."

"February 15. In the matter of Thackeray, which I will head in future extracts W. M. T., resolved to write to Dickens, and did. I don't think it is a letter of which I should be ashamed, or to which he ought to return a cold answer. I said that 'accidents had interrupted our intercourse, but I could solemnly say that I was unaware of any reason why that sepa-

ration should be prolonged, and that my sentiments toward him had always been, and were, those expressed on the second page of a book that could never reappear without that inscription.' And I asked for his name. I also wrote to Lord Houghton (Milnes) who a long time ago wrote me a long letter of thanks for defending Landor."

"February 17. A very friendly letter from Dickens, giving me his name, and re-establishing, on his side, friends' relations."

"February 21. Sunday. Called on Lord H[oughton] in Upper Brook St. He had wanted to see me because he does not think we shall get into the Abbey, Lord John Flynn opposing all new tombs, and having excluded Melbourne and Hallam. He, H., will work with us, however. If we can't get the Abbey, we'll try St. Paul's. One of George 4's hareem is in the Abbey. Landor writes very miserably. He is in Browning's house, at Florence."

Lord Melbourne, who died in 1853, and Henry Hallam, the historian, who died in 1859, were buried in St. Paul's.

Two days later Henry T. Prinsep gave his name for the Thackeray fund, and on February 24, the diary continues: "Club, heard from Higgins [M. J. Higgins, a friend of the *Punch* staff], W. M. T. D. [dined] *Punch*. Sir Joseph Paxton—nobbled him for W. M. T. E. M. War', painter, sends me a photograph from a picture of his of Thackeray in his study—not a bit like."

This picture is in the possession of Richard Hurst, Esq., and is reproduced in Spielmann's "History of *Punch*."

Sir Joseph Paxton, M. P., an intimate friend of Mark Lemon, was a frequent visitor at the *Punch* dinners. He used to entertain certain members of the staff at Chatsworth, where he was agent for the Duke of Devonshire, grandfather of the present duke.

During the next few days Mr. Brooks despatched numerous circulars, to many of which he received gratifying answers, "specially one from Dr. [John] Brown, of Edinburgh, who says the Dean will be 'very willing.'" On March 2 Gladstone joined the W. M. T., "but thinks the Dean and C[hapter] will plead want of room."

"Thursday, March 3, the Duke of Manchester writes—very perlitte, but does not like to join W. M. T., not having had time to read his works, though very desirous to do so. Ha! ha! and yet he pretends to have done the Kimbolton papers. Long and good note from Dickens. He says he burns all letters, now that the violation of confidence is the regular thing."

This reference to the Kimbolton papers recalls a bit of literary scandal which is amusing. In 1864 William Montague, the Duke of Manchester, wrote a book in two volumes, "Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne," edited from the papers at Kimbolton. In his preface he gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the "historical knowledge and literary skill" of Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon and Dr. Doran. The opinion of his contemporaries was that he acknowledged his indebtedness with very good reason.

"March 16, Sam Warren [author of 'Ten Thousand a Year'] won't put his name to W. M. T.—the only refusal I have had. Yet he *said* he was intimate with him. People *say*—never mind what."

"March 21 . . . Dined at the Club, vis-à-vis to P. Simpson, who told me some theatrical scandal, as I believe he will do to the Recording Angel, while the latter is looking him up in the index. . . . Gave Clarke the W. M. T. memorial to be engraved."

"Friday, May 27. W. M. G. called, by appointment (about 2) on Dean Stanley, and handed him the memorial. He read it carefully, and said that if we only wished

to erect a bust and tablet, there was no hesitation in the matter, but if we wished for a statue, which I said we did, he should like time to consider, as his predecessor [Dean Trench, 1856-64] had objected to all statues for want of room. I asked him to consider, as we should have the means of erecting such a good statue. He asked me to lunch, but I did not stay, having work, to which went back."

"On June 19, Brooks, Robert Bell and Trollope had a 'W. M. T. talk' and 'agreed that anything in the Abbey was better than anything else, elsewhere.'" June 27 the Dean asked July for consideration, "but I incline to begin." Two days later he wrote to the Dean proposing to announce only a memorial. This proposal was assented to, and the advertisements were printed. The one that appeared in *Punch* is herewith reproduced.

"July 11. This sort of paragraph going about the press:

"Mr. Shirley Brooks, the well-known novelist and contributor to *Punch*, has organized a committee for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the late Mr. Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. Eminent men, both in literature and art, form the executive, and the consent of the Dean—Dean Stanley—having been obtained, they will open their subscription list in a few days. It is to be hoped the memorial will be worthy the man and the nation." [This is a newspaper clipping.]

"July 26. The Dean of Westminster writes to offer a place for a tablet and bust, W. M. T. on a pillar close to the statue of Addison. Copied his letter to



W. M. T.

[From a pencil drawing, unsigned, pasted in Brooks's Diary.]

show. The advertisement bill, hitherto, is about £40."

"Thursday, July 28. Wrote to the Dean to know what the fee is. He answered the same day, £200. I had also asked the bankers what we had got. Their account came in, and it shews only £109, but I see only seven of our memorialists have sent in yet. We must whip."

"August 2. To the Abbey to see the place recommended by the Dean, W. M. T. It is small, and I should have preferred the north, but as Lord Macaulay came first, I suppose his representatives should have right of choice."

Macaulay, who died December 28, 1859, and was buried January 9, 1860, lies at the foot of Addison's statue. His bust is on the north side of that statue, in the west aisle of the south transept, in the

corner corresponding to Thackeray's, and not visible in the illustration. On the opposite side of the pillar in front of which is Addison's statue, and facing in toward the alcove is Thackeray's bust, in a less conspicuous position than Macaulay's, which can be at once seen as the visitor approaches from the north entrance.

"Thursday, October 20. Reform Club 3. C. Taylor, Bell, Dallas, C. Reade and self only attended. Agreed to ask Baron Marochetti whether he would do the bust of W. M. T. and on what terms. I was to write to him, which I have done, adding that I had regretted having been prevented from accepting an invitation to meet him at W. M. T.'s and that I then little thought that such a communication as I was then making could be the substitute for an introduction I should have valued so highly.

"Tuesday, October 25. W. M. T. Very nice letter from Marochetti, who is in France. Will do anything. I will call on his return."

The Thackeray memorial at this time gave way in interest to the death of John Leech, which occurred October 29th. Not until a week after his funeral on November 4th does the diary contain a reference to it.

"Friday, November 11. Called on Marochetti as to W. M. T. He does not much like the site, but thinks we had better secure it, in case of accidents. Would name no price—could leave that to the committee—is going to Ireland to put up a monument to Beresford, Abp, and will be home at end of month.

"November 23. To Club. W. M. T. meeting. We settled to tell Marochetti that he must fix a price, to write to the Dean, accepting the site, and to the contributors to whip them up. Paxton came and gave 25 guineas. Also power over the fund given to me, by signature of Trol-

lope, Sir C. Taylor, Sir J. Paxton, Bell and Dallas.

"Tuesday, November 29. Heard from Dean Stanley and Baron Marochetti. The latter, being desired to name terms, says £200 and £50 for fixing. I take it on myself to tell him to go ahead.

"Wednesday, November 30. Wrote Marochetti and Sir C. Taylor. So that is clenched and I may say that *I* have caused a monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey. *My children may like to know that I originated the idea, and have worked it out. Certainly it has been no particular labor, beyond writing to people and getting them together, but this had to be done, and nobody else stepped out to do it.* . . . Drew cheque on W. M. T. fund for ads. and left it at Eyre's [advertising agent].

"December 1. Paragraph in *Times* announcing what had been done, W. M. T., and that subscriptions might be sent to Taylor, Paxton, Bell, Dallas, or myself. . . . Heard from Marochetti—he is to see the Dean after the 15th, and will begin directly."

There is no further reference to Thackeray in the diary. Neither *Punch* for 1865 nor *The Illustrated London News* contains mention of the completion of the memorial. Dean Stanley in his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey" says, "Lord Macaulay rests at the foot of the statue of Addison, whose character and genius none had painted as he. . . . And whilst, from one side of that statue, his bust looks towards the Royal Sepulchre, in the opposite niche is enshrined that of another no less profound admirer of *The Spectator*, who had often expressed his interest in the spot as he wandered through the transept—William Makepeace Thackeray."

Anthony Trollope wrote that as quickly after the novelist's death as it could be executed a bust to his memory was erected

in the Abbey. "It is a fine piece of art by Marochetti," he says, "but as a likeness is, I think, less effective than that which was modelled and then given to the Garrick Club by Durham, and has lately been put into marble and now stands in the upper vestibule of the Club."

In the recent biographical edition of

Thackeray's works Mrs. Ritchie makes no mention of the bust. Leslie Stephen in his Life speaks of it as an unsatisfactory likeness, and as far as I have been able to discover he is the only writer concerning Thackeray who records that the memorial was due to the suggestion and indefatigable interest of Shirley Brooks.

Carolyn Shipman.

[NOTE.—The original MS. Diary kept by Shirley Brooks in 1864 is now in the possession of Miss Shipman, who has drawn her information from its pages. The book is in fine condition, and the entries as legible as the day they were written.—Ed. BOOK BUYER.]

Wednesday, NOVEMBER 30, 1864. M. d. b. d.

[335—31] St. Andrew.

Wrote Marochetti & Sir C. Taylor. So that is clinched, & I may say that I have caused a monument to W.M.T. to be erected in Westminster Abbey. My children may like to know that I originated the idea, & have worked it out. Certainly, it has been no particular labour, beyond writing to people & getting them together, but this had to be done, & nobody else stepped out to do it. Wrote Tala, that the women we shook hands, the better, & asked him to call on me here. (Next day, he came — & we had a talk about America & a smoke.) Club. Dined P.P. at Midford. F.M.E. again ill as. It was very tight, & Miss Mateman his theme all the evening. I undertook to help his suit, if he would pledge himself to be virtuous for six months. Drew cheque on W.M.T. fund for ads. & left it at Lyce's.

BROOKS'S ENTRY IN HIS DIARY NOTING THE FACT THAT HE ORIGINATED THE IDEA OF PLACING A THACKERAY MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF THE WORKS OF

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BY ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH

1855

THE BELLS: / A COLLECTION OF CHIMES. / By / T. B. A. / [Quotation] / New York: / J. C. Derby. / 19 Nassau Street. / Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. / Cincinnati: H. W. Derby, / 1855. /

¶ 12mo. Pp. 144.

NOTE: Issued in brown cloth. This was Mr. Aldrich's first book and contained poems as follows:

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1857

DAISY'S NECKLACE: / AND WHAT CAME OF IT. / (A Literary Episode.) / By T. B. Aldrich. / The little dogs and all, / See, they bark at me! / King Lear. / New York: / Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street / Cincinnati: / H. W. Derby & Co., 1857. / ¶ 12mo. Pp. viii. Text 9-226 (verso blank). Erratum, / unnumbered page. Advertisements, 6 leaves.

NOTE: Issued in brown cloth with stamp on side.

1858

THE / COURSE OF TRUE LOVE / NEVER / DID RUN SMOOTH. / By / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's device.] / New York: / Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. / MDCCCLVIII.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 41. (Verso blank) 1 blank leaf, unnumbered. Advertisements, pp. 4.

NOTE: Issued in green cloth, with monogram of Rudd & Carleton stamped on side. Dedicated to R. H. Stoddard.

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1859

THE / BALLAD OF BABIE BELL / AND OTHER POEMS / by / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's mark.] / New York: / Rudd & Carleton, 180 Grand Street / (Brooks Building, cor. of Broadway), / MDCCCLIX.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 117 (verso blank). 1 blank leaf. Advertisements, 4 pp.

NOTE: Issued in dark brown cloth.

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1861

PAMPINEA / AND OTHER POEMS / by Thomas
Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's device.] New York, /
Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street, MDCCCLXI. /
¶ 12mo. Advertisements, 1 leaf. Pp. 72.
NOTE: Issued in brown cloth.

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1862

OUT OF HIS HEAD. / A Romance. / [Quotation
from Thackeray.] / Edited by Thomas Bailey Ald-
rich. / New York: / Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broad-
way. / (Late Rudd & Carleton.) / MDCCCLXII.
¶ 12mo. Pp. 226. Advertisements, 2 pp.
NOTE: Issued in dark maroon cloth. There
are elaborate initial letters at the beginning of
each chapter.

1863

POEMS / by / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Prin-
ter's device.] / New York: / Carleton, publisher,
413 Broadway. / London: S. Low, Son & Co., /
MDCCCLXIII. /

¶ 16mo. Frontispiece portrait, facing title,
1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 161 (verso blank).

NOTE: Issued in Blue and Gold Series. The
volume is dedicated to "Launcelot Thompson,
Sculptor," whose bust of the author forms the
frontispiece, engraved by W. G. Jackman.

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1865

THE POEMS / OF / THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. /
[Printer's device.] / Boston: / Ticknor and
Fields, / 1865.

¶ 16mo. Pp. 240. Issued in Blue and Gold
Series.

NOTE: Page 102, line 5, omits the word "been,"
which was discovered and added in the second
issue with the same date.

CONTENTS

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1866

PÈRE ANTOINE'S DATE PALM. One of twenty copies printed by Welch, Bigelow & Co. Cambridge [not published].

¶ Small 4to. Pp. 20.

NOTE: Issued in heavy paper covers, printed before the regular edition, etc.

1870

PANSIES' WISH. / A Christmas Fantasy, / with a Moral. / Boston : Marion & Co., / 1870.

¶ 8vo. Pp. 8.

NOTE: This book was printed by Marion Talbot and sister, daughters of Dr. I. T. Talbot, and sold at a fair in Boston.

1870

THE / STORY OF A BAD BOY / by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / With illustrations. / [Printer's device.] / Boston : / Fields, Osgood & Co., / 1870.

¶ 12mo. Frontispiece, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 261 (verso blank). 1 blank leaf. Advertisements, pp. 23 (verso blank).

NOTE: Issued in green cloth.

1873

MAEJORIE DAW / AND / OTHER PEOPLE. / Boston : / J. R. Osgood & Co., / 1873. /

¶ 12mo. Pp. 184.

NOTE: Issued in green cloth. Reprinted in Edinburgh by David Douglas in 1885 and in Leipzig by Bernard Tauchnitz in 1879.

1874

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / CLOTH OF GOLD / AND / OTHER POEMS. / Cloth of Gold, / Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, / Interludes, / Baby Bell and Other Poems, / Judith, Sonnets. / Boston : / James R. Osgood and Company, / late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co., / 1874. /

¶ Pp. 183 (verso L'Envoi).

NOTE: Issued in green cloth. The author states in his preface that the volume includes all the poems which he cares to retain since the edition of 1865.

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1874

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / PRUDENCE PALFREY. / A novel. / [Printer's monogram.] / Boston : / James R. Osgood and Company, / late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co., / 1874. /

¶ Frontispiece, 1 unnumbered page, pp. 311 (verso blank).

NOTE: Issued in green cloth. Reprinted in Edinburgh in 1885 by David Douglas and in London by Routledge.

1877

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / FLOWER AND THORN. / Later poems. / Boston : / James R. Osgood & Company. / Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co. / 1877.

¶ 12mo. Advertisements, 1 numbered leaf. Pp. 148.

NOTE: Issued in green cloth.

1877

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / THE QUEEN OF SHEBA. / [Printer's device.] / Boston : / James R. Osgood & Company. / Late, Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co., / 1877. /

¶ 12mo, advertisements, 1 unnumbered leaf of advertisements, pp. 270.

NOTE: Issued in brown cloth. Reprinted in Edinburgh by David Douglas in 1885 and in London by Routledge.

1880

THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY by / T. B. Aldrich, / Author of "Marjorie Daw," "The Queen of Sheba," / "Flower and Thorn," etc. / Boston: / Houghton, / Mifflin & Company. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge. / 1880.

¶ 12mo, pp. 324.

NOTE: Issued in brown cloth with title and name on the side. Reprinted at Leipzig by Bernard Tauchnitz in 1880 and in Edinburgh by David Douglas in 1886, 2 vols.

1882

THE POEMS / OF / THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. / Illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club. / With Portrait. Boston: / Houghton, Mifflin & Co., / 1882. / ¶ 8vo. Pp. 253.

NOTE: Issued in dark blue cloth. The Paint and Clay Club was established in Boston about 1880.

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1883

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH. / [Printer's device.] / Boston: / Houghton, Mifflin and Company. / New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge. / 1883.

¶ Pp. 267 (verso blank). Advertisements, pp. 12.

NOTE: Issued in green cloth.

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1884

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / MERCEDES, AND LATER LYRICS. / [Printer's device.] / Boston: / Houghton, Mifflin and Company. / New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge. / 1884. /

¶ 8vo. Pp. 111 (verso blank). Advertisements, 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in gray cloth, with paper label.

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1885

THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
Household edition. With illustrations. Boston
and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

¶ 8vo. Pp. 286.

NOTE: Issued in green cloth.

POEMS, 1885

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1888

THE / SECOND SON. / A novel. / By M. O. W. Oliphant / and / T. B. Aldrich. / Boston and New York: / Houghton, Mifflin & Co., / 1888. /

¶ 8vo. Pp. 524.

NOTE: Issued in gray cloth.

1890

WYNDHAM TOWERS, / by / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's device.] / Boston and New York: / Houghton, Mifflin & Company. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge, / MDCCCXC.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 80. Facing title, 1 unnumbered leaf of advertisement. Issued in green cloth, with vellum back, and coat of arms of England stamped on side above title.

1891

THE SISTER'S TRAGEDY: / With other Poems, Lyr- / ical and Dramatic, by / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's device.] / Boston and New York: / Houghton, Mifflin & Company, / MDCCCXCI. /

¶ Advertisements, 1 unnumbered leaf, Title p. i, Imprimatur p. ii, Half-title, p. iii (verso blank p. iv), Contents pp. v, vi, Second title pp. vii, viii, Text pp. 9-106. 2 unnumbered pages.

NOTE: This was issued in green cloth. Fifty copies were published in red cloth, uncut. Reprinted in London in 1891 by Macmillan with some earlier poems.

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1893

AN OLD TOWN BY THE SEA. / [Printer's device.] / Boston and New York: / Houghton, Mifflin and Company. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge, / 1893.

¶ 12mo. Advertisements 1 leaf, half-title, 1 leaf (verso blank). Title 1 leaf (verso, imprimatur). Piscataqua River. 2 unnumbered pages. Contents, 1 leaf (verso blank). Text, pp. 1-123 (verso blank). Index of names. Pp. [125]-128.

NOTE: This was issued in green cloth; 100 copies were published in red cloth, uncut, with a white paper label.

1894

TWO BITES AT A CHERRY, / WITH OTHER TALES, / by / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's device.] / Boston and New York: / Houghton, Mifflin and Company. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge, / 1894. /

¶ 12mo. Advertisements, 1 unnumbered leaf, half-title, title and contents, 3 unnumbered leaves. Text pp., 1-269 (verso blank).

NOTE: This was issued in green cloth; fifty copies were made in red cloth with white paper label, uncut. It was re-issued in Edinburgh in 1894 by David Douglas.

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1895

UNGUARDED GATES / AND OTHER POEMS, / by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's device.] / Boston and New York: / Houghton, Mifflin and Company. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge, / 1895. /

¶ Advertisements, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 1-121 (verso blank),

NOTE: This was issued in green cloth; fifty copies were published in red cloth, uncut, with a white paper label.

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1896

JUDITH / AND / HOLOFERNES. / A Poem. / By / Thomas Bailey Aldrich. / [Printer's device.] / Boston and New York: / Houghton, Mifflin and Company. / The Riverside Press, Cambridge, / 1896. /

¶ Advertisements, 1 unnumbered leaf. Half-title, p. i (verso blank), p. ii. Title, p. ii (verso imprimatur), p. iv. Note, pp. v, vi, Contents, p. vii (verso blank), p. viii. Book I, p. ix (verso blank), p. x. Text, pp. 11-30-Book II, p. 31 (verso blank), p. 32. Text, [33]-52. Book III, p. 53 (verso blank), p. 54. Text, [55]-78.

NOTE: This was issued in blue cloth. 50 copies were published in red cloth, with white paper label. The author states that the invocation on page 15, a few brief passages scattered through Books I and III, and the lyrical interlude in Book III, are from an earlier poem.

DUTCH

1875

PRUDENCE PALFREY door Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Nit het Engelsch. T. H. De Beer. Amsterdam: Gebroeders Kraay. 1875.

¶ 8vo. Pp. 238.

NOTE: A Dutch translation.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. De Geschiedenis van een Deugniet door S. J. Andriessen met Platen. Amsterdam: Jan Leendertz.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 210. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf.

NOTE: A Dutch translation of "The Story of a Bad Boy."

1876

En slem Dreunge Historie af Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Bed A. Th. J. Kjobenhain L. Jordans Forlag Tsykt hos Henr. Donatzky i Helfingor. 1876.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 236.

NOTE: This is a Dutch translation of "The Story of a Bad Boy."

FRENCH

1875

Marjorie Daw, Prudence Palfrey, Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski, Le Palmier-Dattes du Père Antonie tout a fait, par Th. Bailey Aldrich. [Printer's device.] Paris: Michael Lévy Frères, éditeurs, rue Auber, 3 Place de L'Opéra, Librairie Nouvelle, Boulevard des Italiens, 15 au coin de la rue de Grammont, 1875. Tous droits réservés.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 330. Table, 1 unnumbered leaf.

NOTE: There is an introduction of 6 pages by Th. Bentzon.

1879

La Reine de Saba, par Th. Bailey Aldrich. Le Maître D'École du Flat-creek le Predicature. Ambulant, par Edward Eggleston. Traduction Th. Bentzon. [Printer's device.] Paris: Calmann Lévy, éditeur, Ancienne Maison Michel Lévy Frères, 3 rue Auber, et Boulevard des Italiens, 15 à la Librairie Nouvelle, 1879. Tous droits réservés. ¶ 12mo. Half-title, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. iii (verso blank), 1-378.

1883

Nouvelles, Américaines, Marjorie Daw, Prudence Palfrey, Mlle. Olympe Zabriski, Le Palmier-Dattes du Père Antonie, tout a fait. Nouvelle édition. [Printer's mark.] Paris: Calmann Lévy, éditeur. Ancienne Maison Michel Lévy Frères, 3 rue Auber, 3, 1883. Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservés.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 330. Table, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisements, pp. 36.

1884

T. B. Aldrich. Le Crime de Stillwater, inuté de L'Anglais, par Adam de L'Isle. Paris: Librairie de Firmin-Didot et Cie. Imprimeurs de L'Institut, rue Jacob 56, 1884.

¶ 12mo. Half-title and title, unnumbered leaves. Pp. 294.

NOTE: Issued in a series entitled "Bibliothèque les mères de Famille," in blue paper covers.

Un Écolier Américain, par T. Bailey Aldrich. Traduit de L'Anglais, par Th. Bentzon, avec autorization de L'Auteur, dessins par J. Geofroy, Bibliothèque, D'Éducation et de Récréation. J. Hertz et Cie, 18 rue Jacob, Paris. Tous droits de traduction et de reproduction réservés.

¶ 8vo. Half-title, frontispiece, title. Illustration, 4 unnumbered leaves. Text, 1-232. Advertisements, 4 unnumbered leaves.

NOTE: This is a translation into French of "The Story of a Bad Boy," with introduction by Th. Bentzon. A fourth edition in paper was issued by the same firm in 12mo, with this addition: "Ouvrage honoré d'une souscription du ministère de l'Instruction publique, adopté pour les bibliothèques scolaires et populaires et choisé par la Ville de Paris pour les distribution de prix."

GERMAN

1874

Prudence Palfrey und andere Leute von Thomas Bailey Aldrich. In's Deutsche übertragen von Moritz Busch. Leipzig: Verlag von Fr. Wilh. Grunow. 1874.

¶ 12mo. Pp. vi-376. Issued in a series called American Humorists Vol. I.

1875

Die Geschichte enies bösen Buben und drei andere schöne Historien von Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Leipzig: Fr. Wilh. Grunow. 1875.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 301 (verso blank). Issued in a series called American Humorists Vol. III.

1877

Die Königin von Saba nebst anderen Erzählungen von Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Ms. Deutsche übertragen von Moritz Busch. Leipzig: Fr. Wilh. Grunow. 1877.

¶ 12mo. Half-title and title, 2 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 233 (verso blank). Contents 1 unnumbered leaf.

N. D.

Prudence Palfrey und andere Erzählungen von

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Deutch von Wilhelm Lange. Leipzig: Druck und Verlag von Philipp Reclam Jun.

¶ 16mo. Pp. 191 (verso blank).

NOTE: This little volume contains four stories, viz.: Prudence Palfrey, "Ganzrecht," "Die Dattelpalme des Paters Andonius," "Levennig-begraven."

SWEDISH

1885

EN SLEM DRENGS HISTORIE af Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Med 12 Tegninger af Tom Petersen. Kjobenhavn. Otto B. Wobleskys Forlag. Trykt Hos S. Jorgensen & Co., 1885.

¶ Half-title, title, and table of contents, 3 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 224.

NOTE: The illustrations are highly interesting, showing the Danish conception of an American boy's life.

EN STYGG POJKES HISTORIA AF Th. Bailey Aldrich. Öfversättning af Karl Hemgren. Med 4 illustrationer. Stockholm: Albert Bonniers Förlag.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 210. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf.

ITALIAN

1900

TOMMASO BAILEY ALDRICH. MARJORIE DAW. Ed altri critti. Prima Traduzione Italiana di Giorgio Barini. Autorizzata dall'autore. Illustrazioni di S. Guastalla. [Printer's device.] Roma: Libreria Pontificia di F. Pustet. Piazza Fontana di Trevi 81-85. Ottobre, 1900.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 176. Index, 2 unnumbered pages.

NOTE: This volume contains 4 stories and 2 poems.

SPANISH

T. BAILEY ALDRICH. LA REINA DE SABA. Valencia; 1879. Libreria de Pascual Aguilar, Editor. Caballeros, 1.

¶ 24mo. Pp. 172. Index, 2 unnumbered pages.

NOTE: There is a preliminary sketch of Mr. Aldrich's life, containing 12 pages.



From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden."

Copyright, 1901, by William Loring Andrews.

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE. 1795

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE BATTERY AND CASTLE GARDEN

II

THE view of the Government House here reproduced from the plate in the *New York Magazine* of January, 1795, is taken from the northwest corner of the Battery near the end of Greenwich Street. It exhibits a part of the city and some portion of the green and walk on the Battery.

John Drayton's "Tour Through the Northern and Eastern States in 1794" contains a pretty copper-plate engraving of the Battery from a drawing by the author himself. It is an important little picture in the iconography of New York City, for it is the only one in existence, so far as I know, which shows the Battery at this particular time from the landward side. This view is accompanied by the following interesting narrative from the

pen of our distinguished visitor from South Carolina:

"After passing these islands we came opposite the Battery, which is at the extreme point of the town, and is situated much like that which was at White Point at Charlestown. It has no merlons or embrasures, but the guns (which are thirteen in number) are placed upon carriages on a stone platform *en barbette*, some few feet above the level of the water. Between the guns and the water is a public walk, made by a gentle decline from the platform, and going round the ground upon which the Battery is placed. Some little distance behind the guns two rows of elm trees are planted, which, in a short time, will afford an agreeable shade. The flag staff rises from the midst of a stone

tower, and is decorated on the top with a golden ball; and the back part of the ground is laid out in smaller walks, terraces and a bowling green. Immediately behind this and overlooking it is the Government House."

This drawing by Colonel Drayton depicts the Battery at the particular period when Dr. Francis, the New York extra-illustrator's benefactor *par excellence*, first knew the "charming place." Dr. Francis's reference to the Battery in his "Old Yorker, or Reminiscences of the Last Sixty Years" (New York, 1865), is of especial interest to the arboriculturist by reason of the account it gives of the introduction into this country and the expulsion therefrom of the Lombardy poplar tree.

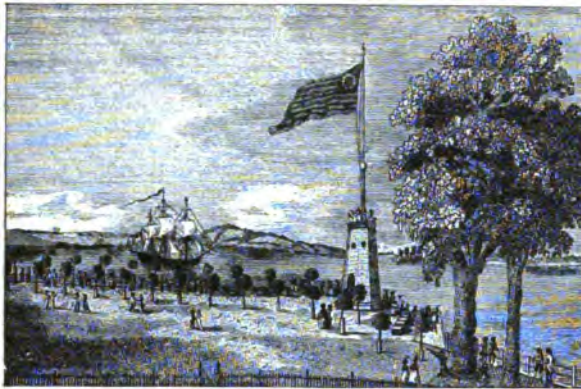
Dr. Francis informs us that his first visit to the Battery was on the occasion of the funeral of General Washington. "The procession gathered there and about the Bowling Green. The Battery was then profusely set out with Lombardy poplar trees introduced into the country by the elder Michaux, who had been sent to America from the Jardin des Plantes, of Paris. It was pronounced an exotic of priceless value, but like many things of an exotic nature it polluted the soil, vitiated our own more stately and valuable indigenous products, and was finally eradicated as uncongenial and detrimental to the native riches of American husbandry."

In 1806, four hundred feet of ground under water, on which Castle Garden now stands, was ceded to Congress by the corporation of the City of New York; and Castle Clinton, then called the South West Battery, was erected on the mole constructed on these water lots and connected with Battery Park by a bridge. It is built of Jersey red sandstone. As to the date of the erection of Fort Clinton, the doctors disagree. One authority says 1806; another 1807-8-9; another 1811;

and still another 1814. The truth probably lies midway betwixt the extremes. Battery Park at this time contained about ten acres, and the water front extending in a crescent shape from Whitehall Street to Marketfield Street (now Battery Place) is stated to have measured about a quarter of a mile.

In 1822 Castle Clinton (so named after the War of 1812), when it had been dismantled and the garrison had been removed to Governor's Island, was ceded back to the Corporation of the City of New York by the United States Government; and in 1824 the Fortress, whose period of usefulness appears to have been exceedingly brief, entirely lost its martial character. It was leased by the Corporation for a period of five years at an annual rental of fourteen hundred dollars. The lessees covered it with a roof and converted it into an immense apartment, which was considered at the time to be the largest audience-room in the world. This was fitted up as a promenade and place of entertainment and immediately became a fashionable resort. The grand "Fête and Gala," given to Lafayette on his second visit to this country in September of this year, was attended by about six thousand persons and "far transcended," it was said, "in splendor any pageant ever before witnessed in the United States." The gay and lively appearance of the Battery on the occasion of this notable festival is shown by the scarce little print of "The Landing of Lafayette," which we reproduce. It will be noticed that the flag-staff rising out of a square stone tower, which was compared by Irving in his "History of New York" to the handle of a gigantic churn, is as conspicuous in this as it is in Drayton's earlier picture.

Now began the peaceful, palmy days of the Battery and Castle Garden. "The felicitous situation of this spot," writes



From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden."
Copyright, 1901, by William Loring Andrews.
THE BATTERY AND HARBOUR OF NEW YORK. 1794

Goodrich in his "Picture of New York in 1828," "and the combination of objects that are here presented to the eye, caused a rush of genteel company during the warm season that was quite unprecedented in our City." "The Hudson River with its rugged western border, stretching far to the north, the near view of large ships of war and merchantmen moored off in the river, or the harbor, the arrival and departure of steamboats at various hours of the day, crowded with passengers and noisy with bells, steam and bugles, and foamy in their progress, the distant forts and not infrequently the firing of cannon from them, and also from shipping, the large and dry terrace and parterres of the Battery walk usually swarming with visitors, the fine trees and regular and handsome private dwellings around the east side of the Battery, the telegraph at work, the distant hills of Staten Island and New Jersey covered with verdure, and forming a background to a noble expanse of water and a harbor thirty miles in circumference—these are the attractions that cause the Castle Garden of New York to be the most favored place of public resort."

The telegraph referred to by Goodrich was a line of signals extending from the

Exchange in Wall Street, by way of Staten Island, to Sandy Hook, by means of which intelligence was conveyed to the city from incoming vessels. The poet Halleck has immortalized this primitive mode of communication in the lines which recite how Fanny's father in the days of his short-lived prosperity learned

"to distinguish well

The different signals whether ship
or schooner

Hoisted at Staten Island; and to tell
The change of wind and of his
neighbor's fortunes."

For a quarter of a century Castle Garden remained a popular place of amusement and the Battery a rallying-spot in civic festivities, and the starting-point for processions or military parades in honor of distinguished visitors or in celebration of national, state and other anniversaries. During the pleasant summer-time frequent exhibitions of fireworks and balloon ascensions brought thousands of people to this cool retreat to enjoy the invigorating breezes fresh from the sea and regale themselves with ice-cream and the other delicacies of the season served in the booths which lined the shady Battery walks.

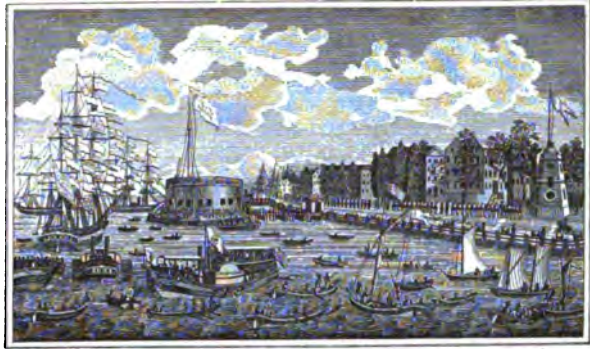
In 1850 Jenny Lind, under the management of the great showman, P. T. Barnum, delighted with her nightingale notes the thousands who crowded Castle Garden to listen to her wonderful voice. Later the metamorphosed interior of the grim fortress "rang with the melodious tones of Malibran, Grisi and Mario, the great tenor, singing in opera under the direction of Max Maretzek." But their songs were soon hushed, for the Garden in 1855 was turned into a depot for newly landed emigrants. It was still connected with the mainland by a bridge; but Battery Park was shortly afterwards enlarged, ex-

tended to the Castle, and buildings were erected thereon for the reception and accommodation of the crowds of "unbidden European guests, who landed on the shores of Manhattan," and were thence "*forwarded*" as expeditiously as possible "to the fertile regions of the great West."

In 1890 the offices of the Emigration Commissioners were removed to Ellis Island, and in 1896 Castle Garden was opened as a public aquarium, which it still remains.

"The New York Mirror," "Bourne's" and "Peabody's Views" supply pleasing pictures of the Battery in the first quarter of the last century when as a pleasure resort it was in its heyday of prosperity. By these pictures we see that it was well planted with trees and shrubbery, laid out into gravel walks and surrounded on the water side by a sea-wall of masonry surmounted by wooden posts and rails. A paved walk around this embankment furnished a delightful promenade for the thousands of visitors, young and old and of all sorts and conditions in life, who frequented the spot, and could thence enjoy a view of Governor's, Bedloe's and Ellis's islands, the shores of New Jersey and Long Island, and the harbor alive with moving craft, which Goodrich so graphically describes. The front of the Battery toward State and Whitehall Streets, which is not shown in any of these engravings, was fenced in with an iron railing which was removed at the same time as were those which surrounded the other City Parks.

We cannot close our article more felicitously than by quoting Washington Irving's reference in

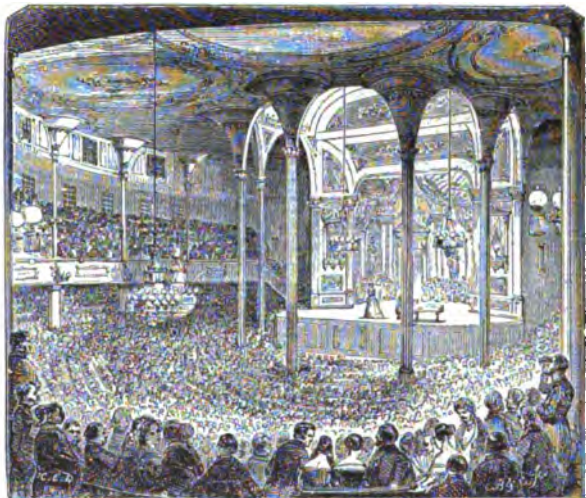


From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden." — Copyright, 1901, by William Loring Andrews.

LANDING OF LAFAYETTE, AUGUST 16, 1824

his "Knickerbocker's History of New York" to this ideal spot among our pleasure-grounds and breathing-places.

"Originally this point of land was fortified by the Dutch, who threw up embankments upon which they placed some pieces of cannon. In process of time it came to be pleasantly overrun by a verdant carpet of grass and clover, and their high embankments overshadowed by wide-spreading sycamores, among whose foliage the little birds sported about, rejoicing



From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden." — Copyright, 1901, by William Loring Andrews.

INTERIOR OF CASTLE GARDEN. 1852 (?)

the ear with their melodious notes. The old burghers would repair of an afternoon to smoke their pipes under the shade of their branches, contemplating the golden sun as he gradually sank in the west, an emblem of that tranquil end towards which they themselves were hastening; while the young men and the damsels of the town would take many a moonlight stroll among their favorite haunts, watching the chaste Cynthia tremble along the calm bosom of the bay or light up the white sail of some gliding bark, and interchanging the honest vows of constant affection. Such was the origin of the renowned walk, the Battery, which, though ostensibly devoted to the purposes of war, has ever been consecrated to the sweet delights of

peace. The favorite walk of declining age; the healthful resort of the feeble invalid; the Sunday refreshment of the dusty tradesman; the scene of many a boyish gambol; the rendezvous of many a tender assignation; the comfort of the citizens; the ornament of New York and the pride of the lovely island of Manna-hatta."

The Battery is geographically a uniquely situated bit of *terra firma* on this island of ours, and holds a proud pre-eminence among our city parks which it must continue to enjoy until in "the wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds," some wild convulsion of nature blots out of existence our beautiful bay and its setting of emerald hills.

William Loring Andrews.



From "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden."—Copyright, 1901, by William Loring Andrews.

STEAMBOAT LANDING FROM BATTERY PARK

WILLIAM MORRIS AND SOME OF HIS BOOKS

"USEFUL kind of a man, that! eh, Walker?" This was William Morris's comment on Mr. Buxton Forman when told that the latter had for years been forming a Morris collection, and made a point of buying whatever the poet might put forth. There is no denying the usefulness of collectors in general, but the peculiar usefulness of those who put their collections within reach of the public is a matter for gratitude. We have had a conspicuous instance of it this winter in the exhibition at the Widener Branch of the Philadelphia Free Library of a quantity of Morris books, proof-sheets, manuscripts and miscellanea, owned by Mr. Harold Pierce, who, like Mr. Buxton Forman, seems to have made a point of acquiring whatever Morris might put forth in the line of books. Visitors to the library have been able to trace step by step the progress and development of Morris's book-writing and book-making from the first essays at poetry made in his rooms at Oxford among sympathetic and admiring companions, to the perfect fruit of the Kelmscott Press where his own writing was printed by his own hand-presses in type designed by himself. The Kelmscott Press, like the hand-made furniture of the "Red House" and the tapestries of the Manor, sprang from Morris's fine conviction that the only way to get a thing well done is to do it yourself. The joy of doing never failed him and finds characteristic expression in his socialist argument that all men would certainly like to work if they could work under favorable conditions, and that if the favorable conditions were provided then would come the time for the new birth of art, so much talked of, so long deferred. "People could not help showing their mirth and pleasure in

their work, and would be always wishing to express it in a tangible and more or less enduring form, and the workshop would be once more a school of art whose influence no one could escape from."

"The busy Morris of a twelve-hours day," Rossetti called him, and if the additional syllable had not spoiled the metre of the paraphrase, he doubtless would have put the day at sixteen hours, which certainly would have come closer to the fact. How much impression upon future generations will be made by the visible results of all this versatility and ardour, all this talent and executive ability, remains to be seen. One thing is secure—that the energy and enthusiasm and incessant industry that went into the work had a wholesome influence upon those who came



MEMBERSHIP CARD IN THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE, DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE, INTRODUCING PORTRAIT OF MORRIS

note the different shape of
 the h in corrected letter
 kind of
 buttress or
 lean to look
 of the round
 member.
 a tendency to make everything a little
 too rigid & square is noticeable: Can this
 be remedied

Scriffs perhaps
 a little too fat.

h This flattened
 curve to be
 noted and
 followed

This is the Golden type.

This is the Troy type.

This is the Chaucer type.



DESIGN FOR LETTER H OF GOLDEN TYPE
 SPECIMENS OF THE THREE KELMSCOTT FONTS
 BOOK-MARK USED IN THE EARLIER VOLUMES

[From "The Books of William Morris." By H. Buxton Forman.]

into contact with the man, and formed a much needed spur toward elevating the decorative art of England.

"If I cannot be the laureate of the reading-men," he is reported to have said, "I'll be the laureate of sweating

men," and this in effect was what he was, whether he was writing or designing or printing or weaving. It was the poetry of craftsmanship that he constantly sought to bring to public attention in one form or another. This really was the basis of

his socialism, of the Kelmscott Press, and of the Works at Merton Abbey, diverse as the various interests seem at first glance to be. He sincerely believed that people were happier and better off in the Middle Ages, when they were producing "an enormous volume of tangible and visible beauty," and there was "no such thing as a piece of handicraft being ugly" than they are now in an age of commercial prosperity. To restore the beauty of the old times and add a new beauty of universal brotherhood was his object in trying to overturn the existing social order. Thus even his emphatically modern socialism, or communism was linked to his very earliest predilections, all of them toward ancient times and manners of which, as a boy and a young man, he could gain some faint and alluring impressions from the old traditions and festivals kept up in Woodford Hall, and from the mediæval aspect of Oxford sixty years ago.

The first period of his poetry is represented among the Kelmscott books by the early volume "The Defence of Guenevere," reprinted after an interval of thirty-four years. The original edition was dedicated to Rossetti, who was Magnus Apollo to Morris then. The delightful appearance of the Kelmscott edition, printed on untrimmed paper, and bound in vellum with silk ties, with the word "Guenevere" written by hand in mediæval lettering up the back, testifies to the regard in which this work of his boyhood was held by the poet himself, and his biographer is not more appreciative than just in finding the curious and wordy poems of the slim little volume more moving and penetrating in their evanescent charm than even the full flower of the later poetry.

The plunge from this sweetness and grace into the perturbed current of the Socialist literature was not made at once, but signs of what was to come later are to be found in the poems that followed the

first edition of "Guenevere," glimpses of an earthly paradise in which the vision of a

"London, small, and white, and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens
green,"

is still only the vision of a shadowy isle of bliss whose singer is not yet wedded to a definite ambition.

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I try to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory
gate."

His poetry—"very easy to make," he thought—was early beating with light wing at nearly all the gates which he was to open. Before he was thirty-five he had served his apprenticeship to Chaucer, and had begun the systematic study of Icelandic from which was to result the great poem "Sigurd the Volsung." In Mr. Pierce's collection are both the uncompleted sheet of "Sigurd the Volsung," pulled for friendly uses only, and the small folio printed after the death of Morris by his trustees. The latter was not finished in time to be described in full in Mr. Forman's bibliography. It was issued on the 25th of February, 1898, more than a year after the death of its author. The titles and headings to the four books are in Troy type, and there are two fine drawings by Burne-Jones to represent the forty he was to have done for the more sumptuous edition contemplated by Morris at the time death put a stop to the activity of the Kelmscott Press. The second of the woodcuts made for the lines

Then adown the hall and the smoke-cloud the
half-slaked torch she hurled,
And strode to the chamber of Atli, white flutter-
ing 'mid the smoke,

is quite a triumph of illustration, the splendor and force of the poetry to a large

degree overcoming the habitual tendency toward feebleness of the artist, and carrying into the execution the rush of the idea.

It was characteristic of Morris that he planned new accomplishment and experiment to the very last moments of his life, despite the fact that his last illness was slow and steadily progressive, leaving no great chance for hopefulness. One of the books issued from the press while Morris was absent on the untoward voyage to Norway, was the little collection of Latin poems to the Virgin taken from an early thirteenth century psalter. This was the first of the Kelmscott books to be printed in three colors (red, blue and black). The effect was extremely good and the scheme was repeated in the edition of "Love is Enough," issued by the trustees, a copy of which is in the Philadelphia collection.

A pathetic reminder also to be seen there, of the abundant impulse with which the physical strength at last could not keep pace, is the specimen page of the "Froissart," which was to have been a companion volume to the "Chaucer." The armorial border designed by Morris surpasses in dignity of design any border to be seen in its company, not even excepting the graceful designs for the "Chaucer." The "Chaucer" was the last completed work that Morris did, and Mr. Pierce's copy is in the white pigskin binding tooled with a pattern designed by Morris, the most stately and splendid monument to his memory as a master-craftsman that one could possess. "My eye! how good it is!" he is said to have exclaimed as he finished the ornament for the first page.

Of course no collection of Morris publications could pretend to anything like completeness unless it included a considerable number of the pamphlets issued during the period of their author's "mili-

tant socialism." These, however, can be regarded only with a languid interest by those who regard this interval as a slough in which literary and artistic talent struggled in imminent danger of permanent destruction. If, however, we compare them with the ordinary pamphlet of political or social organizations, they have an air of considerable distinction, Mr. Walter Crane contributing much more extensively than Morris himself, to their decorative side. The card of membership of the Hammersmith Branch of the Socialist League designed by him bears, according to Mr. Forman, if not a positive portrait of Morris in the figure of a smith hammering at least "a stalwart man with a handsome face intentionally of the Morris type."

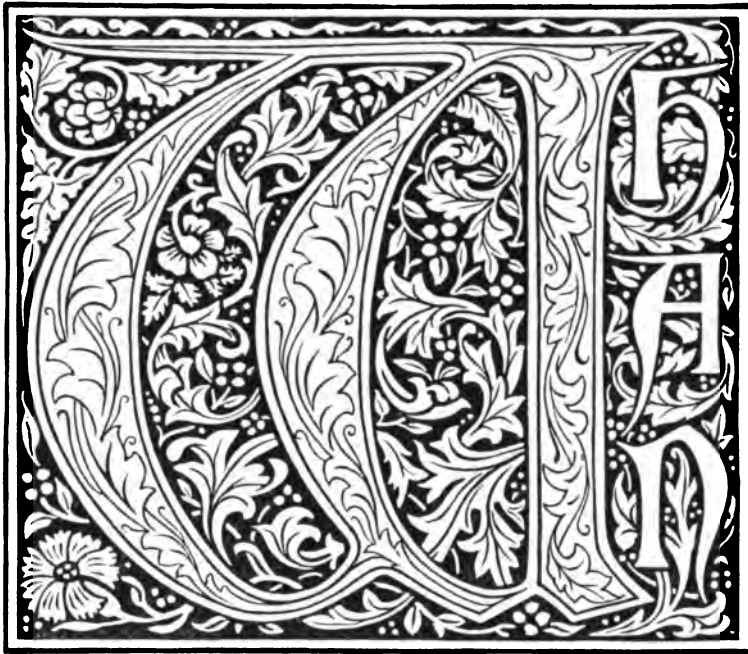
An ingenuous mingling of the æsthetic with the material side of life is to be seen in the little bills of fare for the annual Kelmscott Press dinners. The one for the first dinner is a pretty and unpretentious card printed in Golden type with the smaller device of the Kelmscott Press on one of the outside pages, and a sprinkling of gold daisies on the other.

The card for the second dinner is more elaborate, printed in Golden and Chaucer type, having a handsome ornamental border, and bearing the larger Kelmscott Press device. A description of the situation and the church of Broxbourne, where the dinner was held, is given on the outer page. As "Kelmscott publications" both are creditable performances and illustrate Morris's delight in making the minor commonplace things of daily use as charming as possible. It is amusing to notice, however, that the dinners were the usual heavy British meal carrying little suggestion of Morris's zest for the art of cookery about which Mr. Mackail says he knew a great deal in theory, and something in practice. It was a curious and splendid life of manifold and united occupations,

and any collection of the products of any one of its activities testifies not only to the talent, but to the equally remarkable vitality and industry of him whom Rossetti called "The last of the Vikings"

and who certainly seemed to belong to some primitive race of men accustomed to do with their might whatever their hands found to do.

Elisabeth Luther Cary.



INITIAL WORD "WHAN" FROM THE CHAUCER

[From "The Books of William Morris." By H. Buxton Forman]

THE TEST OF MANHOOD

LIKE a flood river whirled at rock banks,
An army issues out of wilderness,
With battle plucking round its ragged flanks;
Obstruction in the van; insane excess
Oft at the heart; yet hard the onward stress
Unto more spacious, where more ordered ranks,
And rise hushed temples built of shapely stone,
The work of hands not pledged to grind or slay.
They gave our earth a dress of flesh on bone;

A tongue to speak with answering heaven gave they.
Then was the gracious birth of man's new day;
Divided from the haunted night it shone.

That quiet dawn was Reverence; whereof sprang
Ethereal Beauty in full morning-tide.
Another sun had risen to clasp his bride:
It was another earth unto him sang.

* * * * *

—From "*A Reading of Life, and Other Poems*," by George Meredith. By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.



From "Gardens Old and New."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BEECH WALK AT BRICKWALL, SUSSEX
[Copyright by *Country Life*.]

"GARDENS, AND THE JOY OF THEM"

IT was Mr. Warner who indulged in the cynical, if professedly humorous, remark that "woman, from the first, has made trouble in a garden." His assertion has the element of truth which makes it so hard to deny, and is therefore exasperating to the woman who feels that, in the phrase of another critical philosopher, "all general statements are untrue, including this one." As a matter of fact—also noted by Mr. Warner (who was not a misogynist, in spite of his *obiter dicta*)—a woman makes just as much trouble for a man about building a fire as she does in the purlieu of a garden. The old German gardener whose peace of mind was wrecked by the restless fancy of the *Engländerin* who wanted him to plant flowers in groups instead of in rows, doubtless felt the sharpest pang that could be inflicted by the feminine presence, for her order stood for the image-breaking influence, the overthrow of the classics, and the disregard of precedent and formality.

The first garden of which we have record was doubtless a formal garden, since through it four rivers flowed symmetrically. Probably its details were as precise in arrangement as its general features, and but for man's first disobedience there would never have been any change in the fashions of gardens or of girdles. It is almost impossible to escape the conclusion that to feminine influence is due that tendency to

. . . change,
To something new, to something strange,"

which has gained such headway with the rolling years that at present it is literally true that

"Nothing that is can pause or stay."

The theory of Antæus, and of Mr. Henry George, that basic value resides in

the earth, and that the true standard is to be stated in terms of land or soil, loses none of its fascination or its authority as time passes. Man's instinct for reversion to the soil is unerring, and repeatedly demonstrated; back through the arboreal stretches, of which Stevenson claimed the legacy, the feet of man turn to ploughed ground, and he scuffs happily in the soft earth. The smell of the earth is the breath of his life; he runs away from towns, once in about so often, as a boy runs away from school, and he draws vitality from the broad earth and the open sky and the living, breathing trees and grass and flowers. He is renewed in the spirit of his mind as well as in the fibres of his body, and he is driven back to his merchandise solely by the force of habit and the "cohesive power" of the sophistical tendency in modern society to spare the muscles of one's back and spur one's wits instead.

But more and more is the knowledge spreading that the country is the place to live in; there does one get the most good of life as it passes. The man whose daily work is in town must live in town, or so near it that he can scarcely hope for anything but a smattering of rural peace and wisdom; but even he may sometimes—from Friday to Tuesday, say—"get out," in the phrase of the starling. And as the tendency toward country life spreads, the race is bettered by just so many rebuilt nerves and just so much clearer sight to distinguish between the real and the artificial, the actual and the imaginary, the necessary and the unnecessary. Nor does the present popularity of athletics stand for all the good which is to be got out of days and nights in the country. Hunting is no more healthful than botanizing or sheer loafing, "with feet to

the earth," and a golf course is not better than a garden. Sport and athletics are manifestations of a truth, and simple life among trees and flowers is the truth itself.

As has been metrically remarked, to him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language. That is, he that hath ears to hear the songs of birds, is not obliged to listen to the talk of the trees, and he who finds his keenest pleasure in the scent and forms of flowers, does not find the animal life intrusive, and he who loves best to lie in the grass and hear the wind blow through the hollow sky is not disturbed by the play of light and shade across the meadow. And as in this great realm of out-of-doors there is room for the freest choice in pleasures, so in the narrower field of the garden one may please himself in his own way. The great formal gardens in the Italian manner are the pride of many magnificent country homes in England, but because he may not have such a garden as these, the young man who has just married and gone to live in the most idyllic hamlet in New Jersey, need not be cast down. The turf upon his lawn is not the product of two hundred years of patient care, the flowers beside his concrete walk may be new comers in this soil, and, unquestionably, he hasn't got a yew on the place. Yet if he deserves to live in the country at all he will find his instinct for a garden growing with his broadening sense of what it means to live in a house whose windows look out upon grass and trees and a horizon line. He will see more and more clearly that his house should stand among its gardens like a gem in its setting, and the idea once perceived, his sense of fitness will work with his ingenuity to produce beautiful effects in his surroundings; and he will find that at comparatively slight cost in money, if he will give freely of his time and patience, he can have a little terrace,

or a leafy colonnade which may be, in its lowest terms, little more than a well-built trellis with a simple curved bench at the end, or a privet hedge so trimmed and ordered as to dignify and improve his cottage far more than a cast-iron fountain for which he must pay extra water rates.

The number of books lately published on gardens and gardening, to go no further afield, is significant of the increasing interest in this detail of country life. Such books as "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," have been devoured so eagerly as to show clearly that flowers as well as gentle philosophy are close to the hearts of the American reader. But by far the most imposing volume on the general subject of ideal gardens is a remarkable series of sketches illustrated with magnificent photographs which appeared in the English paper *Country Life* during the past year or two, and which are now published in a splendid folio called *Gardens Old and New*, treating of the (English) country house and its garden environment. Here are nearly three hundred pages of description and comment upon more than three score of the magnificent gardens for which England is famous, and it is safe to say that no more beautiful photographs of foliage have ever been made than the hundreds of pictures in this book. We reproduce herewith a few of the smaller illustrations, which may serve to indicate the beauty and interest of the others. The largest cover full pages in this large volume, and all deserve high praise for excellence of execution as well as for interest of subject.

The most striking feature, perhaps, among all the beauties of these great English gardens, is the use, with magnificent effect, of clipped yews as foils to

GARDENS OLD AND NEW. The Country House and Its Garden Environment. With more than 400 illustrations from photographs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Importers. Folio, \$15.



From "Gardens Old and New."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE TOPIARIUS AT HIS WORK
[Copyright by *Country Life*.]

brilliant flowers and as ornaments of lawns and terraces. From the vast expanse of Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire to the homely beauties of Cleve Prior Manor, Mrs. Holtum's house in Worcestershire, the aged yew stands always in the honorable place. In fact, the great distinction of Cleve Prior is its wonderful avenue of clipped yews, in which the pious trace the apostles and evangelists, ranged in a mighty row. It is almost hopeless to try to make selections among the beautiful places included in the book; if we speak of the terraces, grass stairway and clipped yews at St. Catharine's Court, or of the yew hedges and great formal garden at Blickling, or of the park and the apple walk at Lille-shall, we are equally fascinated with the

exquisite contrasts of sombre yews and bright flowers at Condover Hall and Holme Lacy, and the marvelous view over the park and the city of Bath from Prior Park, and the wonderful yew hedges, trained like colossal mushrooms, at Henbury Court. The charm of these places never tires, and it is no wonder that these sketches, with their illustrations, made *Country Life* the most popular periodical in England, for a while. Such country places are the admiration and despair of most persons who would emulate them, but even the young married man in New Jersey can enjoy the book and make his own place more attractive by some detail suggested in its pages.

Another large and handsome volume, with illustrations similar to those in

"Gardens Old and New," is "The Century Book of Gardening," edited by E. T. Cook. This book, however, differs from the even more stately volume just noticed. That was made up entirely of descriptive sketches and pictures of the most beautiful country houses and gardens in England; this consists of a short introduction and a series of monographs upon various features of gardens and gardening. Mrs. Earle, the author of "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden," writes of "Shrub Borders and Hardy Flowers"; Mr. F. W. Burbidge, of the Royal Horticultural Society, writes of "Tender Plants for the Summer Gardens"; Mr. S. W. Fitzherbert contributes a chapter on "Mixed Borders and Rock Gardens"; Mr. William Paul writes of "Roses and Rose Gardens"; Mr. James Douglas discusses "The Carnation and Picotee"; Mr. W. H. White, "Orchid Grower to Sir Trevor Lawrence, President of the Royal Horticultural Society, writes of the "Cultivation of Orchids"; and "Trees and Shrubs" form the subject of chapters by Mr. W. J. Bean, of the Royal Gardens at Kew, and the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, M.P. Mr. George Bunyard writes of "Fruit Trees for Ornament and Beauty," Mr. Edwin Beckett writes of "The Culture of Vegetables," and Mr. G. S. Sanders tells of "Insect Enemies and Friends." Other similar essays, together with technical descriptions of thousands of trees and plants, tabulated in detail, contribute to the great excellence and interest of the book. The volume is prepared with special reference, of course, to English gardens, but much of the information is equally valuable here. The illustrations, of which there are hundreds, are occasionally duplicates of those in "Gardens Old and New," though less

striking, perhaps, than those in the larger book, but there are many photographs of flowers and plants as distinct from the garden landscape in which they appear, which illustrate some of the detailed descriptions of various blossoms. There is an index of nearly 3,000 titles.

A portly octavo—almost as stout as a New York City Directory—is *The Book of Gardening*, sub-titled "A Handbook of Horticulture," composed of contributions by eminent horticulturists, edited by Mr. W. D. Drury, and very fully illustrated with photographs and line drawings showing the structure of flowers and plants. The various chapter headings of Mr. Drury's book, beginning with "Landscape Gardening," "Florists' Flowers," "Roses," "Chrysanthemums," "Bedding Plants" and "Animals," and ending with "Plant Propagation," "Fruit Culture," "Vegetable Culture," "Pests," and "Manures," will be found to cover the ground most effectively, and while the book makes no pretence to such beauty of illustrations as the two just noticed, it overflows with detailed and practical information. As a comprehensive reference book and oracle for gardeners it must take a very high place, although it is specially useful to gardeners working in the English climate.

The Mushroom Book, by Miss Nina L. Marshall, announces itself as "a popular guide to the identification and study of our commoner fungi, with special emphasis on the edible varieties." In her preface she disclaims original research, and

THE BOOK OF GARDENING. A Handbook of Horticulture. By various specialists. With hundreds of Illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, Importers, thick 8vo, \$7.50 net.

THE MUSHROOM BOOK. A popular guide to the identification and study of our commoner fungi, with special emphasis on the edible varieties. By Nina L. Marshall. With many Illustrations in half tone and colored plates. Doubleday, Page & Co., 4to, \$3.00 net.

THE CENTURY BOOK OF GARDENING. A Comprehensive Work for the Lover of the Garden. Edited by E. T. Cook. With many Illustrations from Photographs. Doubleday, Page & Co., 4to, \$7.50 net.

SYLVANA'S LETTERS TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND. By E. V. B. With Illustrations from Photographs. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$2.50.

says frankly that the material has all been drawn from existing treatises upon the different divisions of fungi, and she gives a list of her authorities at the end of the book. It has been the aim of the author to write a book simple enough to serve the use of occasional students of the subject, either for the sake of finding which are safe to eat, or for the pleasure which a knowledge of their habits and home life may give. The author has tried to describe the species in the simplest and least technical terms possible, and very often the terms are illustrated with line cuts. Of these line cuts there are nearly two hundred, besides forty-eight fine photographs reproduced in half-tone, several of them in color. All these photographs have been made from nature by Mr. J. A. and Miss H. C. Anderson. The book is well planned, concisely written and is as

serviceable as any of the text-books of the subject, several of which are sold for a much higher price. It is beautifully printed throughout, and is entirely serviceable and comprehensible enough.

A very friendly little book about flowers and gardens is *Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend*, whose author, although sheltered behind the initials E. V. B., we believe to be Mrs. Boyle. In these pleasantly discursive letters the writer gossips of sunny gardens, English and Scotch, in which she strayed and played; rose gardens, and gardens of iris, and gardens full of all lilies, and sweet-peas, and carnations, and dahlias, and mignonette, and pink hollyhocks. North and South did Sylvana range, discovering new beauties in strange gardens and recognizing old ones with renewed affection, and she writes about it all to her friend—



From "Gardens Old and New."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FORMAL GARDEN AND PARK, FROM THE HOUSE, AT LILleshall, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF SHROPSHIRE

[Copyright by Country Life.]

who is the gentle reader—and gives details, besides, of her dog's health, and the decadent behavior of the parrot, besides quoting Spenser, Rousseau and the last number of *Punch*. And her general reflections are so sympathetic and good that she may well have the last paragraph all to herself.

"I have been thinking of gardens—of the true pleasure of them. And I find that if the garden be great, it is not in green breadths of lawn or long perspectives of terraces or trees, or well-kept bor-

ders, or in chosen peeps of outland country, that our soul delights. If the place be small, it is not the trimness of grand paths or the brilliancy of ordered flower-beds that most do please. The true pleasure everywhere, in every garden, is the charm of individual interest—whether among the rough stones of the rockery or in the sunny bit under an old wall or in some other, perhaps unfrequented, corner of the garden, where grows some tender plant whose flowering is watched and waited for."

W. S. M.



From "Gardens Old and New."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SUNDIAL AT HESLINGTON HALL, YORK

[Copyright by *Country Life*.]

THE VITAL CHOICE

Or shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty;
Both give bliss;
Each can torture if divided;
Each claims worship undivided,
In her wake would have us wallow.

Youth must offer on bent knees
Homage unto one or other;
Earth, the mother,
This decrees;
And unto the pallid Scyther
Either points us shun we either,
Shun or too devoutly follow.

—From "*A Reading of Life, and Other Poems*," by George Meredith. By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE outburst of lady-like eroticism which has followed the publication of "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman" helps to show more clearly than any previous symptoms that the cape-and-sword school of romance has had its day, for the time being at least. It is long since Mr. John Lane advertised two or three of his wares, including "Herod" and "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," as the "best love stories." We are now promised the love letters of some notable historical personages, including Bismarck. We have had skits on "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman," a book by George Egerton, called "Rosa Amorosa" and innumerable reprints of the love verses of the great poets. The emotional point of view of the British reading public is indeed very difficult to grasp, for books that would have been a failure a few years ago are being read to-day with avidity. It is extraordinary, for instance, that a book like "The Visits of Elizabeth" should have been one of the successes of the season. English country-house life, as the occasional glimpses into it afforded by the law courts have shown, is certainly worth the study of the serious student of society, but such stories as Elizabeth, an innocent young girl, tells to her mother belong (as Mr. Pinero would say) "to the smoking-room and the club." Mrs. Clayton Glyn, the author, is a Canadian, and is married to an Essex squire. Her sister was recently married to Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, who represents an exceedingly literary family. The portrait at the beginning of Mrs. Clayton Glyn's book is that of Lady Angela Forbes, who is the sister of Earl Rosslyn, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Countess of Warwick, all of whom have written books. In speaking of these books as specimens of eroticism, I am not overstepping the mark,

for the Blackwoods announce a story called "The Extermination of Love," "a fragmentary study in erotics." The last word is all the more notable in view of the fact that the author, Madame de Laszowska, one of the Gerard sisters, is quite an old-fashioned writer. The new school is much more sensuous than the psychologists of the Keynote period.

It is curious that despite the loyalty, which the life of Queen Victoria increased, in the House of Guelph, the interest in the House of Stuart, which it displaced, increases in exact proportion. Modern critical methods having shown the latter Stuarts, notably Prince Charlie and his father, to have been something very far short of heroes. But nothing that can now be written will dispel the atmosphere of romance which envelops the Stuart dynasty for the ordinary reader, and the fascination of their devious methods for the expert. This spring alone has brought forth no fewer than three new books on Mary, Queen of Scots, the fair emotionalist, who by a grim irony was sent to rule a people completely antagonistic to her point of view. Mr. Andrew Lang, who is doing less journalism and more solid book work, has followed up his Stuart studies by "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," which deals in detail with the famous Casket letters. Mr. Lang has the rare knack of being able to throw a new light on old material and of unearthing new facts, and, unlike the historian who belongs to the school of "infinitesimal research," he has a vivid point of view and the gift of style. The literature of the Casket letters is extensive enough in all conscience, and yet a new book on the subject has been written by Mr. Samuel Cowan, a Scots journalist, for Sampson Low. Even the American is fascinated

by the subject of Mary, for Mr. M. M. Shoemaker has prepared an elaborately illustrated book on the palaces, prisons and resting-places of the queen, beginning with Linlithgow Palace, Mary's birth-place, now a ruin, which Lord Rosebery proposes to restore as a memorial to Queen Victoria. The late Queen took a great interest in the Stuarts, and the Royal Library at Windsor contains the enormous mass of Stuart correspondence which George IV purchased from the representatives of Henry Stuart, Cardinal York, the last of his race. It was probably in recognition of her interest in the exiled House that the Legitimist League did not celebrate the martyrdom of Charles this year, as it fell due when the Queen was lying dead. Another Stuart book is announced by Mr. Nutt in the shape of a little sketch of the late Pretender and the movements in his favor, edited by Mr. Sanford Terry, who is the Lecturer on History at Aberdeen University and has produced some excellent historical work lately, including a bibliography of the literature of the '45. Though Mr. Wilkins has made a success with his book on Sophia Dorothea, the annals of the House of Hanover will never have the hold on the imagination of moderns that the Stuarts manage to take. If possible closer inspection of the Hanoverians will be disillusioning.

What I may call the literature of impeachment of this country continues to attract publishers in its sad or hysteric way. We have had endless books about the army, including one by an Austrian, Theodor von Sosnosky. He has never been in England, and yet he tells us he amused himself as a boy by marshalling English armies under a certain Duke of Haddington, who was a second Napoleon. The Duke was made to take Cuba and enter New York in triumph! A book that has had a very great success is by

Captain Cairnes, the author of the "Absent-Minded War." It is called "The Coming Waterloo." Indeed, anything of the "Battle of Dorking" type will have a more or less catch-penny sale. Among those who have benefitted by the tide of pessimism is Mr. John M. Robertson, who used to write industriously for little known publishers. He has now been taken up by Mr. Grant Richards and has given us a book entitled "Wrecking the Empire." Mr. Robertson, I believe, is a Scotsman, and has written on many topics, all in a very strenuous way. Pessimism has invaded even the realms of critical literature as Mr. Churton Collins' "Ephemera Critica" serves to remind us. For nearly thirty years Mr. Collins, as he himself describes it, has been engaged "in pleading for the recognition of literature as distinguished from philology at the universities." He is shaky in his proof of certain points, but in his denunciation of the main drift of much current "criticism" there is a great deal that is very true in his crusade. Mr. Collins is a Balliol man and is just a little past fifty. He is younger by six years than Mr. W. J. Courthope, the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who is republishing his lectures on "Life in Poetry" and "Law in Taste." Mr. Courthope wrote the Newdigate prize poem at Oxford in 1864, and has written a good deal of verse, but he is chiefly known as the editor of Pope. Apropos of critics, one notices that there is likely to be a revival of interest in Hazlitt. Mr. Archer has already reprinted Hazlitt's theatrical criticisms, which are still quite fresh, and now Mr. Augustine Birrell is at work at a monograph on the great critic.

Our passing into the twentieth century seems to be the signal for a re-examination of the social life of the eighteenth century and some of its smaller celebrities. Mr. Grant Richards, to take only one publisher, has within the last few

weeks given us books of Mrs. Grant of Laggan and a series of eighteenth-century memoirs by Mrs. Paston. Again the letters of Lady Anne Barnard, the immortal author of "Auld Robin Gray," are to be issued by Smith Elder. It is long since the literary life of the eighteenth century was exploited, but a great deal has yet to be done in dealing with its social life on a smaller scale. The charter chests of many families are unexplored so far as the eighteenth century is concerned, because the strongest dislike is shown by their owners to let experts probe the inner history of people whose descendants may still be alive. The consequence is that it is far more easy to investigate the life and history of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries than to deal with the eighteenth.

Among the biographies to be issued in the near future, one of the most interesting will be that of Mrs. Lynn Linton, which Mr. George Soames Layard has in hand. Mr. Layard has hitherto been known by his books on modern art, for he has written on Cruikshank, Keene, and the pre-Raphaelites. During her long life Mrs. Linton occupied such a prominent place in London literary life, and wrote with so much force that if she has left any material at all, it ought to make pretty lively reading. Miss Mary Kingsley's life is being written by her brother Charles, who is being assisted by Mr. Walker, the West African traveler. The Kingsleys have inherited the literary gift in a very marked degree, for one generation produced Charles and Henry, the novelists, and George, the scientist, while the present has given us Miss Mary Kingsley, her cousin, Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet), and Charles the second. The late Professor Sidgwick, who married Mr. A. J. Balfour's sister, is to be commemorated at Cambridge by a lectureship in moral philosophy. Mr. Sidgwick did more than any man for his favorite sub-

ject at Cambridge, where his wife is now Principal of Newnham. She inherits the contemplative characteristics of her brother, Mr. Balfour, and her uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury.

Speaking of philosophy, I may say that Mr. Benjamin Swift has turned his back on fiction for the moment to his favorite philosophical studies, for he is writing a book for Mr. Heinemann called "The Eternal Conflict." Mr. W. R. Paterson, to give him his real name, began his career by taking first-class philosophical honors at Glasgow University. His friends know him to be profoundly interested in the problems of life which he regards in an unconventional way, and everybody who has read his stories must have been struck by the underlying strenuousness of their point of view.

The houses for poor authors, for which the late Sir William Fraser, the genealogist, left £25,000, are to be erected at Colinton, near Edinburgh, on a site commanding a view of the Pentlands. There will be twelve houses and an administrative block, forming three sides of a square. The houses vary in size from two to four rooms, and over the door of each house there will be two old Scottish mottoes: *Pax intrantibus* (Peace to the coming) and *Salus exeuntibus* (Safety to the departing). It seems almost incredible, yet the hard, dry fact remains that Sir William Fraser made £100,000 out of writing genealogical works. He compiled—one can scarcely say "wrote"—twenty books on an elaborate scale on the great families of Scotland, mostly to the order of the head of the house. These books were never sold, but were given away. Even on the supposition that Sir William, who began life as a solicitor's clerk, made £2,000 out of every book, there is still £60,000 to be accounted for. True, he had a small business as a solicitor, and a Government post in the Register House where all

the Scots national records are kept, but the savings on that, even during a long life, would not make up the £100,000. I am told that he lived very economically, had no expensive tastes, never speculated, and bought old furniture judiciously, which sold after his death for very high prices. Meantime, one may recall the fact that homes for authors have not been a conspicuous success hitherto in this country. The Guild of Literature and Art built a series of houses at Stevenage, in Herts, for poor authors, and Dickens was convinced that it would "entirely change the status of the literary man in England." The scheme, however, was a complete failure, and the buildings are now to be sold. The real explanation, of course, is that the British mind has a constitutional dislike of anything approaching an Academy of Arts, in practice or in superannuation, and all proposals of this kind are really doomed to failure. Mr. Anthony Hope, who as playwright and novelist is piling up a nice little fortune, is keenly interested in the scheme of pensions for poor authors. The booming system, against which Mr. Churton Collins inveighs, rapidly sends the work of our story writers out of date. Looked at calmly, it is essentially a cruel system—sending up a new writer like a rocket, so that he inevitably must come down as an unmistakable stick.

The hopelessness of literary combination is brought out by the difficulties attending book copyright legislation and the whole question of agreement between authors and publishers. On the one side we have the Society of Authors, run by Sir Walter Besant, while on the other we have writers like Mr. Charles Weekes, who, in the new issue of *The Literary Year Book*, which is published by Mr. George Allen, imagines "nothing worse for the best interests alike to the work and the workers, than the indefinite in-

crease of books published on commission." Mr. Herbert Morrah, who edits the *Year Book*, declares that literature "is a miz-maze into which people have a way of straying without even knowing what they want to do or whither they want to go." Very different is the attitude of our photographers, who have, under the marshalling genius of Mr. Joseph Elliott, become as powerful a corporation within the last eight years as any that I know of. When illustrated papers began reproducing photographs, Mr. Elliott, who is the chief of the famous firm of Elliott and Fry, the Royal Photographers of Baker Street, whipped up his brethren even in the remotest corners of the country and demanded a photographic fee for every copyright picture published on the basis of 10s.6d. for cabinets and 21s. for panel portraits. The illustrated weekly newspapers made an attempt to defy the photographers' union, but, although some of them had been established almost before Mr. Elliott's birth, they signally failed. Mr. Elliott has reserved for an American paper the fact that he has been making two hundred pounds out of the portrait of General Baden-Powell alone, while not a copyright photograph is published without his union getting to know of it. Copyright resides in the photographer, I may say, by the mere fact that the sitter is not paid. Rather than enter into a correspondence with subjects, the illustrated-paper editor will pay the 10s.6d. demanded by any photographer; but there is no doubt whatever that some photographers have charged fees for portraits that have been actually paid for by the sitter. I mention this in order to show the strength of the photographers who control one department of our illustrated books and newspapers. Does the commercial ability which has distinguished the photographers mean that their "art" is the merest mechanism

after all? There are signs that the book-publishers are now about to protest against photographic fees, but I do not think they will be any more successful than the editors.

An exceedingly dull theatrical season, punctuated by the revival, and failure, of some old plays, has characterized the spring. But the announcements for the future give hope of a better summer. Mr. Tree has commissioned Mr. Stephen Phillips to write a play on the "Odyssey." Mr. Alexander, however, makes no sign of showing us on the stage the same author as "Paolo and Francesca." Mr. Tree is also to give some performances of Stevenson and Henley's farce, "Macaire" and of "Beau Austin," which raised the spirits of the advance guard of the critics. London has lost one of its dramatists in the person of Mr. George Moore, who has returned to his native heath. He has found that England is perfectly impossible, and that London tends to crush out his ideals. So he has betaken himself to Dublin, leaving behind him his old friend, Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Egerton Castle's romance, "The Secret Orchard," has been dramatized for the Kendals. Sir Henry Irving's eldest son, who gave us a brilliant book on Judge Jeffreys, has now written a series of "Studies in French Criminals." There is a curious tinge of *diablerie* in Mr. Irving's acting. I may

note that another young actor, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, has taken to letters, for he is turning out some clever stories.

Close on five thousand newspapers and journals, weekly and monthly, are published in the United Kingdom, but the vast number seems to have no deterrent effect on ambitious people. The latest project is a sixpenny weekly paper, called *The Candid Friend*, started by Mr. Frank Harris, who made his mark as editor of the *Fortnightly*, and then of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Harris is a Welshman, who was born in Ireland and received some education in America. He has written in many forms, one of his more recent efforts being "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," the play produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Original points of view and forcible language have distinguished everything he has done up to the present time. One may, therefore, expect, from its title, at least, that *The Candid Friend* will "hum." "The Tilt Yard" is the title of a column in a new magazine called *The Kensington*, which is more or less connected with the arts and the district where the arts find such a suitable home. Another new publication of a similar type is the *Book Lover*, which is "sent forth to the elect every little while" by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell, of Oxford. It is based on several American models.

J. M. Bulloch.

THE BURDEN OF STRENGTH

If that thou hast the gift of strength, then know
Thy part is to uplift the trodden low;

Else in a giant's grasp until the end
A hopeless wrestler shall thy soul contend.

—From "A Reading of Life, and Other Poems," by George Meredith. By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

CURRENT LITERATURE

A NOVELIST WITH A FUTURE

MR. FRANK NORRIS disappointed the expectations he had roused with his crude, powerful "McTeague," when he followed it up with "Blix" and "A Man's Woman"—two respectable, average performances, books of little color or weight. He has redeemed himself in *The Octopus*, the first of a "trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat," which will deal with (1) the production, (2) the distribution, and (3) the consumption of the American cereal. *The Octopus* deals also, and principally, with the war between the wheat-grower and the railroad; it is historic, for none can fail to recognize the tragic episode here recounted, with the great transcontinental railroad builder who but recently laid down the burden of his giant task as the central force. The second book, "The Pit," will probably have an equally strong basis in a recent Chicago "corner" in wheat; the third, "The Wolf," will have its scene laid in Europe, but of this Mr. Norris himself does not appear to be quite certain at the present moment. It will, however, certainly deal with a famine in an Old World community, and its relief by American wheat. The trilogy will tell the story of a crop from the time of its sowing in the West to that of its consumption across the ocean.

The trilogy has come to be much beloved of modern novelists. D'Annunzio practices his art in trilogies; Zola has developed its possibilities to the utmost. And just here it may be well to notice the unmistakable influence of the great Frenchman upon the young American:

"There it was, the Wheat, the Wheat! The little seed long planted, germinating in the deep, dark furrows of the soil, straining, swelling, suddenly in one night had burst upward to the light. The wheat had come up. It was there before him, around him, everywhere, illimitable, immeasurable. The winter brownness of the ground was overlaid with a little shimmer of green. The promise of the sowing was being fulfilled. The earth, the loyal mother, who never failed, who never disappointed, was keeping her faith again. Once more the strength of nations was renewed. Once more the force of the world was revived. Once more the Titan, benignant, calm, stirred and woke, and the morning abruptly blazed into glory upon the spectacle of a man whose heart leaped exuberant with the love of a woman, and an exulting earth gleaming transcendent with the radiant magnificence of an inviolable pledge."

This is pure Zola, and there is much of it. In fact, Mr. Norris appears to be saturated with Zola's method. The trick of repetition of certain adjectives, phrases and descriptions, so wearisome in "Fécondité," is here, too, but kept within bounds; and the grouping of the masses on the enormous canvas is entirely after the masterly manner of the Frenchman. But where could have been found a better method to follow? Mr. Norris is not an imitator: there is much in this book that is entirely his own—its best passages, in fact—but the influence is visible, nor could it have been ignored, once it was felt. If Mr. Norris falls short of the cumulative grandeur of Zola, it is not because his talent is inferior, but because he is a far younger man, for the maturity of power only comes with years and practice. He has in him the root of the matter, and the will and talent to make it blossom and bear fruit. Inevitable comparison with the French master at so early an age is sufficient tribute to a young man's gift. In *The Octopus* Mr. Norris fixes his place in American liter-

ature as the most promising of its coming novelists.

He succeeds in filling his canvas: of that there can be no doubt. But he still lacks the insight gained from experience, the power to make deductions, to generalize, and to coördinate his observations. He stands before one of the greatest problems of the day—the trust; he records the up-building work it does, the havoc it creates, but the lesson escapes him. He is but one of many of us watching modern economic developments, expecting vaguely some climax; he is not a leader sent to guide us out of the slough, nor does he pretend to be. He has his young enthusiast, Presley, as Zola has his Abbé Froment; and with Presley he stands silent, bewildered, when the head of the Octopus—the railroad—speaks, as he was wont to speak in real life:

“‘Believe this, young man,’ exclaimed Shelgrim, laying a thick, powerful forefinger on the table to emphasize his words, ‘try to believe this—to begin with—that *Railroads build themselves*. Where there is a demand, sooner or later there will be a supply. Mr. Derrick, does he grow his wheat? The Wheat grows itself. What does he count for? Does he supply the force? What do I count for? Do I build the Railroad? You are dealing with forces, young man, when you speak of Wheat and the Railroads, not with men. There is the Wheat, the supply. It must be carried to feed the People. There is the demand. The Wheat is one force, the Railroad another, and there is the law that governs them—supply and demand. Men have only little to do in the whole business. Complications may arise, conditions that bear hard on the individual—crush him, maybe—but *the Wheat will be carried to feed the people* as inevitably as it will grow. If you want to fasten the blame of the affair at Los Muertos on any person, you will make a mistake. Blame conditions, not men.

“‘You are a very young man. Control the road! Can I stop it? I can go into bankruptcy if you like. I can do nothing. I can *not* control it. It is a force born out of certain conditions, and I—no man—can stop it or control it. Can your Mr. Derrick stop the Wheat growing? He can burn his crop, or he can give it away, or sell it for a cent a bushel—just as I could go into bank-

ruptcy; but otherwise his Wheat must grow. Can anyone stop the Wheat? Well, then, no more can I stop the Road.’”

Having been wrought up to anarchy and bomb-throwing by the highhanded oppression of the wheat-growers in California, ending in bloodshed and ruin, Mr. Norris's young hero stands undecided before the colossus whose work endures to the greater prosperity of the country; immature enthusiasm, a warm heart dominating an untrained, inexperienced brain, has no argument to offer to moderate, philosophic old age. “One cannot make an omelet without breaking the eggs,” said Napoleon, and he who must make the omelet because a nation needs it for its sustenance will never be understood by him who wishes to save the eggs. A clear view of the truth as he must see it is not yet for Presley: he is too young. And the facts of history prevent Mr. Norris from ending his tale with a climax of poetic justice. One of the railroad's eggs is broken, too, it is true, but it is a bad one. This episode, by the way, is Zolaesque symbolic melodrama.

But, after all, does Zola offer us a solution in his trilogy that begins in “*Lourdes*” and concludes in “*Paris*”? His Abbé Froment, who, unable to banish misery from his own little parish, yet wished to teach the Pope how to make the whole world happy, ends with a somewhat confused Fourierism, after having laid down the burden of the career he had chosen. And we must not forget that, whereas in his case we are able to judge the completed work, we know of Mr. Norris's nothing but its beginning. He may join the prophets and the theorists, but, so far as can be seen now, it is with conditions, not with theories, that he will concern himself. He presents the two sides of a mighty problem which alone the world can see: there is a third side, which may bear the solution, but we have merely

made guesses at it from the days of Lasalle and Marx to those of Henry George and Tolstoy, and Bellamy, and Mr. Howells, and Zola.

Thus far about Mr. Norris's subject. His treatment of it is daring in its proportions. He has his limitations, but they are easily forgotten in the bold handling of the whole. There is true drama in it, and true poetry—groping after life in its largest meaning, a feeling for mother earth that, often symbolic, like Zola's, comes near to understanding.

Thrice welcome is this book. Compared with it, certain much advertised "successes" of recent years will dwindle to their true proportions. Far better is it to produce such independent work under the moulding influence of Zola than to copy Dumas or Thackeray in historical romance. Mr. Norris has deliberately shouldered the difficulties of a trilogy planned on an enormous scale. He is young, he is ambitious, and his undoubted talent may carry him through. He should have our good wishes in the completion of his task; he deserves success, and it may be that he will command it. But through it all we fear that our economic outlook will not be widened or deepened by him. He may write three notable novels; he will not find a new way. Eggs will still have to be broken if we are to have omelets, even after the completion of this Epic of the Wheat. It is given to but few of us to be novelists and economic thinkers both. Meanwhile we all must be beholden to him for the novel of the season.

A. S. van Westrum.

A DEVONSHIRE LOVE-STORY

THERE is no doubt that Gwendoline Keats, who writes under the *nom de guerre* of "Zack," is a power in the world

THE WHITE COTTAGE. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

of letters. What she says, she says with brevity, intensity, and dramatic force. The record of every page is burned in with such sharpness that even after twenty years one would say, "I once read a story—the name of it has escaped me—in which a Devonshire coast woman was loved by two men, one a fisher, the other the shiftless son of a poacher. She promised to marry the fisher, but once, when he went on a week's fishing voyage, her love for the other man overcame her, and she went with him as his wife to the little white cottage by the sea where Mark, the fisher, had dreamed of her waiting for him, with their child in her arms, a child so like Luce, and yet his. And when Mark returned, Ben took him to the cottage and left him alone with Luce.

" 'I wud ha' been true to 'ee. I wanted to be true to 'ee: but, lad, I jest worn't,' was her wail.

"In due time a little child came, and just before that the real wife. There was prison for Ben—five years of it—and hatred for Luce towards her husband and then —"

So would the mind travel on from one unforgettable detail to the next. It is the kind of story that one never forgets.

The White Cottage, in spite of its tragic elements, is not as uncompromisingly pessimistic as Miss Keats's first long story, "On Trial,"—a careful study of weakness, which left a sense of depression. There is gloom in this last story, and a strong feeling of the inevitableness and cruelty of fate in causing innocent women to suffer. But the outlook is not hopeless. In this respect the author's art has advanced. Generally speaking, the best art is not pessimistic.

Mark Tavy, the fisher, was a man of clean life, who had "acted fair" all his days and was always on the Lord's side. He was sure of his reward in Heaven and he was going to get as much of it on earth as

he could. "'Tiddn't to be believed that the Almighty is going to see me wronged," he said repeatedly to himself. Being one of the Lord's soldiers, he took it upon himself to help the Lord avenge the wrong that Ben Lupin did to him in taking from him the woman he loved. He is an excellent illustration of a certain type of man who identifies himself so closely with the Lord that his own motives and feelings become the Lord's. Tavy does get a glimpse of his real self and a conviction of the truth spoken by the little old postman, "Zims almost ez if it took more'n the law and the church to make folks man an' wife." That glimpse comes just in time to save him from a sanctimonious effort to make Luce "honest" when she felt more honest as she was.

The action is so rapid that at times the incidents succeed one another abruptly, but the result is a condensed piece of work which can be read in one sitting. There are no false notes, no digressive incidents introduced to give the proper local color. The color is there without any apparent effort from the author.

C. S.

THE AWAKENING OF THE EAST

FROM the opening page of this book the conviction grows that its digest of vast information is the result of personal and painstaking observation, illumined by an enlightened understanding of men and affairs at home and abroad.

Mr. Norman in his preface dwells on the author's "political sagacity and detachment, so to speak, as an observer and investigator," and adds, "If one may say

so without offence, this is rare in a writer of M. Leroy Beaulieu's nationality. A Frenchman is usually so good a Frenchman that he cannot divest himself, even for an hour, of the preferences and prejudices of his own land and race. When, however, you do find a Frenchman who, by temperament, research and travel has attained to a cosmopolitan impartiality, then nobody dwells in so cool and clear an atmosphere as he."

This is quite true, yet coming from an Englishman the criticism strikes a rather comical note, if we compare the luminous insight and detached play of the French critical mind with the insular prejudices so apt to mar even the best English criticism of any outsider. But whoever has looked into M. Leroy Beaulieu's previous work on the interior life, political, social and religious, of Russia, will be quite prepared for the rare insight, judgment, poise, and vast information that pervades this latest volume on the biggest problem before the nations to-day. The author's familiarity with the remote past of the East lends support to his present day investigations. All manner of research is made tributary; myth, tradition, linguistic lore, anthropology and ethnography. He shows us how the effect of European action in the East is not at all a matter of our own time; that "it began as soon as the Asiatic invasion of Europe had ceased." Even in comparative modern times there were striking analogies between movements in the East and those taking place among our own ancestors. As early as 1553 the Strogonofs, powerful merchants, petitioned, and, under Ivan the Terrible, obtained a grant to organize a regular charter company, analogous to the East India Company, and pushed on conquests into Siberia. Fur trade began to be established there at about the time that the French were conquering North America, and colonization began with the

THE AWAKENING OF THE EAST. SIBERIA—JAPAN—CHINA. By Pierre Leroy Beaulieu. Translated by Richard Davey, with preface by Henry Norman. Mc Clure, Phillips & Co., 8vo, \$2.50.

English settlements in this country. We get minute pictures of the manner of life among the Russian colonists of the present day, and their relations to the various tribes that surround them; of their ignorance and lack of energy—owing in part to climate—of their hospitality and hide-bound conservatism to the ways of their fathers; of the tolerance, even real amity, between pagans and Christians throughout the Tsar's dominion. There does not appear to be an atom of the bickerings and mutual contempt, so noticeable among rival sects of Christians throughout Western Europe. When sects are warred upon or banished, it is because of political complications. Russian peasants now emigrate into Siberia at the rate of 200,000 a year, and births greatly outnumbering deaths, there is an annual increase of 300,000 people in the Asiatic dominion of the Tsar. Between this and the dominion of Canada—very much alike in climate throughout all habitable Siberia—the author draws numerous parallels, and does not think the Russian much inferior as a colonist, Siberia being many times more thickly populated than Canada. A very numerous white population already occupies the whole of Northern Asia from the Urals to the Pacific and the trans-Siberian railway leading directly into China is destined to become one of the most frequented routes in the world. Nothing can prevent this. It is destiny.

The story of Japan, as illumined by M. Leroy Beaulieu, is interesting in the extreme. He enters minutely into the past of that fascinating land and points out that its present alertness, its almost passion for all the advantages of outlying civilization, is no new thing and therefore not to be wondered at. No people more ready to assimilate knowledge have ever existed than the Japanese. After tracing the story of Japan's assimilation of all the learning and arts of the Chinese about the

6th century of our era, he enters into a graphic account of its long-ago conversion in large part to Christianity under the influence of St. Francis Xavier—an intense admirer of the Japanese, even before the inrush of the Portuguese sailors. Following this, came the atrocities, cupidity and abominable practices of some of these invading Christians, the strife that resulted, the final uprising of the Japanese government, the overthrow of Christianity throughout the kingdom and the awful massacres that followed. It is all more wonderful than any invention of fiction. It was after this that the ports of Japan became hermetically sealed to all foreigners up to the time that our own Commodore Perry forced an entering wedge. Lastly, we have pictured Japan's sudden rise into power, her humiliation of China, and five years later—only the other day—her sending an army into China for relief of the foreign legion threatened there. Together with all this, the author also enters into all the pros and cons of Japan's policy in regard to her future—about which she is more troubled than the outside world realizes. She inclines to side with England through fear of being swallowed up by Russia. Yet she distrusts England and in certain ways has more affiliations with Russia. She would side with any powers that would spare China from dismemberment. Yet she has no love for China; it is the integrity of the East and her own safety that occupies her. The author shows that Japan has little affinity of blood with China. "She is part of the great family scientifically known as the uralo-altaic, which includes the Finns, the Hungarians, the Turks, the Mongols and the Koreans. . . . It should be remarked that the Chinese do not form part of this group, constituting a family quite apart whose language is distinctly monosyllabic and rhythmic. Their handwriting, however, was adopted by the Japanese between a

thousand and twelve hundred years ago, as were also a number of words describing objects which up to that time were unknown to them and probably introduced from China. If it is an undoubted fact that the Chinese and Japanese belong to the Yellow race, the link which unites them is quite as remote as that which exists between a Frenchman and a German on the one hand or an Arab and a Kabyle on the other."

He shows that the civilization of the ancient Japanese, up to the fifth or sixth century of our era, was most primitive, while that of Chinese is fully as old as that of ancient Egypt.

In the oldness of Chinese civilization, and the exclusive pride that results from it, the author places the tragedy of China's present plight, and the hopelessness of European attempts to deal with her. The contempt and scorn of China for outsiders has never yet been measured by Europeans. The very cheating, duplicity and chicanery of the Chinese, are but expressions of this contempt. It is their mode of warfare on those they cannot otherwise conquer. Politically, he sees China rotten to the core. Unlike other countries her ruling class or literati are no help to her in the matter of teaching progress to those below them, for the literati scorn to learn anything that their ancestors did not learn thousands of years ago. One saving grace China has—her commercial instinct and the business probity resulting from it. This our author seems to regard as the most hopeful point for Europeans to work upon. The effort to really conquer China would, he thinks, exhaust the resources of all Europe combined. He knows the country and pictures the probable result of trying to support troops throughout its vast area, thousands of miles away from seacoast supplies. The best policy he sees is to let China continue her existence as a nation

—after making an example of the late offenders in a manner which China will never forget, even refusing burial to the bodies of the condemned—the most terrible thing that could happen. He would have their traditional rights respected and their choice of succession to the throne continue, while keeping the country in a state of fear of foreign arms. While the opening of all ports to trade went on commercial enterprise should be in every way encouraged, and thus by degrees bring the whole country into touch with the ways of modern life and thought.

It is impossible in a brief summary of this very important book even to touch upon many of its valuable features. The author gives official accounts of the finances of the different countries of the east, tabulated records of imports and exports, and in many ways exhibits all their interior economic conditions.

M. T.

TWO NAVAL BOOKS

THESE volumes are authoritative contributions to the history of the American Navy during two periods when its achievements were as glorious as any recorded in the annals of sea adventure. The authors are graduates of the Naval Academy, and through their early training and later service are qualified to discuss with intelligence and sympathy the divergent yet correlated subjects of the old and the new navy, as illustrated by two epoch-making ships. The history of each type is narrated with an engaging frankness of style and with a consoling absence of those literary devices that may startle but cannot convince, and both wri-

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION. By Ira N. Hollis.

THE MONITOR AND THE NAVY UNDER STEAM. By Frank M. Bennett, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Each 12mo, \$1.50.

ters have brought to their work much of the single-mindedness and fairness that usually characterize the sailor. Professor Hollis, unfortunately for the service in which his reputation was among the highest, resigned to accept a professorship in Harvard University. Lieutenant Bennett, now on active duty, was a participant in some of the later engagements described in his book. Both contributed in various important directions towards the recreation and modernization of the navy.

I

The Frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," as she was familiarly called, is our most famous ship. Her greatest exploits were performed in the war of 1812, when with twelve cruisers in commission this nation fought for sailors' rights against England which then had afloat a navy that mustered 244 ships of the line, 237 frigates and between 700 and 800 other armed vessels. During this desperate struggle the Constitution was in action three times, was twice closely chased and was the captor of five ships of war, of which two were frigates and one was frigate built.

This famous frigate was, we learn, launched on the 20th of October, 1797, nearly 104 years ago; was borne on the cruising list for over sixty years, and saw her last active duty in 1881, when she made a voyage across the Western ocean. To-day she is lying in ordinary at the Boston navy yard, awaiting congressional appropriations or public offerings that will enable her to be repaired and kept as a museum of maritime achievement either off Washington or preferably off the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It needs no special pleading to show that the history of a ship that has been afloat so many years, that achieved so much, and that beginning her active duty in war

ended it on a mission of peace, well deserves to be written. Luckily the story is told out of an abundance of knowledge and with the keenest sympathy.

Not only is the work of the Constitution described, but a convincing picture is given of the condition of the navy when she was laid down at Boston, after the plan of that wizard of design, Joshua Humphries, ship constructor, of Philadelphia. The *vie intime* of the service is made plain and the social and political influences affecting the force afloat at that day are indicated. Here we may learn how the ships were authorized, built, organized and manned; how the *personnel*, fore and aft, lived; what were their pay and "grub," what the duties and what the hardships, the self denials and sacrifices that officers and men were called upon to endure uncomplainingly.

The engagements, the single actions, and the duels, in which the old Ironsides was engaged are described vividly and yet so lucidly that the landsman does not need a "Naval Tactics" nor a manual of seamanship to get the yarns aright. They are all there, not only the old stories we know so well, but many new ones that will give a fresh charm to the traditions of a ship that typifies the efficiency and the patriotism of our arms afloat.

II

The development of naval ordnance made necessary by the results of the shell fire at Sinopé led to a radical departure in ship construction. Napoleon III took the initiative in this by building, in addition to two floating batteries for use in the Crimea, the first iron-plated cruising vessels. Though this question of first arming ships is a vexed one, most authorities agree in yielding America the credit of the original suggestion. This is based upon the undisputable evidence that in the War of 1812 Mr. John Stevens, of Hoboken, New

Jersey, made and submitted plans to the United States Government, wherein a special feature was the protection given by inclined armor to ships.

As early as 1855 the subject of armor and rifled guns had been taken up with keen rivalry abroad, and England, France, Spain, Italy, Austria and Denmark had ironclads either afloat or on the stocks, before the first year of our Civil War had ended. In 1854 Ericsson submitted to Napoleon III the plan of a low free-boarded vessel with an armored deck and revolving dome or turret; and in 1855 Captain Cowper Coles, of the British Navy (afterwards lost on board the "Captain"), working independently on the same lines, constructed a small vessel, on which a *fixed* turret was built. More than ten years earlier, Mr. T. R. Timby, an American, filed a caveat in our patent office for a "metallic revolving fort" to be used "on land and water, and to be revolved by propelling engines, located within the same and acting upon a suitable mechanism." Whether the Timby plan was or was not intended to be used on shipboard is disputed; but it is certain that his claim as the inventor of the two-gun revolving turret was pecuniarily recognized by the contractors that built the Monitor.

Lieutenant Bennett declares in his preface that: "In the gradual transformation of ships of war from the wooden sailing ship to the steel-armored steam battleship the monitor occupies a medium station. More than half a century of steady progress in the application of steam power to the mechanic arts was necessary to make her possible, and her success in meeting the conditions for which she was built served to fix a standard for future war vessels, to sound the death knell of the modern ship of sails and to herald to all the navies the age of iron and steam. It is fitting, therefore, that the history of

the monitor should include accounts of the causes that produced her and the effects that followed after."

Following out this logical plan the volume opens with an interesting review of the history of steam navigation. This combines conciseness with accuracy, and is to a large degree a condensation of that monumental work, "The Steam Navy of the United States," written by the same author. In this preliminary chapter descriptions are given of the rifled gun, of the earlier plans for ironclads, of the Stevens Batteries of 1812 and 1842, of the floating batteries at Kinburn in 1855, and of the armored raft proposed by Ericsson in 1854. Then succeed chapters on the building and the battles of the ironclads, on certain naval events of the Civil War and on the evolution of the battleship. The book is a most creditable performance, and it is heartening to note the credit given to the ships in the late war, and to mark the high value put upon the services of that eminent and conscientious sailor, Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson.

J. D. Jerold Kelley.

HYPNOTISM, SUGGESTION AND MEDICINE

WHEN the polite world becomes interested in a subject which the scientist and the philosopher have not made up their minds about, popular treatises concerning it multiply. To a very large public, the Unknown still stands for the magnificent, as truly as it so stood to the Germans of Tacitus. It is

PLAIN INSTRUCTIONS IN HYPNOTISM AND MESMERISM. By A. E. Carpenter. Lee & Shepard, 16mo, \$1.00.

HYPNOTISM IN MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE. By John Duncan Quackenboss. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.25.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION IN THERAPEUTICS, EDUCATION AND REFORM. By R. Osgood Mason. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

SUGGESTION INSTEAD OF MEDICINE. By C. M. Barrows. Published by the Author. 16mo, 75 cents.

worth while, therefore, to scrutinize with some care the semi-scientific, semi-educational, semi-therapeutic, semi-sensational books which deal in an untechnical way with the phenomena of what is commonly called hypnotism.

Mr. Carpenter's *Plain Instructions* make no appeal to the scientific investigator or even to the cultivated reader. It offers no contribution to the sum of existing knowledge and affords no inspiration to psychic study. As a record of the experiments of a successful platform "Mesmeriser" it possesses a certain interest of curiosity. Its chief demerit is that it furnishes a cheap hand-book to irresponsible persons who may possess an aptitude for hypnotic experimentation. It is only fair to add that the book is obviously honest, and that it holds in solution much good common-sense, which the intelligence of the reader may be trusted to precipitate.

Curiously enough, Professor Quackenbos, a man of recognized literary and scientific attainments, thinks it advisable to disclaim, specifically, all knowledge of the recent developments of hypnotism in other hands. It is, perhaps, this "premeditated ignorance" which is accountable for his assumption of originality in "the thought that post-hypnotic suggestion may, with great advantages, be made supplementary to the religious training of degenerate or vicious children, and that suggestibility may be extensively utilized as a contributory factor to moral regeneration in schools, reformatories, and prisons." It would seem incredible that any hypnotist could allow himself to remain uninformed of the labors of Voisin, Bernheim, Revillon, in France, of Krafft-Ebing and Heidenhain in Germany, of Tuke and Bramhall in England, of Wetterstrand in Sweden, and Mason in this country. It is equally surprising that, knowing their remarkable results,

Professor Quackenbos should consider his own theories original, or his own successes unrivalled. For the rest, the sincerity of his belief in the efficacy of hypnotism as a moral agent is abundantly justified by his record. Foibles, faults, and even vices he has found it easy to replace with merits and virtues, by the enlightenment of his patient's passive self in the work of reform. If he is right within his prophetic vision, indifference, depravity, even stupidity, are already ticketed to limbo, to be "personally conducted" thither by those psychic Cooks who have chartered the super-sensible highways. Man, the beast, or, still more wonderful, man, the dunce, is to give room to man, the genius. We are to have a world of Paderewskis, a race of Darwins; alas, and alack, a community of poets and novel-writers! We may not all live to see it, but it is a high tribute to the interest of *Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture* that its author makes one wish that he could.

Of a distinctly higher character than either of these books is the *Hypnotism and Suggestion* of Dr. R. Osgood Mason. Dr. Mason, long and favorably known in his profession, has given twelve or fifteen years to the most careful investigation of the moral and therapeutic value of suggestion, some of his conclusions having been recorded in an earlier volume, "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self." Here the author makes a brief and philosophic survey of the Oriental and Occidental mind; of the subjective and the objective methods of discovery; of the province of the religious sense and the scientific instinct; of the progress of therapeutics, and of the widening of the realm of psychics, deducing from undisputable facts the educational value and uses of hypnotic suggestion. From this preliminary essay, the book proceeds to specific demonstrations, as in chapters entitled "The Relation of Hypnotism to the Sub-

conscious Mind: Educational Uses of Hypnotism: Miscellaneous Cases," etc., etc. The final essay on "The Ethics of Hypnotism" is a thoughtful, philosophic and high-minded discussion of the morals, so to say, of this unfamiliar agency.

The tone of Dr. Mason's book could not be bettered. The reader finds himself listening with seriousness to the statements of a modest, earnest, candid man of science who is not thinking of himself, but who, through facts, is seeking after law, and, through law, for the newer therapeutics, the wider education, the nobler living.

In this same class belongs a little monograph called *Suggestion Instead of Medicine*, by C. M. Barrows, printed by the author in Boston, one of the clearest and most practical treatises upon this subject that has yet been offered. This is a book for the lay mind, in which the subject is discussed neither in the language of religion, nor in the rhetoric of rhapsody, but in an accurate and scientific terminology that carries with it respect both for the author and his subject. Mr. Barrows's position is that of a scientific investigator, not a religious believer, and his argument stated briefly is this. Quoting Dr. Bernheim, he says: "Diseases are cured when they are cured by their natural biological evolution. Ordinary therapeutical methods consist in putting the organism in a condition such that *restitutio ad integrum* may take place." The "ordinary therapeutical method" has been that of drug medication through the blood currents, but the method of suggestion is not thus. "We would invoke the energy of self-help, more intimately and quickly," says Mr. Barrows, "by psychical appeals to the nerve-centres. Mental suggestion, then, as defined by the author, consists of a series of "psychical stimuli which evoke in a patient the kinetic energy called *vis medicatrix naturæ*."

These psychical stimuli are offered to the patient from the brain of the practitioner by means of that little comprehended but very real mode of motion known as psychic waves. In barest outline this is Mr. Barrows's argument. Telepathy? Certainly, say the new psychologists. Why shy at the word or the fact longer? It is here to stay. Do you remember how psychologists smiled fifteen years ago at Mr. F. W. H. Myer's exposition of the Subliminal Self? To-day, no psychologist, neurologist or ordinary medical practitioner but takes account of it.

The little book contains much beside. The record of cases that have come under Mr. Barrows's study in his practice is interesting to one interested in the study of the subject, and the candor, restraint and sanity of the writer are evident throughout the volume.

LACE

IN *A History of Hand-made Lace* by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson and Ernesto Jesurum is sifted and condensed much valuable information about laces, both antique and modern, with many delightful and instructive illustrations, not only of rare and valuable laces but of historic personages, paintings, fans and costumes, in which the lace garniture is of special interest or significance. It is a book of importance, not only to the collector but to any who are attracted by the charm of laces—and what woman is not? Not only is proportionate space given to the evolution of laces from its primitive form described by the Prophet Isaiah, "They that work in fine flax and they that weave

A HISTORY OF HAND-MADE LACE. By Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson. With supplementary remarks by Signor Ernesto Jesurum. With more than 200 illustrations, several in photogravure. Charles Scribner's Sons, Importers, 8vo, \$7.50 net.

net-works," but there is a consecutive history of lace from mediæval days down to to-day with much delightful and instructive anecdote. The separate chapter on ecclesiastical lace brings to the reader the fullest realization of the treasures here, where the skill and enthusiasm of the artist were heightened by the religious fervor of the devotee to whom nothing was too rare and fine for the service of the Church. Especially alluring is the chapter on lace fans with reproduction of many presentation fans, old and new, and there is a chapter on the transport of lace which has stories of early ingenuities in the smuggling of laces which would be valuable reading to any custom-house official to-day.

To the lay reader, the carefully compiled and accurate dictionary of lace will be of great value, with its wealth of illustrations covering all the varieties of laces, ancient and modern. And as if all this were not enough, there is appended to this dictionary a "glossary" which gives such additional information as to braids, bobbins, stitches and other esoteric matters as those especially interested in the making of laces may desire to know. Since the present revival of interest in the manufacture of these exquisite hand-spun webs, owes much to the enthusiasm and interest of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Christian, it is fitting that so complete and helpful a text-book on the subject should be dedicated to her.

The photogravure reproductions of notable portraits in which rare laces are prominent, add greatly to the charm and value of the text.

P. W.

NEW NOVELS

MISS HILDEGARD BROOKS has been markedly successful in being original in the old field of the story of ad-

venture. Here, at least, we have a situation that we do not remember having met with before, and most entertaining breakers of the law. They are endowed with their author's own sense of humor, which reveals itself in delightful airy *persiflage* about things that in the eyes of their captive, who tells her story in the first person, are very serious indeed, but, for all that, she cannot help smiling, as does the reader, for they are "good fun." The plot of *Without a Warrant* is too large a part of the book to be told in a review. Suffice it to say that a band of men, under the domination of a determined leader, have tracked a murderer to his hiding-place in the South, and are seeking to punish him without the aid of the law. The heroine unwittingly thwarts them at the outset; therefore, to insure their own safety and success, they keep her a prisoner. Beyond that it is all the manner of telling that makes the book so attractive; and, though the end be somewhat of a tax upon the reader's credulity, he will not fail to approve of the main part of the book. A picaresque novel of to-day, it does not claim to be anything more, nor needs to. It is most satisfactory of its kind.

Zenda again, with changes that are not improvements. The new imaginary principality gives its name to the story—*Graustark*—which has an American, not an Englishman, for its hero; the necessary princess has been travelling in the United States, where she has made his acquaintance. The rest can be imagined: a planned abduction of the princess, its frustration

WITHOUT A WARRANT. By Hildegard Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

GRAUSTARK. By G. B. M. McCutcheon. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

YOUR UNCLE LEW. By Charles Reginald Sherlock. F. A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

RALPH MARLOWE. By James Ball Naylor. Akron, O. Saalfeld Publishing Co., \$1.50.

BETSY ROSS. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

by the American and his friend, her enforced betrothal to a man she loathes, etc., according to formula; but here all ends remarkably well. We have condemned to oblivion the *variations sur un thème connu* in music; but we now have them served up in fiction. There is nothing romantic about this hero, nothing princely about this princess, nothing spontaneous about the plot: it is all cut-and-dried, carefully planned and methodically worked out. Nor is there the slightest appeal to the higher imagination in character-drawing or incident. The author himself is the *deus ex machina*, and the reader is aware of it from first to last. Mr. G. B. McCutcheon, falling far below Mr. Anthony Hope in the quality of his work, only accentuates the difference by its quantity.

Mr. Charles Reginald Sherlock explains, in the short prefatory note to *Your Uncle Lew* that this "natural-born American" made his first appearance in print fifteen years ago, in a little book, which counted among its readers the late Mr. Edward Noyes Westcott, who advised the author to use to the full the material there merely tentatively indicated. The result is this book, which is not a second "David Harum," and does not claim to be one. It merely happens that "Uncle Lew," like the banker of Homeville, was a central New Yorker, with a predilection for horses. He keeps an "eating-house" in a small town, has a certain raciness of diction, a fund of stories of the Mississippi and the South of the first half of this century, a great deal of knowledge of human nature, including

one readily overlook an occasional bit of careless writing in Mr. Chauncey C. the tricks of gamblers, and a daughter whom he idolizes. The tale ends with a grand trotting-race, but its interest centres in the story of the one-time famous Cardiff giant, the history of that successful fraud being given here in full.

Ralph Marlowe begins with a professedly humorous incident, and it is a poor one, poorly told. It has nothing to do with the story, in which is found still another "natural-born American"—a grumpy country physician, with a heart of gold. The neighbors do not rub "furniture polish into his character and reputation," but they "read his pedigree," and it comes to the same thing. There is also an old factotum in the doctor's drug-store, who tells humorous stories that are painful. The hero is the drug clerk, and his little secret furnishes what little plot there is to hold together this unprofitable tale of the shiftless folk of a stagnant Ohio village. Its publication is one of the results of the speculative spirit which has seized upon some publishers, who have begun to understand the possibilities of the reading public in a nation seventy millions strong. All these deliberate bids for popularity (and there have been many already this season) have failed to reach their aim; the occasional public which gives a circulation of from a quarter to half a million copies knows what it wants, but no publisher, no author, can deliberately catch its favor. Thus far it has refused the many baits offered it; and it deserves praise for its discrimination.

An ingeniously constructed plot makes

A CAROLINA CAVALIER. By George Cary Eggleston. D. Lothrop Publishing Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE CURIOUS CAREER OF RODERICK CAMPBELL. By Jean McIlwraith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

HER MOUNTAIN LOVER. By Hamlin Garland. The Century Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

ONE OF OURSELVES. By L. B. Walford. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE STORY OF SARAH. By M. Louise Forslund. Brentano's, 12mo, \$1.50.

THE MASTER KNOT OF HUMAN FATE. By Ellis Meredith. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY. By Owen Johnson. Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE COLUMN. By Charles Marriott. John Lane, 12mo, \$1.50.

Hotchkiss's *Betsy Ross*. This author cannot be accused of too great a measure of industry. His first novel, "In Defiance of the King," was published some years ago, but, with the exception of a second story of the War for Independence, "A Colonial Free Lance," written shortly afterward, he has practically produced nothing since then. He atones for his long silence, however, in this book, which goes with a swing from the prelude, in which we have a glimpse of pirates marooned on the Dry Tortugas, to learn in the course of the tale how others of their kidney retired from the business, and laid up treasure of righteousness for the world to come while enjoying the fruits of their villainy here below. Mr. Hotchkiss's stories of the Revolution are his own: they do not deal with the stock situations which have become a weariness to the flesh. Betsy Ross deserved to have her place in the growing gallery of American historic characters in fiction, hitherto exclusively reserved for men. Mr. Hotchkiss has given her that place, and adorned it properly.

Careful workmanship, the true literary touch, distinguishes a third novel of revolutionary days, Mr. George Cary Eggleston's *A Carolina Cavalier*, a title that neatly fits the story, since it is, above all else, a picture of the polished Southerners of that day, the great plantation owners of gentle blood and breeding and their gracious women. The course of true love that never ran smooth is the theme, but, though the actual fighting is kept within restful and therefore grateful bounds, the background is made historical with the fidelity to facts of the student. Mr. Cary does not force his *dramatis personæ* too insistently upon history; they have their own lives to live, their own romances, their own cares and sorrows; the men are humble, brave pawns in the great game for a nation's freedom, but do not make

the decisive moves. That is left to the true leaders of history, to Rutledge, Morgan, Lincoln and Moultrie, to Cornwallis and the unspeakable Tarleton, whose presence in a book certainly renders it unnecessary for its author to draw upon his imagination for pictures of the horrors of war. Mr. Eggleston has written a book worthy of his literary name and reputation. It may lack the slash-and-thrust excitement which many have learned to crave, but it has more enduring qualities to make up for its absence.

The knowing reader will pronounce it Camm'ell, of course. The member of the great clan who tells his own story in *The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell* was a canny Scot, a peaceful, fat constable in Edinburgh, a loyal subject of George II before the Young Pretender came, but a Jacobite after his entry into the Scotch capital, and, in turns, a servant of both parties, as occasion commanded. But with all his cleverness he had to leave the country after Culloden, and fled to the New World, where he was again all things to all men—a trader with a Dutch partner in Albany, an Indian among the savage allies of France—all this with a touch of Falstaff in his being. The real hero of the narrative, however, is a young waif of Edinboro' town, of gentle if presumably illegitimate blood, a little Jacobite for love, a French officer in America by force of circumstances. This is a good picaresque novel, in which the turbulent times of Preston Pans and Culloden, of Montcalm, Bougainville, and Abercrombie are cleverly made to yield romance, Ticonderoga serving practically as the culminating point of both history and fiction.

A cowboy and miner from Wagon Wheel camp, Colorado, in London to find capital for the development of the gold mine he and his partners have located, is the hero of Mr. Hamlin Garland's *Her Mountain*

Lover. He is the "real article" to place in the midst of an older civilization—big, handsome, straightforward, inexperienced, yet clever and self-possessed, with the vernacular of the cattle ranch and the camp, and the lack of veneration for, or curiosity of, what is old, celebrated by Mark Twain in his "Innocents" and "Tramp" abroad. He feels no historical bond between himself and the English—he "has nothin' ag'in them, but he ain't honing after 'em"—therefore he becomes popular in London, a lion in a small way and he has a delightful flirtation with a little Irish novelist, without knowing that he is flirting. But it ends in nothing, and he returns to the girl with whom he fell in love before he left these shores to go abroad. The tale is light, but well written, and aims at entertainment rather than at a profound study of social contrasts.

Mrs. L. B. Walford never falls below a certain standard (and it is a praiseworthy one) of merit in the novels from her pen which succeed each other with almost clock-like regularity; but occasionally she rises far above it, when she is enabled to exercise her skill upon a happy thought. This was the case with "The Baby's Grandmother" and "Lady Marget"; it is not the case with her latest book, *One of Ourselves*, though, in its careful, painstaking development, she makes more of her material, her characters and plot, than anyone expects at first. The artist who writes only when the mood seizes him—the somewhat antiquated "inspiration" idea—achieves but little; we all must work at our trade, and publishers and public wait for no man, or woman either. Mrs. Walford does invariably what she finds ready to her hand, and invariably makes the best of it. In fact, this new novel of hers might well serve as an object-lesson in this day of slipshod writing, of ignorant disregard of the laws of technique. It certainly is a pleasure to the

professional reader to find such resources, so sure a hand, such mastery of the craft. And withal, those who read for pleasure only will have no reason to find fault with Mrs. Walford here. Even her second-best work is very good indeed.

The author of *The Story of Sarah*, Miss M. Louise Forsslund, lacks this training, but then, she is a newcomer, and when that fact is borne in mind it must be confessed that she has done remarkably well. Her story is too long, it pays too much attention to detail, it lacks condensation in description and synthesis in the presentation of its characters, but, for all that, it certainly is not dull. The Great South Bay makes here its first appearance in modern fiction, we believe—hitherto it has mostly served as a picturesque haven for buccaneers—and none who knows the region will fail to recognize it. But here we touch upon one of the weak points of the book: It recalls to those who already know, it does not clearly describe to those who do not. Shoreville, with its settlement of Dutch fisherfolk, is easily identified; the Bay, the dune-strip with its life-saving stations, it is all there for those who have seen it, but the true art of descriptive writing applies itself to making clear all this to strangers. This book is well worth reading, however, its author well worth watching. She evidently has talent.

Omar Khayyam continues to lend bits of his quatrains for titles of novels, even where the connection is not at all clear. Ellis Meredith has chosen *The Master Knot of Human Fate*, from quatrain XXXI, in the fourth edition, and it does as well, we suppose, as anything else. The story may have a profound meaning—we are not prepared to deny it—but it has certainly escaped us. A man and a woman of the world, five years his senior, find the region of the Rockies in which they are wandering transformed into an island by an upheaval of the earth. So

they begin life anew, in a deserted farm house, with some cattle and horses and a dog. Also cats, for later on there is a litter of kittens, and eke a Plymouth Rock hen who has a brood of chickens. Robin—that isn't her true name, but he gives it to her, and she calls him Adam—rejoiceth greatly over these dainty little families, but the two do not discover that they love each other until the middle of the book, and do not marry until the end. In the interim he delves and she spins, and together they talk of many things and many books, from the "Swiss Family Robinson" to John Stuart Mill; and the question whether they are to be the parents of a new race puzzles them greatly. Each slender chapter is prefaced by a more or less portentous quotation from a well-known author.

Still more portentous a title is *Arrows of the Almighty*, and with this, too, we do not quarrel, for Mr. Johnson's good intentions justify its selection. Unhappily, he has chosen a subject that utterly overweights his inexperience, both as a man and as a writer. This tale could be told only by one who has seen life, and lived it, and by a writer who has worked at his trade long and faithfully. Mr. Johnson demonstrates here that he has imagination, and a certain facility which may prove fatal, but is more likely to develop under severe training. His plot is loosely constructed, his characters are vaguely depicted, because he has not yet had time to know real men and women, his tragedy is apt to verge upon the melodramatic, but,

for all that, the only charges than can be brought against him are too great an ambition and inexperience. The two combined sufficiently bewilder the reader, who, if he be wise, will wait for further work from Mr. Johnson's pen before venturing upon a prediction of his chances of ultimate success or failure.

Mr. Charles Marriott's *The Column*, is a remarkable first book. Its author has read George Meredith, but only sufficiently to learn to use to advantage a method that is still much decried. He is not obscure, even though his subject proved, perhaps, a little too large for his powers. The reincarnation of the Greek ideal, semi-conscious of itself, but never realizing the essence of its being, is here placed amid modern surroundings—the rural England of to-day, the Christian civilization as it has grown crooked and defaced by materialism. The result is striking, provided the reader be willing to collaborate actively with the author, who apparently believes that the pagan ideal is born among us oftener than we are aware, though its surroundings never allow it to attain its full growth. There is an ingenuous youth here, who gropes blindly after it in clay, and a sculptor who has perceived it dimly in his art. But these two strive for it, work for it; the woman is its incarnation. She neither thinks nor thrives; she is its perfection in being, as perfect as the Doric column standing in its semicircle of Attic myrtle on English soil, which is her symbol, and therefore furnishes the title of the book.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 163-167 Fifth Avenue, New York*]

546.—(1) Where can I find the admonition "Put thou thyself and mother-wit together"? Is it a proverb, and if so, from what nation does it come?

(2) Please give me whatever information you can about Garrett P. Serviss, author of "Astronomy with an Opera-glass," and "Pleasures of the Telescope."

(3) Can you tell me where to find an astronomical atlas, giving maps of the heavens at different seasons? I saw one thirty-five or forty years ago—a large, thin book, looking like a school geography. There was a map of the northern and one of the southern hemisphere for each month, and the constellations were so traced and indicated that they could be easily found without the aid of a teacher. The reading-matter was very brief—merely a short account of each constellation. It was intended to accompany a large astronomy. I would like to find something of the same kind.

(4) I have read somewhere a dictum to the effect that even a rascal, if he has a sense of the ridiculous, may be converted, but if he has lost that, his fellow-men can do little or nothing for him. Can you or your readers help me to trace the saying?

(5) Who is Edith Willis Linn, author of a volume of poems published in Buffalo in 1892? Has she written anything else?

T. E. H.

(1) It is from Tennyson's "Harold."

(2) Mr. Serviss is a graduate of Cornell University, a journalist and lecturer by profession, and an author incidentally. He lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

(3) You can buy a planisphere, which in a simpler way answers the same purpose.

(5) She is a resident of Rochester, N. Y.

547.—Some writer somewhere has laid down the dictum that when a great thing can be done at all it can be done easily. Can any reader give me a clue to it?

C. S. E.

We think it is Ruskin's, but cannot remember the book in which it occurs.

548.—(1) Saintsbury, in his preface to "Pride and Prejudice," says: "In the novels of the last hundred years there are vast numbers of young ladies with whom it might be a pleasure to fall in love; there are at least five with whom, as it seems to me, no man of taste and spirit can help doing so. Their names are, in chronological order, Elizabeth Bennet, Diana Vernon, Argemone Lav-

ington, Beatrix Esmond, and Barbara Grant." In what novel does Argemone Lavington appear?

(2) What is the exact meaning of "The exception proves the rule"?

(3) What do you understand by "atmosphere" in a book?

(4) Would you advise parents to have their children read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels" and "Don Quixote"? c. s.

(1) Argemone Lavington is in Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke."

(2) It means nothing, as Richard Grant White has most admirably explained, or at least it is not true. "Exception" is corrupted from *excepting*. The original meaning was, that one who spoke of a case as an exception thereby impliedly admitted the rule.

(3) It would be difficult to explain it to one who does not feel it, and perhaps needless to one who does. Some books have no atmosphere; others produce impressions that cannot be traced distinctly to any part of the text—and this is as nearly as we can answer the question.

(4) Why not?

549.—(1) In Lillian Whiting's "Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" she says that Robert Browning "entered on the higher life (on December 12, 1880) with the vision of his angel wife before him, and the words on his lips:

'Oh thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest.'

Can any one tell me her authority for this statement? It is not mentioned in Mrs. Orr's life of the poet, nor in Sharp's.

(2) Is Mrs. Sutherland Orr still living, and has she written anything besides her contributions to the Browning literature? K. L. T.

(2) We believe she is still living, but has not written anything else.

550.—Some years ago a large painting entitled "The Court of Death," by Rembrandt Peale, was exhibited through the country. It was said to be illustrative of a poem by Bishop Porteus, beginning:

"Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Washed by Oblivion's listless stream."

Can any reader tell me where I can find the poem?
L. R.

551.—I would like to find the poem from which this is quoted:

"To some men God hath given laughter,
But tears to some men he hath given,
He bade us sow in tears, hereafter
To harvest holier smiles in heaven.
And tears and smiles they are his gift,
Both good, to smite or to uplift."

And also this:

"My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A hound that dreams and dozes—
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday—
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet."

A. F.

The first quotation is from Owen Meredith's "Good-Night in the Porch." The second is from Sydney Dobell's "Home, Wounded."

552.—(1) Will you tell me where I may find definite and full information as to whom Mrs. Craik referred to in her poem "Philip, My King"? I have read several biographies of her, but find no

references to Marston, and in his biographies I find nothing about her.

(2) Would you say Socrates discoursed on the nothingness of death, as Plato in his *Phaedo* gives us the ideas of Socrates—and perhaps his own—on the immortality and pre-existence of the soul?

(3) Where does Kant say that the two things which appealed most strongly to him were the moral consciousness within him and the starry heavens.
M. A. P.

(1) It was common literary gossip at the time the poem was published.

(2) Yes.

ANSWERS

549.—The hymn referred to will be found in "Gospel Hymns No. 2," words by U. L. Bailey, and music by the Rev. Robert Lowry.

L. M.

536.—The reference at the end of this query should have been to II. Chron., Chap. 21, verse 6.

539.—(6) Several correspondents remind us of our slip in answering this query. We should have said "Ninety-three," instead of "Toilers of the Sea."

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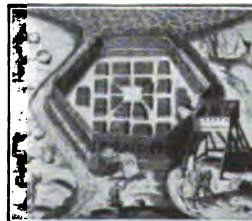
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VOL. XXII

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No. 5

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THE EDITORS OF "THE FRIEND" IN THEIR OFFICE

[Photographed by H. Mackern, of *Scribner's Magazine*.—From "War's Brighter Side." Copyright, 1901, by D. Appleton & Co.]

"War's Brighter Side" is the title of a book by Mr. Julian Ralph, just published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., which may claim to be the only one of its kind. It is the record of the adventures of the correspondents with Lord Roberts' army in issuing a newspaper while they were at Bloemfontein waiting to march on Pretoria. Its editors were Mr. Percival Landon, of the *London Times*; Mr. A. Gwynne, of Reuter's Agency; Mr. F. W. Buxton, of the *Johannesburg Star*, and Mr. Ralph, and later Mr. Kipling became a staff contributor, if not actually charged

with regular editorial responsibility. The paper was issued daily for about five weeks, and was called *The Friend*, a title adapted from that of a paper suppressed in Bloemfontein. It contained all Lord Roberts' general orders, proclamations, etc., often printed both in English and Dutch, besides editorials, poems, letters and all sorts of contributions from officers and privates both, for everybody was invited to contribute. Mr. Kipling's first contribution in verse was published on St. Patrick's Day:

Oh Terence dear, and did you hear
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*Who the devil set
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Moral. Do not teach the intelligence to hatch eggs

Prose name might be carried through but it's no use with this staff.

See K/

A CORRECTED "PROOF" BY RUDYARD KIPLING

[Giving a glimpse of the struggle between the editors and the Dutch compositors.—From "War's Brighter Side." Copyright, 1901, by D. Appleton & Co.]

The shamrock's Erin's badge by law,
Where'er her sons be found.

From Bobsfontein to Ballyhack
'Tis ordered by our Queen,
We've won our right in open fight
The wearing of the Green.

We hope to notice this entertaining book at greater length in another number, but make room here for two of the illustrations (both of them copyrighted by the Appletons), one of which shows the editorial force assembled in the office—of which Mr. Ralph says: "Everything in it was either the color of dirt or the tone of type dust, including the window-panes and the printers"—and the other is a reproduction of a proof of one of Mr. Kipling's

"Fables for the Staff," showing the desperate struggle between the compositor and the author-proofreader.

The latest addition to the "Beacon Biographies" is a sketch of Emerson by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, whose peculiar fitness for this undertaking is found in his long residence at Concord, and his opportunities for knowing Emerson at first hand, not only as the tutor of his children, but as an intimate friend of a younger generation. Now himself of the older generation, he has carried into the present perhaps more than any other man the tradition of all the group of men—Alcott, Thoreau, Channing and others—

who helped to make the Concord of Emerson the remarkable town it was. It can hardly be expected that Mr. Sanborn will look upon his subject precisely as Mr. J. J. Chapman or Professor Barrett Wendell have in their respective ways recently regarded it. But the very force of the personal tradition must give the book a quality and value of its own, differing in kind rather than degree from those interpretations of younger men to which the "Beacon Biographies," as a rule, have heretofore given expression.

Mr. Sanborn was born in Hampton Falls, N. H., in 1831, and was graduated from Harvard in 1855. He has been a lecturer at Cornell University and Wellesley College, and at the Concord School of Philosophy, of which he was one of the founders. He was for some time one of the editors of the *Springfield Republican*, of which he is still the Boston correspondent. In addition to his biography of Emerson, he is the author of lives of Thoreau, John Brown and Dr. Earle. A recent portrait



FRANK B. SANBORN



SYDNEY H. PRESTON

of Mr. Sanborn is furnished by the publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

✱

"The Abandoned Farmer" is the title of an entertaining book just published by the Scribners, in which the author, Mr. Sidney H. Preston, gives an amusing chronicle of the adventures of a town-tired man and his wife who retreated to an abandoned farm and experienced the moving accidents which attend the path of the amateur farmer, abandoned or otherwise.

Mr. Preston was born in Ottawa, Ontario, and for a number of years has taught music in Toronto. Very recently he has given up this work, and now writes his stories—some of which have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*—in some such rural surroundings as he has drawn in this book.

✱

Miss Frances Weston Carruth made her first success in story writing with "The Dale Girls," which was published



MISS FRANCES WESTON CARRUTH
[From a photograph by Appleton.]

about two years ago, and found immediate favor, not only with the young girls for whom it was specially written, but with a wide circle of older readers as well. In her new tale, "The Way of Belinda," which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., recently published, she has told us a pleasant story of a young newspaper man who first fell in love and then proceeded to make himself worthy of the girl who believed in him—all told very unaffectedly and in straightforward English. Miss Carruth is a Southern girl, who has lived in New York for several years, and contributed to various magazines and periodicals. "The Way of Belinda" is a simply-told story, which affords the reader more entertainment than perplexity, and is a relief after a surfeit of more "strenuous" fiction.

A book of short stories called "Harbor

Lights" was published lately by Messrs. Quail & Warner over the name of "A. B. Hawser, Master Mariner," and is noticed on another page of this number. The credit of writing these very readable stories belongs to Mr. J. W. Müller, for several years a newspaper man in New York. Mr. Müller's fondness for yachting and salt water fishing has led him to follow the sea for recreation, if not for his livelihood, and his knowledge of things marine is evident throughout his book, which has been gravely attributed to sundry anonymous ship-masters.

Mr. Arthur Colton's book of short stories, recently published, has found many admirers among those who can, as the reviewer says on another page, "look from the author's exact point of view," and thus, through his perspective glass, see the Delectable Mountains. The stories are brilliant, and one looks to this writer



ARTHUR COLTON

for future work of an unusually high standard.

Mr. Colton was born in Washington, Conn., and graduated at Yale in 1890, receiving a Ph.D. in 1893. After a short residence in the West he returned to Washington, where he now lives and writes among the "Delectable Mountains" of Litchfield County.

Sir Walter Besant's latest book, "East London," is the mature work of a man thoroughly equipped upon his specialty. Novelist, essayist and editor in turn, Sir Walter Besant's hobby is London, and all his books which deal with this broad subject are fascinating reading. It is amusing to note that the English critics have

found their principal theme in the "American spelling" used throughout the volume, and have assailed the author for disloyalty to the letter u, and others. The fact that the book was set up and printed in America should relieve the author from the gravity of this charge. We regret to learn that Sir Walter's health is seriously broken down, and that his condition is beginning to alarm his friends.

There is no doubt that they do make things hum in Chicago. Mr. Hearst's *Chicago American* now publishes an illustrated "Literary and Art Review," which contains, among other sprightly contributions, a column of paragraphs signed by Mr. Ernest McGaffey, from which we clip this:

William Dean Howells says that Henry James is the most distinctive writer of English now living. Guess again, William!

And further down the column:

Nothing has been seen, heard of, or guessed at for months concerning F. Marion Crawford, the celebrated continuous performance novel-writer of America and Italy. It is rumored that he will shortly emerge from his present obscurity, juggling no less than three separate and distinct novels on the tip of his prolific pen.

Mr. Coster supplies us with four more old photographs this month, none of which we remember to have seen published heretofore. The portrait of Mr. Garrison is more familiar than any of the others. All are from old negatives by Brady.



SIR WALTER BESANT

[From the new book, "East London," by permission of the Century Co.]

Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont, an early portrait of whom ap-



OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT
[The grand-daughter of George Walton.]



JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT
[Daughter of Thomas H. Benton and wife of General John C. Frémont.]



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON
[The leader of the emancipation movement.]



"PARSON" BROWNLOW
[Governor of Tennessee, 1865-9 and U. S. Senator.]

pears on the preceding page, is writing a biography of her famous husband. Mr. Edmund Gosse has lately been giving his views upon biography and biographers in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, and is strong in the belief that of all biographers a man's widow is the most incompetent. "She is the triumph of the unfittest," he says. "Others have little art, little experience, little sense of proportion; but she exceeds them, for she has none at all. Her object is to present to the world an image of the deceased which shall be deliberately, though unconsciously, false." While the measure of truth in the contention is evident, it is not plain that the general statement is correct. And, to take the case of Mrs. Frémont, which happens to come under notice at the moment, how much of social history, contributory to the main story of her husband's life, is likely to be told by a widow writing such a book of reminiscences! If the central figure is not shown photographically, is he any the less real for that? A public man's life and character are so guided and shaped by circumstances and associates that what is called "the real man" is not, after all, the man who was real to his fellows while he was among them. If Mrs. Frémont has a good memory and writes well, her book is bound to be entertaining, and just as informing as that of a writer who could not have known Frémont so well.

To the surfeit of books about books is now added almost interminable journalistic comment on book reviewers. The recent deliverance of Mr. Churton Collins, called "Ephemera Critica," has evoked a great storm of wordy discussion in English and American papers, from which we purloin this gem, the production of a writer in *Blackwood*:

"Under present conditions this work is performed by young men who are not 'smart' enough to be picturesque reporters, but are competent

only to applaud Miss Corelli's theology, or to detect in a prose-fritter of Mr. Le Gallienne 'the solemn eloquence of an eternal truth.'"

Well said, no doubt, especially that about the prose-fritter; but why spoil a good argument by over-statement? Criticism and reviewing, as has been noted, are not interchangeable terms as a matter of course; there is a proper place and time for both. To say, as one profound thinker does, that "reviewing" concerns not the author nor the public, but only the publisher, who "only wants a few lines that he can quote in his next advertisement," is as remarkable a statement as ingenuity could devise. It is true that irresponsible abuse, on the one hand, and occasional evidence, on the other, of commercial pressure squeezing out streams of liquid praise, have made the public wary of certain reviews, much as it has learned to distrust large-type announcements of the most wonderful book of the year, or the century. But the quantity of honest book reviewing is still sufficient, we think, to claim the respect of the public seeking information about new books; and so long as honest books are honestly published and offered to the public in good faith, they will receive honest attention and comment in honestly conducted literary journals, and we have no fear that the intelligent public will make any mistake about that.

Criticism involves much more than descriptive reviewing; no capable critic—and there are plenty of them, in spite of the Jeremiahs—confuses the standard of popularity with the standard of literary form or the standard of erudition; if there were no difference in tastes it would be a dull world. But since there are many good books written and published albeit as by steam, so there are raised up reviewers who can recognize the real and the excellent, nor are they led astray by the "just as good."

The Rambler.



SCHOOL ROOM OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE

[From a colored print, dated 1816, in Ackerman's "History of Winchester College."]

THE ARNOLDS

IN the early years of the nineteenth century, when news of Nelson and Trafalgar was being bruited throughout England, there was living in the Island of Wight a small boy whom the noise of the great happenings, the sight of Cowes' harbor, filled with flags and ships of many nations set a-tingle with delight, not, indeed, because he precociously grasped the magnitude and significance of the excitement, but because such circumstance of war was realizing for him some great Homeric stories with which his mind was then fairly saturated. In the bustling sailors and soldiers passing within hand touch up and down the streets of his little town, his imagination, historic and literary in bent, saw not Nelson and other modern heroes, but Hector and Achilles and Agamemnon. Such an atmosphere

of war, of course, made "battles" for him and his companions the only game worth playing; and as the boy was the leader—an autocratic one, too—the battles were always those of the Iliad; so in his father's gardens there were sea-fights and land-conflicts wherein he taunted his opponents and cheered on his fellow Greeks or Trojans as the case might be, with long harangues from the epic, from Marmion, or with jingles of his own improvisation. His literary and dramatic sense shortly got the best of the fun; at the age of seven he wrote a play for the warrior troupe called "Piercy, Earl of Northumberland," and later, another, "Simon de Montfort," for which achievements done in fairly regular blank verse his juvenile admirers dubbed him "the Poet Arnold."

These facts concerning a lad's leadership

in boyhood, his poetic proclivities, and his dramatic sense, are interesting data in the mental genealogy of a clan whose name is a notable one in the English literature of three generations; they epitomize characteristics of intellect and personality which attained their development in the boy himself when grown to manhood and to the dignity of being Dr. Arnold, head master of Rugby, leader emeritus of English youth—in Matthew Arnold, who Mr. Swinburne and the best of critics are declaring will live by his poetry alone—and in Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mary Augusta Arnold, whose talents, if the novel be indeed the drama for the boudoir, may be considered the survival and the evolution of her grandfather's early dramatic fervors.

There is a special sanction for so tracing the threads of this intellectual pedigree. In his essay on Milton Matthew Arnold quotes with acquiescence Sherer's dictum that the most equitable method of judging a great man and a great work is to gain a knowledge of the circumstances in which they grew. Now to few families may this formula for the right appreciation of mental achievement be so successfully applied, as to the clan of that lover of formulas, the apostle of sweetness and light, the distinguished scourge of Philistines, Barbarians and Populace. For no clan has possessed traits which may be so directly traced to the influences of heredity and early environment as may those of the Arnolds.

In the father and mother of Dr. Thomas Arnold may be found the beginning of their most common characteristic, that predilection for the moral if not the religious elements of life, to which Dr. Arnold's career was one continual testimony, to which Matthew Arnold's frequent desertion of literature for the sake of theology, as in "The Bible and Dogma," bears ample witness; a predilection of

which the late Thomas Arnold's spiritual wanderings gave evidence, and by which Mrs. Ward's novels are marked, in the loud undertone to their æsthetic quality made by their ethical and religious note.

There have been some hints, suggested partly by Matthew Arnold's cast of countenance, that the Arnolds were of Hebrew extraction. A recent writer in the London *Chronicle*, who declares himself long familiar with their family tree, has so conclusively refuted this opinion, it is perhaps only prudent and polite for us to say in his words: "Without standing behind any one in admiration of the Jewish race, I shall continue to discern in the lineaments of Matthew Arnold's countenance the physical peculiarities of his ancestry belonging to our patrician English race—compound of Norman, Saxon, Dane and Celt—and to attribute the peculiar character and quality of his mind to the fusion of the blood he inherited from his mother with that of the sturdy English yeoman stock, whose surname he, with others of his immediate kin, has rendered illustrious." Certain it is for two generations the Doctor's progenitors, originally Suffolk folk, lived in the Island of Wight, where they were not known to be of Israel's tribe.

Doctor Arnold's first years away from his pious parents and his birthplace, East Cowes, were spent at old Winchester College, whose stately, venerable buildings, the quiet surrounding country of elm-shaded ways and pleasant streams, and the illustrious traditions of that worthy, Sir Thomas Browne, of Otway, of Collins and others tended to deepen the current of his life, and to show him the gleam he followed persistently to the end. Winchester's atmosphere of the past helped also to strengthen his historic imagination which had displayed itself in his early youth, and which in his manhood so developed that he became not the poet

Arnold, as his playfellows had prophesied, but the historian Arnold, whose lectures, when he was professor of modern history at Oxford, were zealously attended—even by the other professors and their wives—people crowded to hear him as they might go to a play in the theatre. Dean Church once wrote of him: “The great lion at Oxford is Arnold. . . . The Master of Balliol was there to hear him on one occasion, and he was quite overcome and went—not quite into hysterics, but into tears—whereupon the provost remarked he supposed it was the gout.” When this great lion was only fourteen years old he sagely remarked: “I verily believe that at least one half of Roman history, if not totally false, is at least scandalously exaggerated—how different from the modest, unaffected narratives of Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon.” Later he tried to rectify the Latin exaggerations by making his own history of the Punic War, over which he labored so assiduously that he declared it was nearly as arduous in the writing as in the fighting.

Perhaps from the keen interest the Doctor found in descriptions of battles sprang that love of combat his son Matthew revealed when he aimed barbs of taunt and satire at the Bishops of Winchester and Gloster, or at the three estates into which classified the British population. Certainly from the Doctor’s love of combat for righteousness’ sake displayed in his own intense activity for the people in his career as a youthful political partisan, or as Rugby’s headmaster, arose Matthew Arnold’s well-meant fervor for the regeneration of England’s middle classes from crass ignorance, and the late Thomas Arnold’s boyish efforts to establish a Pantisocracy in New Zealand, and Mrs. Ward’s recent energies in University Hall, London.

On the Thames, about eighteen miles above London, is the village of Laleham,



THOMAS ARNOLD

[From an engraving by Holl of the painting by Thomas Phillips, R. A., 1844.]

where Doctor Arnold retired for the first nine years of his early manhood, where he took the companion of his idyllic domestic life, Mary Penrose, daughter of John Penrose, vicar of Fledborough, and where were born the first of their children in age and fame, Matthew and Thomas Arnold—Mrs. Humphry Ward’s father. The latter, in his book, “*Passages in a Wandering Life*,” describes the old red brick mansion which was their home; he says that in his boyish memory and imagination, the lawn of cedars about the house seemed to stretch out “for a quarter of a mile or more, and the whole scene was parklike and beautiful”—a visit in his manhood proved the spacious lawn to be only eighty yards across, and everything else was “altered and shrunken.” Of the nine years spent in the tranquil homestead far from the madding crowd, Dr. Arnold was accustomed to speak with ardor, praising the service of such a season of serenity for the upbuilding of a strong character as could resist the storms of a man’s later life. There began that career

of teaching which was to be one of the most remarkable in the annals of English pedagogy; so gloriously did it begin that the young tutor of a few young men was called from the quiet little village to be headmaster of Rugby.

Dr. Arnold's going to Rugby was an epoch-making incident not only in his own life, but also in that of Rugby, and in fact of all the common schools in England. Someone who recommended him for the post said he would change the face of education in England, which as a matter of fact he did, morally and intellectually. He was the first to introduce into the curriculums of the public schools modern languages, modern history, and mathematics. At the time it was said that all the colleges in England were seminaries of vice—Dr. Arnold effected a reform in their ethics, especially in his own Rugby, whose moral standards were none too high. His methods of reform suggest that old story Tacitus tells of Agricola's way with the insubordinates in Britain who had mutinied against every other prætor sent to discipline them; others had used severe measures—Agricola appealed to their dignity and manhood, and "treated them as though he had found them good." A similar honor-system Arnold applied, and with such success that this feeling became general; "it's a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes it." That his clemency was the result neither of laxity of discipline, nor of mediocrity of ideals, the reforms he achieved attest. A comparison with that worthy, Agricola, is not ill-advised, for the headmaster of Rugby followed as stern a code of morals as any old Roman ever did. Much as one would like to believe his ardent study of the classics arose from his admiration for their literary excellence, the fact is he cared not at all for the tales the masters' powers adorned unless they also pointed a moral. Of all writers of books ancient

and modern, Aristotle he bore within his heart of hearts—from his very youth the "Ethics" and the "Rhetoric" were virtually graven on his heart; he sent his sons to Oxford because the Stagyrte was in greater repute there than at Cambridge; and his friends used to say he quoted the Greek sage as though he were a contemporary and a familiar. Certainly that other ancient, Plato, would have given him a diploma in the Socratic school for his unflinching placing of Being above Knowing. For to the Rugby master conduct was not only, as Matthew Arnold said it should be for us all, three-fourths of life, but indeed the whole four-fourths, the very *summum bonum*. Dr. Arnold's constant dictum was: "It is not necessary that this should be a school for three hundred boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school for Christian gentlemen." All the earnest pleas for right living Matthew Arnold built upon æsthetic principles of sweetness and light, the old Doctor made with a Cromwellian or primitive Christian faith in the God of his fathers (despite his liberal views that surely were responsible for his son's and Dean Stanley's opinions in matters theological) for whose sake, doubtless, he would have taken serious umbrage when Matthew failed to find for the Eternal who makes for righteousness a definite personality and a local habitation. Out of the strong piety of the headmaster sprang the active sense of duty which has been a common heritage of the Arnolds—Arthur Clough's lines might be the rally-cry of the clan:

". . . For the joy of the deed, for the
Duty to do,
Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and
action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass
the earth"

This fine leaven of duty was revealed not only in Dr. Arnold's and Matthew's conscientious waging of battle for right action, for the reformation of English ed-



HIGH STREET, RUGBY, AND SCHOOL GATE, IN 1843

[From "Memorials of Rugby."]

ucation, and the regeneration of England from Philistinism and its other bondages, but also in their punctilious regard for the exactions of domestic relations, in their staunch observation of the ties and claims of kinship which made them one of the most closely bound clans in England's annals. Such a closely bound clan they were in the word's most exclusive sense that, though for this reason their hearthstone is one of the most attractive ingles of English homes, it is but courtesy to pause, shoes and hats off, on the holy ground of the very threshold—*procul est profanum*. Yet, in these days of lamentation over the dissolution of the family life and of harkings back to more ideal and patriarchal times, one is beguiled for comfort's sake to glance beyond the doorposts of the Rugby home, where any evening the mother might be found pursuing some domestic device, while the children played about the room, in the centre of

which sat the head master writing, or, perchance, as was his wont, reading Herodotus for his wife's and his own recreation. So sacred to Dr. Arnold was the family tie that he used heartily to condemn the practice of seeking solitude for the facilitating of one's work; the mutual obligations of a home, he maintained, tended to keep sweet the human sympathies and to prevent the temperament from too narrowly following its own bent. Such amiable sentiment is very edifying, but perhaps if he and Matthew Arnold had more frequently sought that disregarded solitude, which the doctor's friend, Carlyle, said does foster genius, their mental energies might have left greater monuments, though, indeed, if the sage of Chelsea had had their radiant vigor, and not his Nessus shirt of ill health and his habit of being unhappy at home, he might not have so declared himself concerning solitude.

Mrs. Arnold's intellect, too, was cast in

a fine mold. After her death Matthew Arnold wrote, and others gave similar testimony, that he believed few women had ever lived possessing perceptions so keen and comprehension so broad. Her sympathies with intellectual and ethical movements were so intelligent and active that her husband's friends, notably Whately, used to defer to her. Matthew's letters to her are full of tenderness, and are, besides, affirmative of that sympathy of understanding which welds the bonds of mere natural affection so firmly. The writer in the *London Chronicle*, above quoted, has in his zeal traced Mrs. Arnold's family tree to Prince Thomas of Brotherton, son of Edward I, by his second marriage with Marguerite, daughter of Philip III, "le Hardi," of France, which perhaps explains Matthew Arnold's frequent kingliness of expression, his grand style which he so approved, and also his love of France, her people, her literary men and methods. Dr. Penrose, Mrs. Arnold's father, derived his incumbency from his relative the famous Duchess of Kingston. Through this noble maternal line the author of "Sohrab and Rustum" and the creator of "Elsmere" and "Eleanor" are kinsmen of that Elizabethan dramatist, Decker's collaborator, of whom Sir John Suckling wrote:

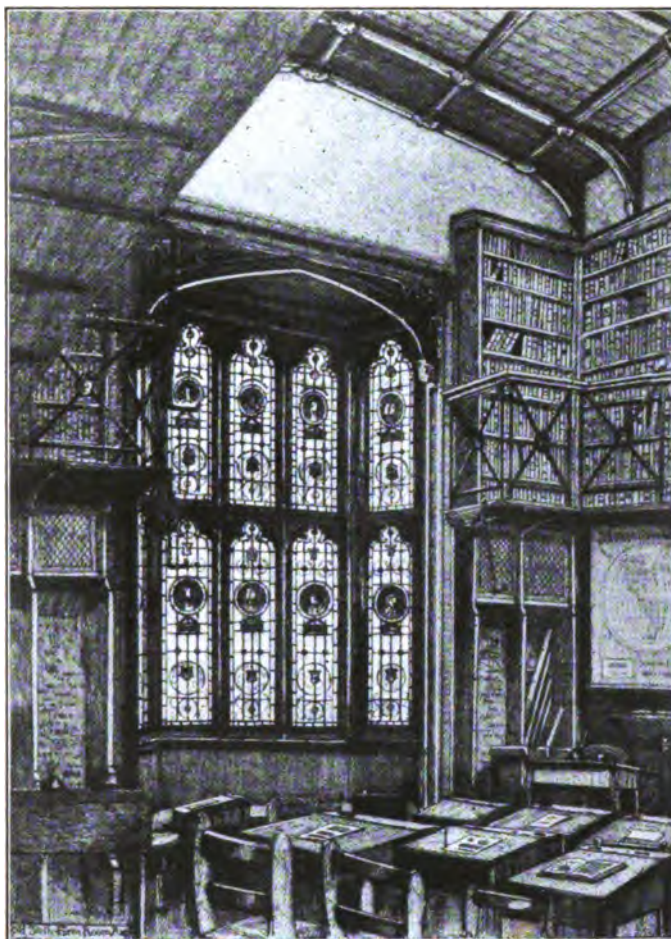
"In the dumps John Ford by himself sat
With folded arms and a melancholy hat."

One of the most delightful seasons of the Arnolds' life was the happy summertime when they would go into Westmoreland, to that rural seat Matthew Arnold's little boy used to call the House of Paradise—Fox How—which, now embowered in vines and half hidden in shrubbery, is one of Grasmere's literary shrines. Besides the natural beauties of the place, which persuaded Dr. Arnold to acquire it, the fact that the poet of Rydal Mount lived near added an irresistible charm. An old servant used to say that Mr.

Wordsworth and the Doctor were "terrible friends," as they really were; Wordsworth helped to find the estate and to superintend the building of the house. The two Terrible Friends used to roam all over the surrounding country together, bound in good fellowship by a warm love of nature, which was a passion with Arnold almost as ardent as with the poet. The only recorded break between the poet and the Rugby master was a dispute which arose one day about the Reform Bill, when they were going to see the sheepfold immortalized in "Michael." The continual and close intercourse between the Arnold and Wordsworth households must surely have made a deep impression upon Matthew, whose interpretations of nature were long considered to be Wordsworthian. Thomas Arnold tells about finding the poet in a divine moment of inspiration one morning, when he and his mother were calling on their neighbors. The poet entered the room with a distracted air, saying he was in the fervor of composition. His face was flushed, his waistcoat in disarray, as if he had been clutching it. Standing in front of the fire, he recited the sonnet, "Is then no nook of England secure from rash assault?"

That strange child-man, Hartley Coleridge, used to go much with his brother Derwent to the Arnolds. A unique fellowship existed between the rugged Spartan Doctor and the irresponsible Bohemian, Hartley; one of the bonds that united them was a love for wild-flowers—a simple tie enough, to be sure, but one testifying the singular delicacy of their tastes and natures. Some of the tenderest lines commemorative of Dr. Arnold are those of Hartley Coleridge to his old friend:

"Where'er he is,
Beneath the altar by the great white throne,
In Abraham's bosom or amid the deep,
Of Godhead blended with eternal light—
One ray may reach him from the humble heart
That thanks our God that he has been."



INTERIOR OF SIXTH SCHOOL, RUGBY—FORMERLY THE LIBRARY
[From an etching by E. J. Burrow, in Rouse's "History of Rugby."]

It is given to few men to be honored by so many literary memorials as Doctor Arnold has been. Should the record of his educational reforms pass into oblivion, his wonderful personal influence, his beautiful loyalty to family and friends, his stern fidelity to supreme principles, will yet remain immortalized in that sonnet of Coleridge's, in Arthur Clough's affectionate lines, in Matthew Arnold's filial elegy, in the pious biography of Arthur, Dean Stanley, who more eloquently than a son has rendered tribute to his preceptor and friend, and in that veritable memoir of

Rugby during Arnold's régime, "Tom Brown's School Days," wherein Tom Hughes rehearses his own feelings as a youth, when hearing of his old master's sudden death—"he rushed off to Rugby and made his way into the lonely school chapel, walked up the stairs to the altar, and while the tears flowed down his cheeks he knelt humbly down. . . ."

A sorry tradition goes about Matthew Arnold as a small boy—that the future master of the grand style took home from old Winchester College, where he was first sent a distressing amount of slang with

which he perversely contaminated the baby diction of his young brothers and sisters. He very soon abandoned such malice to the King's English when he went up to Oxford. Judging from the many evidences of his early devotion and unflagging regard for his family, one is tempted to doubt the piece of gossip told about the way he received his family when they went to see him after he had been three months at the University—that when they were inside his lodgings, he said: "Thank God, you're all in," and when they were gone: "Thank God, you're all out." Though indeed Thomas Arnold admits that that young gownsman "welcomed his rustic *geschwister* with an amused and superior graciousness."

Matthew's alert intellect, his charming waggery, and, his brother adds, his fashionable dressing, soon made him popular at Oxford where he was first welcomed for his father's fame. Max Müller's portrait of him, more graceful and authentic than one may hope to rival, declares: "He was beautiful, strong and manly, full of dreams and schemes. . . . His Olympian manners began even at Oxford . . . the very sound of his voice and the wave of his arms were Jovelike."

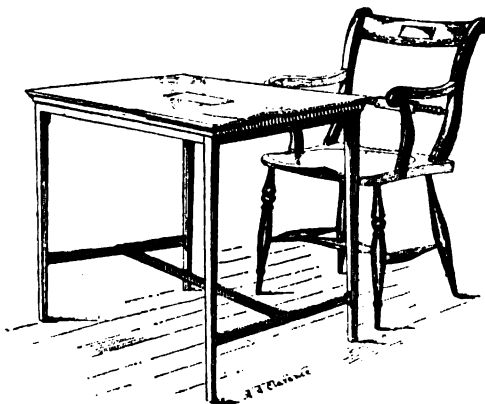
At Oxford commenced his friendship with Clough, who will go down to fame not only through his own poems, but in the goodly company of Adonis and Lycidas through "Thyrsis," Arnold's melodious lament for him.

There can of course never be just comparison between Arnold's monody and the classics of Milton and Shelley, but it is perhaps not invidious to remark the more human regret that animates "Thyrsis,"—the vibrating of a man's own very heart-strings echoes through it more than through the greater elegies; in the latter the desideratum seems to be that others shall wear cypress and weep for Adonis and sing for young Lycidas—dead ere his prime. But Clough's elegist will wander and give his grief its hour alone among the old haunts, where with Thyrsis he has been in happier summers—down the Ashy Thames shore, the wood where hides the daffodil, the dingle on the loved hillside, through all the dear English fields and uplands dim" . . . whence Thyrsis is gone to that broad lucent valley of Arno, where his

"earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Beneath the flowery oleanders pale."

Anna Blanche McGill.

(To be continued.)



ARNOLD'S TABLE AND CHAIR

[From a drawing by A. A. Clarence, in Rouse's "History of Rugby."]



FEEDING THE SILK WORMS

GATHERING MULBERRY LEAVES

[From the painting by Kitao Shigemasa.]

A NOTE ON JAPANESE COLOR PRINTS

THE adaptability of the Japanese to foreign conditions has become a self-evident fact by this time. We know that they have a remarkable talent for adopting and assimilating—and at times improving—the ideas of others. If they were a bit slow in grasping the possibilities of chromo-xylography, or printing in colors from wood-blocks—which came to them from China—they certainly were thorough in their eventual mastery of the art and well outstripped the inventors of it.

Color printing or chromo-xylography came into vogue in Japan about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and had its period of finest development from the middle of the century until about 1850. That was the golden age of the school of Ukiyo or “painting of the passing world,” a school which repeated in Japan the old story of revolt from formalism and tradition. This popular school, “the special agent of expression for the common people,” is held somewhat in contempt by the artists of the aristo-

cratic Tosa and Kano schools, which are based upon Chinese classical traditions, and John La Farge found it expedient to repress mention of Hokusai when speaking to these courtly upholders of tradition.

True, there is conventionality also in the works of the masters of Ukiyo, especially in the treatment of the human face. We are told that this conventional handling of certain details simply means that the artist considered them unessential in the telling of his story. At all events, in the *nishikiyo* or color-prints, underneath all that is strange and exotic, there pulsate those same feelings that after all bind humanity the world over.

In the collection presented by Charles Stewart Smith to the New York Public Library, and placed on exhibition in the print galleries in the Lenox Library Building, this interesting phase of the art in question is well brought out. The life of Japan passes before us in these prints. Laborers are shown at their occupations; the operations of sericulture

are described in every detail, coolies are seen trailing along under heavy burdens, fishermen gathering their harvest with net and cormorants. Artists like Toyokuni, Utamaro and Suzuki Harunobu find ever new aspects in the daily life of women—noble and humble, court lady and courtesan—and depict them in all possible circumstances and conditions. We have them "opening letters with a hair-pin," reading letters, bleaching cloth, composing poetry and "acting it," dancing, boating, picnicking, pounding rice, weaving, sewing (and biting off the thread), washing, dressing hair, going to bed, cutting out a dress, putting on the wedding robe, putting up New Year decorations, applying rouge to the lips, tying the belt, etc. Koriussai, Kitao Shigemasa and others show us Japanese children at play in various games; "battledore and shuttlecock" is known here, and they blow soap-bubbles and make snow images. The life of the stage is illustrated by Torii Kyonobu, Torii Kyomasu and others. We see the people at work and at play, at home and traveling, in street and workshop, in an ever-shifting endless series of characteristic scenes. All of this is distinctly *culturgeschichtlich*, it is material for social history.

An interesting note that occurs again and again is the love of nature, which amounts to a sort of æsthetic cult. In looking over these genre subjects one repeatedly finds titles such as "Gathering lotus," "Cherry viewing," "Iris viewing," "Viewing plum blossoms," "Flower viewing," "Peach viewing," "Maple viewing," "Snow viewing," "Landscape, supposed to be seen when the nightingale's voice is first heard," "The voice of the cicada," "Listening to the song of the insects," and the like. But even the Japanese placidly æsthetic contemplation of nature has its limits, for we also see them "Smoking out mosquitoes."

The artists who have signed these color prints are many in number, and a recital of names means little. Hokkei, Utamaro, Toyokuni, Harunobu, Yeisen and Koriussai are prominent. Best known to foreigners still is Hokusai, the man of many names, the "old man mad about painting." His versatility and productiveness were remarkable, and enabled him to cover not only the genre subjects referred to, but portraits as well, delicate bits of still-life, and landscapes. Among the last are his famous "Hundred Views of Fujiyama" (1834), in which the "peerless mountain," regarded by the Japanese with loving reverence, receives its apotheosis.

These chromo-xylographs are printed from wood-blocks, which latter are cut with the grain, instead of across it. There is usually a block for each color, but occasionally several colors are printed from one block. With the Charles Stewart Smith collection of Japanese prints in the New York Public Library, there appears a set of seven blocks for one print, given by Mr. Edward Bierstadt to the Library. One is the "key-block" for impression in black; of the six others, five are engraved on both sides, making twelve printings in all, to produce one chromo-xylograph. The printing is done by hand pressure with a sort of pad, the "baren," and faults in register are surprisingly few. A clever method of embossing by taking an impression from an uninked block is effectively used at times for delicate patterns in garments, for clouds, white shells, water, etc. In the Smith collection, which, by the way, offers an excellent opportunity for the study of this fascinating art—there is a fine white cock, entirely embossed.* Such simple materials sufficed for an expression of consummate virtuosity. It

* A complete technical treatise on Japanese wood-engraving was translated from the Japanese, and edited by the late S. R. Koehler, for the United States National Museum.



MOTHER AND CHILD

[From the painting by Utamaro.]

is all done with remarkable mastery of line and color. Moreover, artist, engraver and printer work together to produce given results. The colors are applied to the block with a brush for each impression, and the importance of the printer becomes especially apparent in the gradated tints. For these are not a matter of engraving; the effect is due solely to the printer's

skill in applying his colors, similar to that of the printer of etchings who practices *retroussage* or leaves a film of ink on the plate.

There is a peculiar charm about this Japanese work. Flowing lines, color harmonies, combined in an essentially decorative manner, are calculated to call up in the mind the moods and sensations which



FUJIYAMA

[From the painting by Hokusai.]



THE ASTRONOMER

[From the painting by Hokusai.]

the object depicted itself inspires; the spirit of the scene is rendered with poetic feeling. It is a matter of subjectivity, of impressionism. The harmony of color rises in the best of these prints—as in some of those belonging to Mr. Howard Mansfield, recently shown at the Veltin studios—to extraordinary and beautiful effects, subdued and tender.

Japanese chromoxylography was made more generally known in England about 1862.* Since then, interest in, and understanding of this work has grown, and while it seems as though it is still caviare

even to many who have a healthy estimation of the beautiful, its influence on certain phases of our own art—say, Whistlerism and the poster, for instance—is evident. Meanwhile, Occidental influence is permeating Japan, and Japanese individuality seems to find a sort of cosmopolitan expression. With foreign appreciation of the art of color printing has come its decay in its native land; the recent “revival” in the form of illustrations of the Japanese-Chinese war has served to accentuate the fact that a renaissance of an art so purely national, “the spontaneous outcome of a joyous nation,” does not seem likely under present conditions.

Frank Weitenkamp.

* The literature of the subject is considerable and growing. Audsley, von Seidlitz, La Farge, Fenollosa, Strange, Holmes, Goncourt and other authorities give fuller information to those desiring it.

HENRY TIMROD'S POETRY

A POET born but not a poet made, and, therefore, despite the time-worn adage, not a thorough poet after all. This is what the impartial critic feels upon laying down the small volume of the verse of Henry Timrod, to whose memory his native state recently unveiled a bust, whose essay on "The Theory of Poetry" is published in a current periodical, and whose collected verse was published in a new edition two years ago.

Not a thorough poet, and yet with a very real poetic nature, and with many of the poet's gifts. The pathos and the tragedy of his brief career find expression in words which he wrote not long before his death concerning his poetry: "I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion for—one hundred dollars in hand!" It was the cry of a starving man; and in it may be read the secret of his failure to reach the mark of a high attainment. Very near it he came; often touched it; in his work we find very seldom the perfect whole, often the flashes of a rare genius. It is not too much to say that genius—sometimes of an exquisite flower—he has, but it reveals itself not always in the perfected poem, not always even in the perfected stanza, but here and there in lines of convincing beauty, in which we

"May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer
seas,"

or

"When his soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love."

It is the imperfection of his workmanship among which is scattered the value of his thought and the glow of his feeling that brings home to us the sadness of his lot as mere statements of his struggles

could never do. He had no time, no ease from hourly annoy, in which to *make* the poet, and there is no art which demands for its success more imperatively the sustained power of a lofty achievement.

Small as is the volume of Timrod's collected verse it might be even smaller and his fame lose nothing thereby. Many of his best poems are too long. It is seldom that he brings them to such a happy termination as he does in "An Exotic," one of the most delicate yet richly colored of his pieces. He too often mars his effects by an unmotivated multiplication of verses, and frequently when the motive is there it is an anti-climax. He had a dangerous facility of words, a treacherous freedom in the flow of his measures. His longest and most ambitious poem, "A Vision of Poesy," is full of the throbbings of the poetic nature and contains felicitous lines, but it is overlong, notwithstanding its ease of structure. The call to Carolina has a martial ring of rhythm that is noteworthy, while again in "The Lily Confidante" there is a dainty playfulness of fancy that is akin to Suckling and Herrick.

Throughout his poetry there is the tropic warmth and color of the South. He has the love of rich hues, the nice ear for luscious words, and the keen enjoyment of, and power to form, the suggestive line which Poe had in such fullness. There is something not unlike Poe in the lines:

"And the ground had been rich for a thousand
years
With the blood of heroes, and sages, and
kings,
Where the rose that blooms in her exquisite
cheek
Unfolded the flush of its wings."

At times there is a deeper, more thoughtful music in his verse than in Poe's—a



THE TIMROD MEMORIAL
[Recently erected in Charleston, S. C.]

more virile tone, for Timrod gained strength and moral height from his sufferings. Much of his verse is ennobled by the quality of the thought which informs it, and it is to his credit, although the harsh circumstances of his life might have been an excuse, that he nowhere indulges in repinings or vicious flings at fate. We respect the man who, baited to the death by so many ills, kept his poetry healthful and pure, and who was strong enough not to project himself upon Nature, recognizing that—

“for the pain, the fever, and the fret
Engendered of a weak, unquiet heart,
She hath no solace; and who seeks her when
These be the troubles over which he moans,
Reads in her unreplying lineaments
Rebukes, that to the guilty consciousness,
Strike like contempt.”

It is not, however, for moral guidance that Timrod beckons us. It is entirely fulsome and harmful to write of him as

one has written, that he combines “in his poetry the philosophy of Wordsworth with the elegance of Tennyson.” The message which does lie in his work is wholly apart from the intellectual, is of that nature which only those whose pulses leap to the apt line, to the apt word, to the fine forgings of the poet’s feeling, are able to enjoy; and it is contained in such pieces as “An Exotic” and part of “The Lily Confidante,” before alluded to; in “The Past”; “Dreams;” “Serenade;” and two sonnets; “At Last, Beloved Nature,” and “I Know Not Why, But All This Weary Day.” Reading these it is safe to say the temptation to read more will not be wanting, and that its satisfaction will then be in the isolated stanza or line where, indeed, may be found truths which—

“In mystic phrases wrapped as in a shroud,
Wait the diviner.”

Robert Adger Bowen.

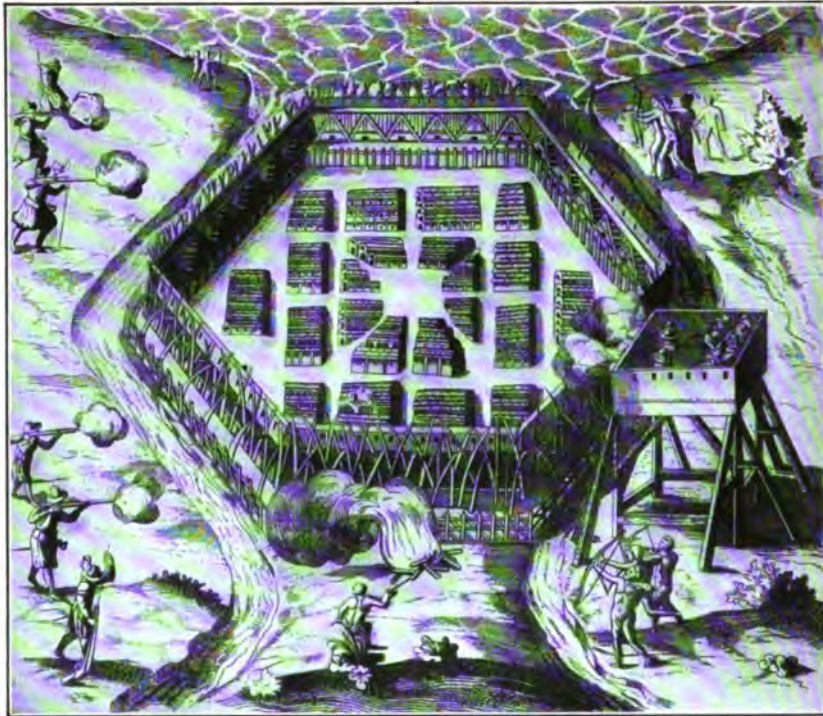
UNION IN DISSEVERANCE

SUNSET worn to its last vermilion he;
She that star overheard in slow descent:
That white star with the front of angel she;
He undone in his rays of glory spent.

Halo, fair as the bow-shot at his rise,
He casts round her, and knows his hour of rest
Incomplete, were the light for which he dies,
Less like joy of the dove that wings to nest.

Lustrous momentarily, near on earth she sinks;
Life’s full throb over breathless and abased:
Yet stand they, though impalpable the links,
One, more one than the bridally embraced.

—From “*A Reading of Life, and Other Poems*,” by George Meredith. By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner’s Sons.



From "The Old New York Frontier."

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AN IROQUOIS FORT

[Believed to have stood on the shore of Onondaga Lake. Besieged by Champlain in 1615.]

THE SUSQUEHANNA FRONTIER

TO the average reader of "American history," as that term is understood among the patrons of circulating libraries, the words "Frontier" and "Pioneer" suggest little else than the legends of "Kaintuckee, the Dark and Bloody Ground," and the personality of Daniel Boone. It is hardly worth while to inquire why this is so; but it is a striking example of the tendency of the popular mind to crystallize arbitrarily. Granting all due importance to Kentucky as a "Frontier" and all due glory to Daniel Boone as a bold and successful "Pioneer," the fact yet remains that in the broad

historical sense, the most interesting Frontier is that of Colonial and Revolutionary New York, and the Pioneers whose chapter in our annals is most thrilling are those who conquered its tremendous forests and defended its humble hearthstones.

The public and private archives of New York and New Yorkers have long been replete with original material for a serious and standard history of this traditional battle-ground, first for the Empire of the New World between England and France, and then for republican freedom between England and the sturdy children who had outgrown the tether of their mother's apron-strings. Yet it has remained for Mr. Francis Whiting Halsey,

THE OLD NEW YORK FRONTIER. Its Wars with Indians and Tories, its Missionary Schools, Pioneers and Land Titles, 1616-1800. By Francis W. Halsey. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, with maps and illustrations, \$2.50 net.

a twentieth-century descendant of those Pioneers, born on the soil of that Frontier, to write its story.

The history is fortunate in its historian. To a love of native soil and ancestral kindred amounting to a passion Mr. Halsey has brought a capacity for research that leaves no hole or corner unransacked—a faculty of arrangement that converts the book into a panorama and a style whose graceful simplicity—*simplex munditiis*, as the Latin poet says—actually rests the mind by the reading of it.

Limitations of space here forbid that elaborate analysis which Mr. Halsey's book good-naturedly, albeit provokingly, challenges. To "review" it as such a work should be reviewed would involve well-nigh the writing of a companion history or a supplemental one. We therefore pass over the earlier chapters and begin with the period of the "Old French War." In that struggle, which decided that Anglo-Saxon sway should be sole, and that Latin

rule must fall, the "Old New York Frontier" became the Flanders of America. It was the objective of every invader, from the French Frontenac and Montcalm to the British St. Leger and Burgoyne. And from it went forth every attack by land, from Sir William Johnson to Abercrombie and Amherst. Let us see what this Frontier was. A military engineer would take a pair of dividers, set to cover one hundred miles by the scale. Placing one leg on the site of Albany and bearing due north, the other leg would rest on Crown Point. Sweeping round to the westward and southward, the moving leg would strike the Mohawk Valley at Fort Stanwix. Continuing to sweep to the southward and eastward, the leg would strike the Upper Susquehanna at Oghwaga.* Still sweeping southeast, the moving leg would travel over the "Cas-

* The writer's great-grandfather, Simon Buell, who settled at what is now Windsor, Broome County, under the shadow of the old "Council Mountain" immediately after the Revolution, always spelled it "Oquago."



From "The Old New York Frontier."

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FORT OSWEGO

[The principal rendezvous of Indians, Tories and British regulars.]

cade Divide" and down the Delaware Valley to the Minisink Settlements, bearing about south-southwest from the pivot of Albany. This great semicircle would be in main outline what modern diplomatists call "delimitation" of the Old New York Frontier. Now view this great semicircle with reference to the geography of power in Canada—whether French, as in the struggle for Empire, or British, as in the War for Independence—and we shall see that the frontier it "delimits" was a scientific one in every sense of grand strategy. Relatively to the whole border line that stretched from the Penobscot to the Savannah, this Old New York Frontier was a great salient thrown out either as an approach or as a *point d'appui* on a grand scale, the possession of which was necessarily the main objective of all operations, invasive or defensive. In both struggles its history amply corroborated its geography.

The first great character to appear in this arena of destiny was Sir William Johnson, who came to the Mohawk Valley about 1738 and reached unquestioned pre-eminence in 1744. Prior to his advent there had been no acknowledged leader of the white race in the region. His influence was potent alike with both races. He, *par excellence*, detached the Iroquois from the French and allied them to the English—an event the weight of which in deciding the struggle for empire has never, we think, been fairly appreciated by any historian until Mr. Halsey. Sir William Johnson quickly impressed his masterful intellect upon the Indians, and he infused his vigorous blood with theirs quite freely, not only through "marriage" with Molly Brant, but also through numerous affairs with handsome young squaws less conventional. Traditions, well authenticated, place the number of Sir William's half-breed children as high as sixteen, not including those borne by the "Indian Lady

Johnson," Molly Brant; and the mothers were almost as numerous as the children! Whatever may be the moral impression in our days, it seems that, in the lights of his own time, Sir William represented a coparceny of wisdom and virility irresistible to the aboriginal fancy. Halsey makes a quaintly humorous mention of this fact on page 153 of his book when he refers to the flight of Sir John Johnson in May, 1776, "leaving behind him the family Bible, which contained evidence that, unlike other children of Sir William, he was legitimate."

Sir William Johnson lived to see the full fruition of the victory of Anglo-Saxon civilization he had so potently wrought for. He survived eleven years the peace that made England supreme in the Temperate Zone of North America. And he died—no doubt fortunately for his peace of mind—a year before Lexington, and three years before Oriskany and Saratoga. Sir William was a Grand Old Man. There can be no doubt that, had he lived to see the events of '76, '77, '78 and '79 on the Old New York Frontier, from Oriskany and Cherry Valley to Sullivan's Expedition, his heart would have been broken and his last days made wretched.

Not the least distinction of this historic region was the fact that it produced the greatest of American Indians, Joseph Brant. Mr. Halsey emphasizes this fact by display of Brant's portrait as a frontispiece. Several writers have instituted comparisons between Brant and Tecumseh. In this there is ground for argument. Whatever may have been their respective natural gifts, Brant had the advantage of a civilized education in youth, which was denied to Tecumseh. The Americans in Tecumseh's time were infinitely more powerful than when Brant had to deal with them. However interesting such comparison might be, if



From "The Old New York Frontier." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

JOSEPH BRANT—THAYENDANEGEA

[Aged 34. From a mezzotint of 1779, now in the Lenox Library, after a portrait by Romney, painted in London in 1776.]

drawn out in historical detail, space forbids here. Suffice to say that each fought a losing battle against the manifest destiny of American civilization, and that Tecumseh fell in defeat with his face toward his conqueror; while Brant escaped to eke out a long life on the bounty of the Royal Master whom he had served with more faith than success. Even his personal courage was doubted.*

* Ezra Buell—who was with Davis's Schoharie Riflemen at Oriskany and afterwards served through the Revolution in Morgan's Command—had been by turns

At all events, there were hundreds of rifles at Oriskany in the hands of men who could have recognized Brant at twenty rods, and could have picked either eye out of his head at ten rods; but no one saw him on the line of battle, though all were looking for him.

Whatever may have been the risks and sufferings of the settlers in the "Great Strategic Salient" of the Old New York

land surveyor and Indian trader before the war, and knew Brant well. In 1807, soon after Brant died, Buell wrote a sketch of him that was printed in Kingston,

Frontier during the struggle for Empire between the English and the French, it became a literal Golgotha in the contest for Independence. Other frontiers had British and Indians, and others had British and Tories, to deal with; but the Old New York Frontier had all three; and this in addition to its strategic geography as the common battle-ground. Burgoyne assailed it from the north, St. Leger, Brant and Johnson from the west, and Brant and Butler from the southwest. For five years massacre was a household word from Cobleskill to Wyoming, from Cherry Valley to Minisink. Fortunately, its patriot stock was English Roundheads, Scotch-Irish Dissenters, Palatine Germans, and Holland Dutch—races that have never been whipped and that have always been extremely hard to kill. Even its Tories, whatever their turpitude in other respects, had no lack of courage. Of course, the outbreak of civil war among such a people instantly tore society into shreds. Mr. Halsey's picture of this scene begins grim, and reaches its climax of horror in the butchery of Oriskany. "An accident of war," he says, "it was a frightful slaughter, considering the numbers engaged. . . . The combatants engaged at close quarters with muskets, bayonets, knives and tomahawks." And he quotes approvingly from

New York, where he then lived. This sketch was in some respects complimentary. On the point of personal courage he said:

"Brant was never to be seen in any of the fights. If he commanded, it was at some sheltered place in the rear. He lacked the kind of bravery that leads in battle. But he was devilish smart at a bargain or a treaty."

It is fair to say, however, that Ezra Buell, like most men who had been engaged in the Indian trade, hated Brant; and this fact may have been creditable to the latter's zeal for the interests of his people who did not know the white man as well as he did. Yet Buell's assertion is not disproved by the history of any battle in that time. Brant may have been, like many other commanders, prudent in regard to personal exposure. At any rate it is not unjust to his memory to say that his greatness was doubtless that of the statesman rather than of the warrior. He was too humane—or not cruel enough—to be a typical war-captain of American savages. And he represented a type of civilized manhood infinitely higher than that of his Tory colleagues.

Stone's Life of Brant that "Many of the Provincials and the Greens (Tories) were known to each other. . . . The Provincials fired upon them as they advanced, and then . . . attacked them with their bayonets and the butts of their muskets; or both parties, in close contact, throttled each other and drew their knives, stabbing and sometimes literally dying in each other's embrace."*

Ezra Buell says that in Van Sluyck's Company nineteen were killed, including the captain, out of sixty-three present for duty; in Davis's Schoharie Riflemen, with fifty-six present, eighteen were killed, also including Captain Davis; and in Klock's Canajoharie Company, with seventy-two present, twenty-three were killed. "No account was made of the wounded," he adds grimly. Buell also says: "Captain Davis did not give up till he had four bullets through him and even in his death-throes he grappled with a

* During the first third of the nineteenth century a jolly old Mohawk Dutchman kept a popular tavern at Little Lakes, on the great road between New Berlin and Canajoharie. His name was Maarten Vrooman. Possibly there are old teamsters in Chenango and Otsego yet living to whom the word "Vrooman's" will bring back lusty memories of long ago. Old Maarten had a grim trophy of Oriskany which he used sometimes to exhibit in his barroom. It was the scalp of David Bently, a Tory of "Johnson's Greens," taken at Oriskany by Vrooman's father and namesake, a soldier in Van Sluyck's company. Just before the outbreak of war, in 1775, Bently had married Gertrude Vrooman. When the Tories were driven out of the Mohawk Valley, Bently urged his bride to go with him to Canada. She refused, and sought the shelter of her father's roof. Bently not long afterward sent word that the "King's people" would soon retake the Valley, and then he would have her, "dead or alive." Gertrude sent back her defiance that all she ever wanted to see of him was his scalp, and that her father or one of her brothers would bring that to her if Bently ever showed his head in the Valley again. In the last effort Johnson's Greens made to restore the battle at Oriskany, after the Indians had fled, Bently and young Maarten Vrooman came face to face. Both fired almost in each other's eyes. Bently missed. Vrooman's bullet smashed Bently's shoulder, and he fell, begging for mercy. Maarten Vrooman tomahawked his wounded brother-in-law, and took home to his widowed Whig sister the scalp of her Tory husband! Whatever may have been the character of warfare elsewhere in the Revolution, on the "Old New York Frontier" it was the kind that tore bride and groom apart almost at the altar, and divorced them by decree of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

Tory he had known in Cobleskill, also wounded, and with almost the last motion he ever made cut the wretch's throat as they writhed on the ground together!"

Colonel Cox, shot through the lungs and with one thigh shattered, got two of his soldiers to hold him upright so he could still cheer with failing breath the desperate men who stood by him, and he died on his feet. Cox doubtless felt some personal responsibility for the terrible situation at Oriskany, because to his vehement urging and even taunts was mainly due General Herkimer's angry decision to advance and attack without waiting for reinforcements that were on the way. He had advised Herkimer to

attack Brant at Unadilla several months before. A bitter feud had long existed between Cox and Brant, growing out of some dispute in the Indian trade before the war; and Cox, who was a man of reckless courage and of desperate temper, desired nothing so much as to get sight of Brant in battle. That, however, was a pleasure which Brant prudently denied to his enemies.

Young Peter Van Sluyck, a youth of nineteen or twenty years, and Captain Van Sluyck's son, is said to have killed at least three of the enemy, hand to hand, with bayonet and musket butt, over the prostrate form of his dying father, who had called out, as he fell, "Don't let them scalp me, Pete!"



From "The Old New York Frontier."

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OTSEGO HALL, COOPERSTOWN, THE HOME OF J. FENIMORE COOPER

[Built by Cooper's father in 1797-99; improved by Cooper in 1834; destroyed by fire in 1853; the grounds now a village park.]

Many years ago, the late Judge Zimmerman showed to the writer a letter written a few days after the battle, by his grandfather, Sergeant Abram Zimmerman, of one of the Schenectady companies (Veeder's, we believe). The burly sergeant says—with a trace of humor one does not naturally expect of a Mohawk Dutchman—"I got out of it with a broken musket, two ugly wounds, and three skelps; one a redskin's, one a Tory's, and the other a white man's, the last being my own!" Judge Zimmerman said his grandfather was "a schoolmaster." But he evidently knew more about taking "skelps" than about spelling them.

Adam Quackenbush, a Schoharie Rifleman, out of ammunition and having no bayonet, rearmed himself by braining one of Johnson's Greens with the butt of his useless rifle, breaking the stock square off by the blow. He then took the Tory's musket, bayonet and cartridge-box, and went on with the battle. Similar incidents might be multiplied by the dozen from the folk-lore of the region, all clearly authenticated. The casualties among officers were frightful. General Herkimer and Colonel Cox were killed and Colonels Campbell and Visscher wounded. Out of fifteen company commanders, five were killed—Van Sluyck, Davis, McMaster, Ogden, and Yates—and every one of the other ten wounded.

The writer was present at the Oriskany Centennial in August, 1877. Governor Seymour said to him: "You boys who were in the Army of the Potomac think you saw some hard fighting. I believe that for the time it lasted, and measured by the ratio of killed outright to the number engaged, the battle fought here a century ago was the most desperate ever fought on this continent if not in the world!"*

On page 194 Mr. Halsey says: "Such

was Oriskany; a battle which Horatio Seymour and others have ranked as the decisive conflict of the Revolution. . . ." The natural comment on this would be that "the decisive battle" of any great war is a selection affording free exercise of individual fancy. The real military truth, doubtless, is that great wars are "decided" by the total effectiveness of all battles fought in them. But Oriskany surely operated to repulse a well planned flank movement against the left rear of our main Army opposing Burgoyne. The success of this flank movement would have compelled the detachment of a larger force than that which was detached under Arnold, and might have compelled abandonment of the advanced line of defence on the Upper Hudson. In this sense it was distinctly contributory to the main result; but to call it "decisive" would, we think, stretch the meaning of that word to a degree at which it must become meaningless.

Through such vicissitudes of such times and in such a cause Mr. Halsey leads his readers with a gentle grace of diction that lulls the clamor of deadly strife and sheds a dew of reverent eloquence upon the graves of slaughtered patriots. Rich as this epoch is in the revival of our heroic lore—the legends of "the times that tried men's souls."—Mr. Halsey may credit himself with having made a contribution to it not only the most interesting of all for the time being, but also the surest to take classic place in time to come.

Augustus C. Buell.

that Herkimer's force was about 1,000 strong—rather under than over. Two hundred and forty-odd were killed outright or mortally wounded—25 per cent. Hardly any escaped wounds more or less severe. St. Leger had 1,700 in all—1,100 Tories, etc., and 600 Indians. He left 500 of his white troops to blockade the fort, and took about 600 Tories and 600 Indians into the battle. He reported 180 whites and about 100 to 120 Indians killed or mortally wounded—say another 25 per cent. The ratio of wounded to killed is usually from five to one to four to one. Had this ratio prevailed at Oriskany, both forces must have been wiped out on the field.

* The rosters of the "Tryon County Militia" are quite fragmentary. The Clinton and Schuyler papers indicate

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

THE STORY OF A MAN

NO one who has ever felt the fascination of the sea can be insensible to its challenge. To tell the story of it, to describe it, to see its mystery and to portray it, has been the endeavor of many minds. The solitude of the plains, the solemn majesty of the mighty mountains, are impressive almost beyond the power of expression, but the sea transcends in sublimity either of these. There is the silence of illimitable depths and unbroken horizons. The grandeur that is inseparable from mass and calm is found in prairie and range, but the water moves, the ocean is instinct with life, and, of all things in nature, the sea comes nearest to the sublimest thing in creation—personality.

To catch it in its moods—to tell of its light, its life, its joy, its power, its might, its majesty, its motion, its calm, its noise, its stillness, its mystery—is the most elusive task that falls to man. We detail our experiences upon it, give such glimpses of its inner secrets as we are permitted to divine, and that is all. Therefore, there will always be books on the sea, and they will always find appreciation. It is a puzzle, an enigma, an interrogation!

Of the many current volumes that strive to put us in touch with the major surface of the earth, surely Captain Evans' book is chief. The writer belongs to a species of sailor which is passing away. He is equally at home upon the old-fashioned sailing ship fighting its way in the teeth of a tempest, and upon the monster modern battleship of twelve thousand tons of steel. He can reef topsails and house topmasts with as much ease as he

can lash a five-hundred-ton turret, the fastenings of which have been carried away so that it is sweeping the deck wildly, in a heavy sea. The next generation of naval men will know the steel monster as well, or maybe better, than he; but where will they get that experience with wood, canvas and rope which seems fundamental to the sailor?

A Sailor's Log is a delightful book, and the words are said after careful deliberation and with a due appreciation of their meaning. It was not my good fortune to meet the author during my short naval service, and as I closed the volume, I thought regretfully of how much I had missed. It is a sailor's log, a hunter's log, a sportsman's log, a fighter's log—certainly that—but above all, you put it down with a feeling that pre-eminently it is a gentleman's log. I mean by that, that the unconscious revelation of self which is the charm of autobiographies, brings before us a personality so delightful that the old-fashioned attributes of birth and breeding alone express it. The book bubbles over with humor, too, and humor of that unconscious kind which is doubly enjoyable. Has the admiral a strain of Irish in his blood? One might think so from the numerous paragraphs like these:

"The officers were a well-educated and cultured lot of hard-drinking chaps, who seemed ready for any sort of a job that might turn up."

"My relations with them all [the Chileans, that is] are in accordance with the strictest etiquette, and will remain so until the shooting begins—and even after."

He began a strenuous life at an early age, and he kept it up through more vicissitudes and exciting experiences than have fallen to the lot of most men. I have read all the naval biographies and autobiographies of our American seamen, and



ROBLEY D. EVANS, REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N.
[From a photograph by Purdy.]

they, none of them, compare with this one. When a man can talk to you through nearly five hundred pages—and with that the book is too short—about his own experiences, adventures and happenings, without ever once giving the impression of egotism, he has scored a triumph.

Wherever he was placed he not only met the emergency, but he actually enjoyed it. He began when a little boy with a pony, which used to turn around, buck, and finally lie down and roll over to get rid of his mount; and characteristically the future admiral says: "I had much pleasure and comfort from his ownership!"

Whether he is persuading the marine behind the sand pile at Fort Fisher at the point of the revolver; or keeping his legs under him in the face of the medical board by dint of that same handy weapon; or winning all the money from the foreign ships in the Asiatic station with his boat crew; or upholding the American navy

and the authority of the United States in the little gunboat *Yorktown*, in the presence of the Chilean fleet at Valparaiso; or clearing Behring Sea of seal poachers while in command of the mosquito fleet, under the most arduous circumstances; or hobnobbing with the German Kaiser at Kiel, or doing his splendid part in the smashing fight off Santiago, or giving good advice to all creation, he is always doing it cheerfully, heartily, thoroughly, not to say joyfully. The following will illustrate his versatility:

"The paymaster was very ill at this time and growing worse. Many of us who knew him well thought the best thing he could do would be to die—the best for all hands, particularly his wife. The captain purchased a goat in order that the patient might have the advantage of fresh milk on the passage over. We left Madeira early in the morning and at eleven o'clock that night the orderly turned me out, saying the captain wanted to see me. I hurried into my clothes and reported to him, when the following conversation took place: 'Evans, you know the paymaster is very ill and may die?' 'Yes, sir, I hope he will.' 'Well, he surely will unless he can have some goat's milk. I have sent for you to ask if you won't milk the goat for us. I know you can do it. So far we have not succeeded in getting a drop of milk from the beast though she seems to have plenty.' To this proposition I was naturally disposed to make a sharp reply, but having a great regard for the captain I only said, 'I was not aware, sir, that it was any part of the navigator's duty to milk a goat.' 'Of course not, Evans, of course not; I ask you to do it as a matter of humanity and to oblige me.'

"That, of course, settled the question, and down I went to tackle Mrs. Goat. I found her in a very excited state of mind apparently, having butted out the captain's steward and a marine orderly who had attempted to relieve her of her milk. One of them had tried to hold her while the other went for the milk. I remembered how the darkies in my young days had treated a cow under the same conditions, and procuring some warm water and exercising a little patience in the premises, soon relieved her of the milk which was evidently giving her pain. This I sent to the cabin and went back to my sleep. At breakfast in the morning the whole mess knew what had taken place, and I was, of course, the subject of no end of chaff.

"In the afternoon I was again sent for and requested to milk the goat. I declared I would 'be jiggered' if I would; but the captain again persuaded me to do it. This time I found the goat standing on her hind legs snorting at the steward, who was being unmercifully jeered at by the crew because he failed in his attempt to produce milk. It now looked as if I would have to go on milking the blessed goat all the way to St. Thomas. However, I found a young marine who seemed willing to assume my duties, if the goat would let him, and I succeeded finally in teaching him the trick of milking her successfully. This was my first and only experience with goats. The paymaster lived to reach the United States, where he died a few months later."

He is a kind-hearted, provident man, too; witness his feeding five hundred people at Ville Franche for five months with the assistance of his crew out of the waste material from the different messes. And how the men on his different ships adored him! It is not difficult to see why either. For instance, how many captains are there who would permit themselves to be disturbed at two o'clock in the morning because the crew wanted him to come on deck to see if anything could be done for "Dennis," a sick pig which was a universal pet? The gallant captain never fails to speak kindly and affectionately of his blue-jackets. Truly, "they were fine fellows to tie to," his "blue-shirted chaps;" cheering him till "he felt ashamed" of himself for his courtesy to poor Captain Eulate of the *Viscaya*. No wonder when the men of the *Iowa* presented him with a sword they accompanied their gift with a letter of which this is the closing paragraph:

"And with this sword we send our wishes for your health and happiness always. It is an assurance from us that you are more than a hero to a nation—you are a hero to your men."

There are some significant remarks in the book too. The restraint with which it is written and the things it sometimes does not tell are intensely interesting. The most notable sentence is this: "Once



From Max Müller's "Autobiography."—Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

F. MAX MÜLLER, AGED 90

in our history, anyhow, the man who deserved it was made Vice-Admiral."

We all know what that means and coming from "Bob" Evans it is a title to honor. I fear the precedent is too good to be followed as it should be.

He seems to have been equal to the situation invariably, and we put the book aside with the assurance that should he ever be called upon for further service the honor of our flag and the welfare of our country will be in safe hands with Admiral Evans on the quarter-deck. Long may he wave!

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

MAX MÜLLER

AFTER the publication, in 1899, of the second series of "Auld Lang Syne," it was suggested by Max Müller's friends that the reminiscences in those

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. A Fragment. By (the late) Rt. Hon. Professor Max Müller, K. M. With portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

volumes were "the recollections of his friends and the account of the influence they exercised on him," rather than "the springs, the aspirations, the failures, and achievements of his life." But it was only after much debate that their wishes were finally acceded to and he decided to write of himself. Even then it was too late—the hand of death was upon him—and he was only able to write or dictate, but not correct, a brief sketch of his early life up to the time of his settling at Oxford. This has been since edited by his son under the title of *My Autobiography: a Fragment*, and recently published by the Scribners.

To a large extent the interest lies in the descriptions of German school and university life, fifty to sixty years ago, and the difference between that and English life at the same periods at the large public schools and at the universities. This difference is clearly shown in his courses of study at the universities of Leipzig and Berlin, where the "elective" system of studies—now universal in the larger American colleges—was in vogue: whereas Oxford and Cambridge still clung to the daily routine of classics and mathematics, only varied by mathematics and classics on alternate days. Whichever may be the best system our author does not pretend to say, but the young German student pays a high tribute to the "scholarship" he found prevalent at Oxford—scholarship of a higher order than he had left behind in Germany, except in special instances.

One of the characteristics of Max Müller's writings, which has tended to popularize them, is his conversational style and the easy way in which he leads his reader from "grave to gay"; and his defence of duelling in German universities, after giving a long, dry list of his elective courses at Berlin, will strike many of his admirers with amused surprise, especially



From Max Müller's "Autobiography."—Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MY MOTHER

those who did not know him personally—those that did not know the "inspired" look (if one may use the term) which came over his face at times and showed the guileless soul within; and that "*such a one*," as Kipling says, should stand a self-confessed duellist may cause much wonder among "certain ones." But it is just this same guilelessness, wrongly attributed to "snobbishness" by some would-be critics, which constitutes the charm of "Auld Lang Syne" and *My Autobiography*. In them he lays open his life to the world as if he were talking with an intimate friend; and, surely, Max Müller needs no more an "Apologia pro vitâ suâ" than he does for the plea that duelling was necessary for the welfare of German Burschen in the year 1850.

Life in Oxford, at that date, however, if more scholarly, was more prosaic—not so much from the absence of duelling and political clubs—so well-beloved of the Teuton youth—as from the old system of government by the heads of the colleges,



From Max Müller's "Autobiography."—Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MY FATHER

who were all supreme in their universities, both at Oxford and Cambridge. This system Max Müller lived to see entirely swept away: and by quoting from that clever book, "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," he shows the contrast between Oxford of her day (1809), the Oxford when he first became a member of the university in 1851, and the birth of the modern Oxford of our own times. But there the autobiography breaks off, leaving possibly the most interesting chapter in the history of that university untold, as well as the whole, we may say, of the Professor's life work.

Still, a most instructive and amusing account of Oxford in the early fifties does he give: of the narrow, pedagogic solemnity that had gone on for four hundred years, with its magnums of fruity port in the Common Room after "Hall," of which the last cobweb has been swept away by the progressive hand of the last half of the nineteenth century.

Railroads have hardly made a greater

change in England than liberal ideas and thought have wrought in her universities during the same period.

Max Müller's life was spent in Oxford during this period of evolution, and would that he could have lived to ring its many changes; but it is stated on good authority that his widow proposes to edit his memoirs, so that from his letters much of his life work at Oxford will be preserved, as well as a valuable memoir of his adopted university.

F. R. G. S.

MR. STILLMAN'S REMINISCENCES

IT is long since readers of books have been refreshed by a more delightful and picturesque account of men and affairs belonging to the waning generation than that contained in the two volumes Mr. Stillman has modestly named *The Autobiography of a Journalist*.

The book is no less the autobiography of a painter, a politician, a Puritan by tradition, a free-thinker by later influences, a friend to geniuses, and one who himself possessed a genius for friendship. A tone of sincerity and almost boyish naïveté sets the narrative apart from the conscious self-revelations of autobiographers who pose, as if for a photograph, in the attitude they consider most becoming.

Even in the preface the reader's favor is won by the frankness and simplicity of the author. "For what it is worth," he says, "I have done it without much consideration of my own dignity, and, candidly, not as to my blunders and peccadilloes, which are of no importance to the story. . . . To my critics much that I have told may seem trivial. I cannot judge of what may interest others. I

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOURNALIST. By William James Stillman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., 8vo, \$6.00.

should hardly have believed that my life, as a whole, could interest a public that does not know me. . . ."

In reading the seven hundred odd pages of Mr. Stillman's life, one's brain fairly reels with the multiplicity of events and emotions with which the book is filled. For lovers of romance there is the account of the part played by the journalist-adventurer when, on his secret mission for Kosuth, he endeavored to rescue the Hungarian crown jewels, buried on the shore of the Danube. There is also the dramatic story of the Cretan insurrection during the author's consulship at Crete, and much space is devoted to the Turko-Russian war, of which the horrors are described by no mere onlooker. But these portions of the book are, on the whole, less distinctive than those which deal with the writer's more human side—his friendships with the interesting men and women of his day. More intimate, and hence more vital still, is the picture of his passionate devotion to the crippled son, whose death is described with a simplicity and tenderness truly Biblical in impressiveness.

The picture of Mr. Stillman's Puritan mother is worthy to stand with Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvie" as a living portrait of a mother by her son, and is open to the same criticisms. If the result in Mr. Stillman's case is less sympathetic, it is not his fault, for the truthful reproduction of a rigid Seventh Day Baptist is hard to render attractive. We read that the duties and responsibilities of rearing nine children were all that saved her from religious insanity; that she regarded her own salvation with "only a faltering hope," and that the holidays she accorded her son were spent at revival meetings, where the tortures of the damned were described in language intelligible to childhood. The restricted mental outlook of the boy's parents may be epitomized in a saying of his father's: "William, I would

rather see you in your grave than in a dancing-school."

Of course a reaction from such traditions was inevitable, and when the boy became a man, the pendulum swung the other way, yet a strong spiritual sense was always in control. Later in life Mr. Stillman did in fact accept many of the phenomena of so-called spiritualism, but with so sane a judgment that the enrollment of his name among the followers of occult science speaks well for the faith, rather than ill of the believer. Concerning his own convictions on the subject he says: "Of the actuality of a disembodied and individual being, which, for want of more intelligence of its nature, we call a 'spirit,' I have no more doubt than I have of my own embodied and individual existence. If, to my philosophic and sceptical critics, this is an indication of intellectual weakness, and excites contempt of my faculties, I cannot help it. I will be honest with myself and the world, have the courage of my convictions, and take the consequences; and I am of the opinion that, if all the cultivated minds which, having studied the subject, agree with me in my conclusions, were to be as frank as I am, there would be a large body of witnesses in accord with me."

In contrasting the characters of Longfellow and Emerson, and in explanation of their mutual lack of understanding and sympathy, he says: "Longfellow was of the most refined social culture, disciplined to self-control under all circumstances and difficulties; sensitive in the highest degree to the forms of courtesy, and incapable by nature as by training, of an act or word which could offend the sensibilities of even a discourteous interlocutor. . . . Emerson was too serene ever to be discourteous, and was capable of the hottest antagonism without rudeness. . . . Nothing but the roots of things, their inmost anatomy, attracted him; he

brushed away contemptuously the beauties on which Longfellow spent the tenderness of his character, and threw aside, like an empty nutshell, the form to which an artist might have given the devotion of his best art, for the art's sake."

A charming picture is given of a camping-party in the Adirondacks which Longfellow refused to join on hearing that Emerson was going to take a gun. Certainly firearms carried for the purpose of slaying inoffensive animals seem the last weapons to be associated with Emerson, and there is a genuine pathos in his unexpected announcement to his friend: "I must kill a deer." Happily for himself, he failed in this half-hearted ambition.

Of Lowell and Agassiz who besides Emerson were among the hunters in the mountains, Mr. Stillman writes: "I loved more Agassiz and Lowell, but we shall have many a Lowell and Agassiz before we see Emerson's like again." The author recounts with much zest and humor his success in confusing Alcott by throwing an unexpected question into the midst of one of his "conversations." "He was a little irritated," Mr. Stillman tells us, ". . . and showed it, but this did not disturb me, and I insisted on an explanation of what he had said. He was not in the habit of explaining himself, and replied very much at random, but . . . I followed him up with question and objection until he assumed a position diametrically opposed to that from which he started, when I called his attention to the fact that what he then said contradicted what he had at first said. He got angry and replied that 'A man was not bound to be consistent with himself, and that it did not matter.' But he lost his thread as well as his temper, and the *conversazione* came to a premature end."

Of persons on the other side of the Atlantic, more studies of character are interspersed with the narrative. Regarding

Rossetti Mr. Stillman says: "His was one of the most fascinating characters I ever knew, open and expansive, and when well he had a vein of most delightful talk. . . . Had Rossetti's knowledge of the technique of painting, its science, been equal to his feeling for it, he had certainly founded a school of the truest art." And later Mr. Stillman continues: "He was, undoubtedly, the most gifted of his generation of artists, not only in England, where art is, if not exotic, at least sporadic, but in Europe, and I consider that if he had been of Titian's time he would have been one of the greatest of the Venetians. . . . His feeling for color was on a par with his powers of composition, and it seems to me that since Tintoret no one has equalled him in the combination."

Mr. Stillman does not mention a fact that is obvious to those who have had the privilege of seeing his beautiful Greek wife, namely, that she furnished the inspiration for many of Rossetti's loveliest heads.

The author is so many-sided that his criticisms of the literati and statesmen of his day are no less discriminating than his remarks about painters. His understanding of Browning, and his enthusiasm for Crispi reveal in himself something of intellectual kinship with each. Of Gladstone Mr. Stillman says that he possessed "conflicting elements of greatness which neutralized each other to a certain extent. He had in him the Platonist, the statesman and the theologian, of each enough for an ordinary man, and one crowded the other in action."

So, in summing up the impression Mr. Stillman leaves upon the reader, may we not also say that many different men seem to have gone to the completion of this one man? He had in him the painter, the politician and the writer, of each enough for an ordinary man, but none crowded the other in action.

F. H.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE success of "The Column" has been very remarkable, in view of the essentially unpopular character of the theories in the book. The book shows that the pendulum has swung back again from cape-and-sword romance to the fiction of introspection and psychology, and the avidity with which it has been reviewed proves that the tasters of letters are very glad of the change. A few critics have condemned the book in that it was not a good "novel," forgetting that the word "novel" is a pure question-begging epithet, and that there can be as great a difference between the hypothetical statement of life in fiction as between a directory and an exposition of dogma. Mr. Lane astutely launched the book at a time when the newspapers had nothing to write about, and he was rewarded with many columns on this particular "Column." Mr. Charles Marriott, the author, is, as one might have expected from his remarkable book, a man of science by profession and a romancer by inclination. He is a Bristol man by birth and has a dash of Flemish blood. Mr. Henley "discovered" him, for it was he who published in 1894 two short stories in the *National Observer*. He is a dispenser and photographer in the great lunatic asylum at Rainhill, near Liverpool. Perhaps he will give us a study in insanity from the novelist's point of view. Another young writer, curiously enough connected with a lunatic asylum, is Mr. Clouston, son of the well-known superintendent of the Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh, who has himself written some very readable scientific expositions on his profession.

It is now stated almost definitely that Mr. Laurence Housmann did write "The Love-Letters of an Englishwoman," of which Mr. Barry Pain wrote a puerile parody.

George Meredith, at sixpence a novel, is a very heartening sign of the times.

By the death of William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, the modern English historical school has lost its leader. There was something almost symbolic in the fact that his last public appearance was when he delivered a funeral eulogy on the late Queen, preaching before King Edward, the German Emperor and other members of the royal family, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as Chancellor of the Garter. Stubbs did not start with a silver spoon in his mouth, but, with the characteristic determination of the Yorkshireman, he made his mark by sheer dint of brain and by an enormous capacity for work. He was six-and-twenty when he published his first book, in 1850. For the next few years he devoted himself to ecclesiastical history, and then he began his work on our national records. His "Chronicles and Memorials of Richard I," issued for the State in 1864, showed historical students all over Europe that a master had arisen. His was an out-of-the-way corner of literature, appealing mainly to experts; but historians like Freeman and Green, who had the ear of the larger public, were not long in heralding Stubbs's fame, while his appointment as Professor of Modern History at Oxford, in succession to Goldwin Smith, in 1866, brought him into touch with the younger generation. His fame was ultimately completely established by his "Select Charters," published in 1870. It seems a dry book at first sight, and yet it has passed through three editions, and has had enormous influence on the historical scholars of the day. Stubbs was succeeded by Freeman in the chair of history, and Thorold Rogers wrote an epigram on the two great scholars to this effect:

"Here ladling flatteries from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman; Freeman butters
Stubbs."

Stubbs was, perhaps, not a great churchman, but he had a great deal of common sense, a quality peculiarly needful in the present crisis of the church. It is rather melancholy that Dr. S. R. Gardiner, the Cromwellian historian, should have been lying ill when Dr. Stubbs passed away. He is four years younger than the bishop.

Are we becoming a little fonder of poetry? For years the critics have been shouting a pessimistic negative: and yet it has become the fashion for the daily newspapers to publish verses nearly every day. The brilliant Mr. Cust initiated the custom in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, although, of course, verse had been a staple item in all country weeklies since journalism, practically, began. The "Occasional Verses" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—which, by the way, Mr. Frederick Greenwood declares that he and not the late Mr. George Smith really founded—are anonymous, but one seems to recognize in some of them the characteristic touch of Mrs. Meynell. Miss Tynan also contributes to the column, and some charming work has been done by Mr. W. A. Mackenzie, late Editor of *Black and White*. Canon Rawnsley, the indefatigable, frequently contributes to the *Westminster Gazette*. The fiery Mr. William Watson has invited us to fight anybody's quarrel except our own in the *Daily Chronicle* (where Mr. Barry Pain used to send his amusing Cockney verses), and latterly in the *Daily News*, which is now more in accord with his Purple East-ness. The *Morning Post* has a brilliant young man in Mr. Harold Bagbie, and the verses of Mr. Crossland are the most clever feature of the *Outlook*. And now the *Daily Telegraph* is to publish a 4000-line poem on the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians in 600 B. C. It is the work of Sir Edwin Arnold,

who has become totally blind, as the result of paralysis, increased possibly by some sad domestic trouble. Sir Edwin has dictated the poem, which is entitled "The Voyage of Ithobal." It may be remembered that one of his sons wrote a novel called "Phra the Phœnician," some years ago.

If one were inclined to be superstitious one would connect the many recent deaths in the artistic and literary worlds with the snapping of ties involved in what is technically called the "demise of the Crown." The death of Mr. George Smith, the veteran publisher, comes under this head with peculiar force, for it was he who published Queen Victoria's book, and he was the only publisher who had been honored with the presence of King Edward (as Prince of Wales) at dinner. Mr. Smith had got no other recognition from the Crown, and yet the "Dictionary of National Biography" brought him a great amount of *kudos*. It has not been announced yet whether he has left much material of a specially biographical character beyond what has already been published. Certain it is that he could have written a most fascinating account of Victorian authorship as he knew it personally. Mr. Smith was a very shrewd man of business and his house has shown no sign of waning power. His son-in-law, Mr. Reginald Smith, is really a lawyer, having reached the high position of a Queen's (now a King's) counsel. It is very rare indeed that a lawyer who has attained such eminence leaves the Bar, though briefless barristers are to be found in nearly every walk of life. The house of Smith, Elder & Co. have an excellent man in Mr. Sidney Lee, who has been commissioned by the delegates of the Clarendon Press to assist in the production of the collotype facsimile of Shakespeare's First Folio. Mr. Lee has been extraordinarily lucky, for he has managed to make a name

over his knowledge as an Elizabethan expert. His good fortune stands out all the more clearly when one thinks of such a veteran as Dr. Furnivall and his contemporaries, who are known only to their fellow experts. Mr. Lee is the new Clark Lecturer at Cambridge. The father of the London publishers is now undoubtedly Mr. Edward Marston, of Sampson Low. Perhaps it is his devotion to Izaak Walton that has given him such a long lease of active life. He is about to publish in book form various essays he has written on the "Booksellers of Other Days."

The death of Miss Charlotte Yonge leaves a blank which will be difficult to fill, for beyond her books she had a great personal influence among a large circle of readers. Miss Christabel Coleridge, who has been entrusted with her biography, is the granddaughter of the author of "The Ancient Mariner," being the daughter of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge and the sister of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, who has edited the poems in Mr. Murray's edition of Byron. Miss Coleridge has been writing stories since 1869. She was intimately connected with Miss Yonge in the production of the "Monthly Packet." I may add that Miss Christabel Marshall's book on her mother, the late Mrs. Emma Marshall, who was widely known to the same class as Miss Yonge appealed to, has been a success. The industry of such writers as Miss Yonge and Mrs. Marshall, whose school is undoubtedly dying out, strikes one, on surveying it, as simply extraordinary—even in an age of great fertility and rapidity of production.

A very interesting experiment in publishing is being carried out by Mr. Æneas Mackay, of Stirling, whose latest production is a reprint of the late Dr. W. F. Skene's book on "The Highlanders of Scotland, Their Origin, History and Antiquities," which gained for its author in 1837 a prize from the Highland Society.

Dr. Skene was one of the first of the Victorian historians to deal with Celtic Scotland in a scientific way, and his later book on "Celtic Scotland," published between 1876 and 1880, is still a standard work. Apropos of Celticism, one is naturally drawn to speak of the Celtic revival that is taking place among the advanced Nationalists of the Irish party. They are alarmed at the gradual submersion of the Irish language and see in it finally the extinction of Irish aspirations. In order to check this all the advanced Irish people—especially those who are literary like Mr. W. B. Yeats—are learning Irish, which is a form of Gaelic, a term more usually applied to the language of the Scots Highland. There is a Gaelic League in London; and Gill, the publisher of Dublin, has been doing a roaring business with an Irish grammar. Some prominent Irishmen, as for example, Professor Mahaffy, have set their faces against the movement as being wholly retrograde, and they cite in proof the case of Hungary, as being far behind Austria, where the Teutonic influence is paramount. Skene's work, of course, was mainly historical. He had a most interesting origin, for he was the son of James Skene, the friend of Scott who was attracted to him by his remarkable knowledge of German literature. Skene's uncle, Sir William Forbes, a son of the great banker, married Scott's first and greatest love, Miss Williamina Belches. The re-issue of Skene's book will be edited by Mr. Macbain, who is a schoolmaster in Inverness and a great authority on Celtic Scotland. Gaelic is rapidly dying out in all parts of Scotland, though one still meets old people who cannot speak a word of English. Enthusiasts like Lord Archibald Campbell and the Duke of Atholl's daughter have tried to keep the old language alive, but the school boards check them at every point.

The history of Shetland is very fascinating, but little has been done to popularize it since Scott wrote "The Pirate." Hence, peculiar interest attaches to a memoir of a Shetland journalist—Arthur Laurenson—who lived in the early part of last century. He was a great traveler, and visited Emerson in America. His memoirs have been edited by Miss Katherine Spence, a great linguist, who has been content to spend nearly all her life as a schoolmistress in Shetland. Two or three years ago she published a little book on Earl Rognvald. Shetlanders have a very peculiar dialect of their own, and there are one or two enthusiasts who have written some fiction in it; but it will never be understood by anybody except Shetlanders. It is very curious that Shetlanders regard the people on the mainland of Scotland as foreigners, and those who live in London class themselves with the Scandinavians, who have formed the Viking Club.

It is rather curious that Dr. George MacDonald, although in the field of Scots fiction before Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett were born, should have been overlooked by the great outside reading public—comparatively, at any rate. He came of course before the days of booming, and I very much question whether he has made as much out of all his twenty or thirty books put together as Mr. Barrie has made out of the combined book and theatre rights of "The Little Minister" alone. Dr. MacDonald is now seventy-seven, and his fellow-townsmen of the little town of Huntly in Aberdeenshire are organizing a memorial to the veteran novelist. He has been in rather poor health for the last few years while he has been living most of the time at Bordighera. Huntly men are scattered all over the world. Doubtless many of them will be glad to hear through your columns that Huntly means to honor its greatest son.

Mr. Allen Fea, who produced a laborious route history of King Charles after the Battle of Worcester, has now published, through Mr. Lane, a book on Monmouth, under the title of "King Monmouth." Mr. Fea is in the Post Office, I believe, and has a tremendous enthusiasm for the Stuart period, which seems to be absolutely inexhaustible.

The Macmillans have started a new scheme for the illustrating of Greek and Roman classics, in the publishing of which they have made their fortune. A great many books are bound to get a new lease of life by virtue of the modern art of illustration. One is only surprised that school classics of the higher kind should have overlooked this most useful adjunct, for except in point of improved typography and elaborate notes, little has been done to make them really interesting to school boys.

Mr. Herbert Vivian in reviving *The Rambler* seems to be returning rather to his earlier method which he exhibited with so much vivacity in that strange little paper, *The Whirlwind*, which he and the Honorable Stuart Erskine started twelve years ago. Mr. Vivian became notorious as the reviver of Jacobite principles in England, and he is President of the Legitimate Club. He has written several novels, a book on Servia, and one or two works on Northern Africa. Of recent years he has done a great deal of journalism of various kinds. If *The Rambler* is as amusing as *The Whirlwind* was, it should have quite a vogue for a time at least, but eccentric journalism has no great chance in this country. I may say that sets of *The Whirlwind* are now very rare. They contain some excellent lithographs by Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sickert.

The Kendals have produced a dramatic version of Egerton Castle's story, "The Secret Orchard," for although we have not had "The Pride of Jennico" in the thea-

tre here yet, the craze for adapting novels has affected the English theatre to a considerable extent. The re-writing of old themes is scarcely less noticeable. The other day we had a new version of "Masks and Faces," and less recently a play, which was a complete failure, on "Don Juan." Now Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, a son of the creator of "Trilby," has retold the story of Don C sar de Bazan in play form, for Mr. Lewis Waller, who has become our best robustious actor. Mr. Du Maurier himself is becoming a very able player. He is with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and was admirable as the apex of the eternal triangle in "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," while recently he has given us a bit of clever character acting in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Mrs. Langtry has re-opened the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, which has rarely seen a success, with a play on the necklace incident in Marie Antoinette's sad career by M. Pierre Berton, the author of "Zaza." Mr. Tree revived at a *matin e* Stevenson and Henley's charming play, "Beau Austin," and the diabolic "Macaire." A personal sketch of Stevenson, quite apart from the official biography, is promised by Mr. Sidney Colvin.

There is something very pathetic in the fate of the famous trio that created Savoy opera. Sir Arthur Sullivan, the youngest of the three, had scarcely passed away, leaving his last opera, "The Emerald Isle," to be finished by Mr. Edward German, when the manager, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, succumbed to a heart trouble that had incapacitated him to a more or less extent for many years. His share in the production of Savoy opera was much more than that of a mere commercial man, for he had a remarkable eye for effect. Thus in the mounting of the operas that succeeded Gilbert's and Sullivan's there was no difference whatever, although the literary quality showed a great falling off. Mr.

Carte had been greatly assisted in business for many years by his wife, who produced "Patience" in America under the name of Miss Helen Lenoir. His son, Lucas, who is a barrister, was connected with the Venezuela Commission. His other son, Rupert, looks after the theatre and hotel properties that Mr. Carte acquired and by which he recouped himself on some of his latter-day losses at the theatre. Mr. Gilbert, who is the eldest of the trio, has been in very poor health and has been wintering in Egypt.

There have been at least six biographies or sketches of Lord Chatham, while the literature of his immediate environment is very extensive, and yet Mr. Walford Davis Green, who represents the Wednesbury Division of Staffordshire in Parliament, has written a new "Life." Mr. Green is the son of a Wesleyan minister and took honors in modern history at Cambridge ten years ago. He won a prize with an essay on the political career of George Canning. The best book on Pitt so far has undoubtedly been Lord Rosebery's masterly sketch of him in a series of "Twelve English Statesmen." It is often stated that Lord Rosebery is a descendant of Pitt, but this is not the case. It is true that his mother, the veteran Duchess of Cleveland (who edited the roll of Battle Abbey), is the granddaughter of the third Earl Stanhope who married Pitt's brilliant daughter, Lady Hester Pitt as his first wife, but her father, the fourth Earl, was the son by a second marriage.

Sir Henry Colville, who has come through the fire in connection with the South African war, has added to the number of war books with one called "The Work of the Ninth Division." Sir Henry is quite an old hand at authorship. Twenty-two years ago he wrote a book entitled "A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers." He compiled the history of the

Soudan Campaign for the War Office in 1877, and he was responsible for the libretto of the burlesque which the Guards produced at Chelsea Barracks in 1896. Its title, "The Nick of Time" makes it strangely ironical in view of what has happened. One of the lyrics in it curiously enough declared—"I have always been a hardly treated bloke." People of every type have written about the war, and one only wonders when the stream of work upon the subject will come to an end, for the literature on the war is as interminable as the struggle itself. The private histories of the campaign are to have a serious rival in the official account issued by the War Office under the editorship of Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, who has just translated Count Sternberg's most readable volume on the war. Colonel Henderson has written a tactical study of Fredericksburg, and a life of Stonewall Jackson.

Mr. Laird Clowes has completed his sixth and last volume on the History of Our Navy, bringing the story down from Waterloo to the defence of Ladysmith. It has been an enormous undertaking, but Mr. Clowes has managed to complete his work in less than six years. Like many writers on the Navy, he is not a naval man. His father was a lawyer, while the father of his younger rival, Mr. H. W. Wilson, who made his mark with a book

called "Ironclads in Action," is a parson. Of course Lord Brassey is also an amateur, while Mr. Fred T. Jane was the son of a parson and began his career as an artist. It is rather curious that the Navy itself has not produced critics of the same standing as such writers. Similarly, our best military critic, Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, has been only a volunteer. Still, the army has been wont to produce its own critics to a greater extent than the Navy, though the merchant fleet has been quite prolific of literary men in recent years—witness Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Bullen.

Dr. Garnett, even in his retirement, remains indefatigable, as his new volume of "Essays," which Mr. Heinemann issues, serves to remind us. His successor at the Museum—where he is often to be seen as an ordinary reader—is Mr. G. K. Fortescue, who has been immersed in books professionally at the Museum for thirty-one years, and has spent his leisure time in collecting European butterflies. Mr. Fortescue has just been appointed President of the Library Association for the next year. His subject indexes to recent additions to the British Museum Library are well known to amateur bibliographers. A subject index to the contents of the whole library is still very far off.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

THE three most important auction sales of books have come and gone, and people are rubbing their eyes with astonishment at the result. The first was the sale of the library of the late F. W. French, of Boston, which realized the handsome sum of \$65,900. The feature of the sale, outside the record-breaking of many of the prices, was the sale of Grolier Club books on vellum. As those are only sold to members, this is the first time they have appeared under the hammer. The prices realized must be exceedingly satisfactory to the members of the Grolier Club, as well as to the heirs of Mr. French. The sale was also notable for the high prices realized for the bindings by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson—notably the copy of the *Germ*—bound by him before the organization of the Doves Bindery.

This book was originally sold to a Chicago gentleman for about \$125 and came up at auction at Messrs. Bangs & Co., in 1899, where it fetched \$450. It was sold to Mr. French for \$650 and fetched \$975. On the other hand, there were a number of books handsomely bound that brought no more than they would have if they had been in the original boards. Poe's "Al Araaf, Tamerlane and Other Poems," Baltimore, 1829, brought \$1,300, a matter of \$200 more than it brought in the McKee sale last autumn. The Kelmscott Press books held their own in price, while the copies on vellum brought record prices. The famous books by famous authors, in original, immaculate condition, brought record prices. The sale, as a whole, was most gratifying to the possessors of treasures, and demonstrates once more the fact that good books properly bought are a good investment. Appended are some of the more important prices realized, notably those that were record-breakers. Brandt's "Ship of Fools," London, 1570, \$175; Brontë's "Jane Eyre," London, 1847, \$150; Smith's "Elegiac Sonnets," London, 1789 (Burns' copy), \$145; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Oxford, 1621, \$115; Byron's "Hours of Idleness," Newark, 1807 (presentation copy), \$115; Field's "Tribune Primer," Denver, 1882, \$250 (the only copy sold at auction); Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat," London, 1859, \$250; Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," London, 1773, \$215; Gray's "Ode:" Strawberry Hill, 1757, \$100; Grolier Club's publications, "Decree of Star Chamber" (vellum copy), \$1,600; "Rubaiyat" (vellum), \$1,100; Reade's "Peg Woffington," 2 vols. (vellum), \$480; De Vinne's "Christopher

Plantin" (vellum), \$375; De Bury's "Philobiblon," 3 vols. (vellum), \$825; Matthews' "Modern Book Binding" (vellum), \$900; "Catalogue of Books from Celebrated Bibliophiles," \$650; Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair," Boston, 1841, \$62; "Famous Old People," Boston, 1841, \$58; Herriek's "Hesperides," London, 1848, \$320; Keats' "Endymion," London, 1818, \$165; "Poems," London, 1817, \$290; "Lamia," etc., London, 1820, \$250; Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," London, 1807, 2 vols., \$300; Milton's "Poems," London, 1645, £555; Morris's "Defence of Guenevere" (bound by Cobden-Sanderson), \$540; "The Germ" (original parts), \$410; "The Germ" (with autograph), \$275; Ruskin's "Poems" (privately printed), London, 1850, \$325; Shelley's "St. Irvyne," London, 1811, \$190; "Queen Mab," London, 1813, \$460; "Alastor," London, 1816, \$350; "Revolt of Islam," London, 1818, \$380 (presentation copy); "Laon and Cythna," London, 1818, \$200; "The Cenci," London, 1819, \$190; "Adonais," Pisa, 1821, \$130 (calfs and edges cut); "Hellas," London, 1822, \$150; Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers" (large paper, uncut), \$360; Thackeray's "Second Funeral of Napoleon," London, 1841, \$295; "Vanity Fair," London, 1848 (original parts), \$250.

The sale of the second part of the Arnold library has come and gone and it has been one of the most notable in the annals of American sales. The books had been gotten together so rapidly and of so recent date, mostly within five years, that it was a question whether they would more than realize what Mr. Arnold paid for them. His judgment and skill are, however, fully vindicated and his purchases have proved a wise investment. With but very few exceptions Mr. Arnold made money on his investment. Strangely enough one of the rarest books in the sale did not bring what he paid for it, viz.: Mrs. Browning's first volume of poems, entitled, "The Battle of Marathon." This went for \$25 less than it cost—an unusual fact nowadays. Appended are a few of the record-breaking prices: Mrs. Browning's "The Battle of Marathon," London, 1820, \$425; poems, two volumes in one (presentation copy with autograph), \$125; "Sonnets," Reading, 1847 (privately printed), \$440; Robert Browning's "Pauline," London, 1833, \$700 (it cost £120); "Cleon," London, 1853, \$80; "The Statue and the Bust," London, 1855, \$91; "Gold

Hair," \$68; *Dramatis Personæ* (proof copy with MS. revisions), \$455; "Helen's Tower," London, 1870 (privately printed), \$40; Carew's "Poems," London, 1640, \$35; Chaucer, London, 1561, \$180; Drayton's "Poems," London, 1605, \$69; Dryden's "Hind and the Panther," London, 1687, \$74; Fletcher's "Purple Island," Cambridge, 1638, \$45; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" (8vo edition), London, 1770, \$190; Gower's "Confessio Amantis," London, 1582, \$27.50; Gray's "Odes," Strawberry Hill, 1757, \$62; Habington "Castara," \$50; Herbert's "The Temple," Cambridge, 1633, \$22.50 (the second edition); Heywood's "Works," \$42.50; "Troia Britannica," London, 1609, \$40; Homer's "Works" (about 1616, Coleridge's copy), \$685; Keats' "Poems," London, 1817 (presentation copy), \$500; Keats' "Endymion," London, 1818, \$150; "Lamia," "Isabella," etc., London, 1820, \$215; Kelmscott's "Chaucer," London, 1896, \$500; "Trial page of Shakespeare," \$625; Milton's "Paradise Lost," London, 1667, \$830; Roger Payne Binding, \$300; Shelley's "Adonais," Pisa, 1821, \$510; Spenser's "Fairy Queen," London, 1611; Tennyson's "The Falcon," London, 1879 (privately printed), \$410; "The Promise of May," London, \$430.

The sale of Part III of the McKee library was as satisfactory as those preceding it, which is saying much. As was already noted in these columns it was exclusively devoted to English plays—a large number being of the Shakespearean era. As many books from well-known English libraries came up for sale, it is not to be wondered at that some of the volumes found their way back to England. There is a small coterie of American collectors who are enthusiastic admirers of the great monuments of English literature, and they helped largely to bring about the high prices realized. The following are the more important prices, while the total for 524 lots was \$17,720; Alexander's "The Monarchick Tragedies," London, 1604, \$55; Armin's "History of Two Maids," etc., London, 1609, \$50; Beaumont & Fletcher's "The Scorn-

ful Ladie," \$170; "Comedies and Tragedies," London, 1647, \$145; Chapman's "The Blind Beggar of Alexandria," London, 1598, \$370; Chapman's "Eastward Ho!" London, 1605, \$100; "Al-Fooles," London, 1605, \$70; "The Gentleman Usher," London, 1606, \$180; Cooke's "Pleasant Conceited Comedie," London, 1608, \$185; Cowley's "The Guardian," London, 1650, \$66; Dekker's "Satiro-Mastix," London, 1602, \$56; "The Magnificent Entertainment," London, 1604, \$57.50; "Northward Ho!" London, 1607, \$80; "The Whore of Babylon," London, 1607, \$125; "The Shoemaker's Holyday," London, 1618, \$110; Duffett's "Empress of Morocco," London, 1674, \$55; "Edward III.," London, 1599, \$65; Fletcher's Shakespeare's "Two Noble Kinsmen," London, 1634, \$155; Gay's "Beggar's Opera," London, 1728, \$60; Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," London, 1773, \$150; Heywood's "If You Know Not Me," London, 1613, \$80; Tonsen's "Works," London, 1640, \$100; "Every Man Out of His Humour," London, 1600, \$200; "Sejanus, His Fall," London, 1605, \$55; "Ben Jonson, His Volpone," London, 1607, \$115; "The Characters," London, 1608, \$150; "Execrations Against Vulcan," \$80; Lilly's "The Woman in the Moone," London, 1597, \$300; Marston's "Works," London, 1536, \$50; Massinger's "Three New Playes," London, 1655, \$100; Middleton's "A Mad World," London, 1606, \$180; Peele's "Battle of Alcazar," London, 1594, \$200; "The Return from Parnassus," London, 1606, \$129; "Shakespeare Works," London, 1628, (very imperfect), \$850; "Works," London, 1632, (the second folio), \$230; "Works," London, 1684, (the fourth folio), \$350; Burns' copy of "Shakespeare," 8 vols. Edinburgh, 1771, \$888; Shakespeare's "Henry 4th," London, 1599, \$490; "Sir John Oldcastle," London, 1600, \$290; "The Whole Contention," London, 1619, \$700; "The Birth of Merlin," London, 1662, \$250; Sheridan's "The Rivals," London, 1775, \$200; "The School for Scandal," Dublin (N. D.), \$230.

Ernest Dressel North.

THE HIRED MAN'S FAITH IN CHILDREN

I believe *all* childerns' good,
 Ef they're only understood,—
 Even *bad* ones, 'pears to me,
 'S jes as good as they kin be !

—From "*Home Folks*," by James Whitcomb Riley. By courtesy of the Bowen-Merrill Co.

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE

THE atrocious crime of being a young author, Miss Runkle attempts neither to palliate nor to deny. She can afford to admit this offence, if offence it be, for the book is as youthful as its author. It has the flush of youth in every line, and goes on its way with a vivacity, a good-humor and a self-poise as charming as that of a maiden who reigns by reason of the allegiance that is hers by the divine right of maidenhood.

Who shall write our romances for us? Shall we wait until the gray hairs betray the passing of the years that bring disillusion? But disillusion is the death of romance. The young should be the writers of romance that their elders may live again the spring-time of life in following the fortunes of gallant young lovers, and in listening to the clashing of the rapiers of hare-brained adventurers.

We do not envy the state of that reader who would carry *The Helmet of Navarre* to the museum in order to assure himself that it is indeed the veritable headpiece of the warrior king. Enough that it is a most excellent bit of stage furnishing, that for the time we catch between its bars the gleam of a knight's bold eyes. Let us when we have taken our place in the theatre and the prompter's bell has rung up the curtain, deliver ourselves over to the playwright in all good faith, ready with laughter or tears as the puppets may move us.

So disposed, we shall find ourselves amply satisfied. Upon the stage comes the boy from the St. Quentin estate, the lad who is to bring before us the

dramatis personæ—the lovers, the villain, the kind and cruel father, the great nobles, royalty itself, that each may play a part in the drama.

And the plot begins its windings.

Is it life-like? Is all probable? Would every entrance and exit be so pat, and every event fit so closely to its fellows, were we not at the play? Surely not—else why are we in the theatre at all?

A romance is a romance, and we ask of it precisely what Miss Runkle has furnished us. We wish to be brought into a new world—into a world of make-believe, where the dull half-tones of every day are brightened into high lights or darkened into shadows. This new world must not be dull on pain of extinction. There must be enough resemblance to reality to permit of faith, not enough to destroy interest. The little fishes must not talk like big whales, but they may raise their voices at least to concert-pitch.

The Helmet of Navarre makes no claim to the abused title of a great historical novel. Its whole construction proves the author's purpose to be a dramatic, adventurous love-story with enough historic background to lend dignity and weight to the action of the characters. The men and women are actors purely; they do and do and do. The author keeps out of sight the while she deftly handles the wires that give the puppets life. To require of her lectures on psychology, normal or abnormal, sermons on ethics, essays in historic criticism, constructive or destructive, is beside the mark. She cries no such wares.

No candid reader will fail to find in the story terse, vigorous diction, clean-cut dramatic action, and an ingenious plot proceeding by well-considered stages to a satisfactory unraveling. The characters

have individuality, and are not more alike than those of the same surroundings might well be. The larger figures are certainly not quite works of matured genius, but with equal certainty they are not prentice work or copies executed by the rules of the schools. In the handling there is a little of the ease of a great ignorance of life as well as the wonderful cleverness of a natural facility—something of the omniscience of a graduation essay before an experience of life has shown that the actual transcends formulæ.

Recent successful works of fiction have in several notable cases come from those who must be considered beginners. The art of fiction has reached the stage where freedom from set rules has rendered a novitiate unnecessary. When verse was composed according to the canons, the canons had to be learned and practiced. But where the whole world listens, content if the "thing in itself" be there, the writer, like the poet and orator, may be born, not made.

Whether that great unknown, the reading public, will buy *The Helmet of Navarre* in hundreds of thousands will depend upon contingencies no man can foresee. Through the pages of the *Century Magazine*, the story has had an introduction that cannot be bettered. And the publishers have certainly done their part with confidence in the story's success. Yet in that heralding there is danger. The great public has its whims. It will flock where no man calls, and will disregard the voice of the wisest charmer, and no man can give a reason.

But whatever the future of the book it must be declared in all justice a successful piece of literary work. It is a spirited, bright, dramatic piece of romantic fiction. The reader who will give himself to an unprejudiced reading, will find the volume eminently satisfying. Unprejudiced, because the author's position is a trying

one. She is too old to be considered an infant phenomenon, too young to be accountable before the tribunal of criticism for a failure to hit the exact centre of the bull's-eye at her first shot. But the brain that conceived the two characters, old "Madame Ferou" and "Peyrot" the bravo, has no need to lie fallow.

M. N.

LEISURE HOUR LITERATURE

IT is not praise too unqualified to say that of all the new spring books, none is more artistic in material and in make-up than Mrs. Wharton's *Crucial Instances*. "The Greater Inclination" gave the same evidence of subtle analysis of character, literary distinction, and grasp of the situation, but with more consciousness of manner. The thought in reading the first book of stories was, "How well the author does this sort of thing;" but after reading this second group, the comment is, "How well she has done it." The difference in the tense of the verb is indication of progress in the art—progress towards that perfection of style which leaves the reader conscious of the manner of telling only after the story is told. The epithets which might be applied to Mrs. Wharton's book are almost foregone conclusions. No dissenting voice appears to have been lifted against her tacit claim to a place in the front rank of short-story writers. "The Duchess at Prayer" is of the purest ray serene. What could exceed the exquisite art of the end of that story? "The Confessional" contains the only conspicuous flaw in the book. It is not probable that a dying priest, who had great difficulty in talking, should be able to tell a story almost fifty printed pages long. But the exigencies of the plot demand this effort from the poor man.

CRUCIAL INSTANCES. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

After Mrs. Wharton's book, Miss Fowler's *Sirius* is water following wine. Apollinaris water, to be sure, but water none the less. In this book of twenty-one stories Miss Fowler displays a philosophico-biblical mood hard to reconcile with her former bright spirits. There are sparkling epigrams, but the conversation turns much on the thorn in the flesh, the Angel of the Apocalypse, and the hand of Esau, which is discouraging because the author is not entirely at ease in the new yoke. The machinery began to be visible in her last book of stories, "Cupid's Garden." Now it is frankly apparent. Many of the epigrams are fitted to the characters, for the reason that Miss Fowler's mind thinks in epigrams. For all this the stories are entertaining; moreover, by a strange literary twist, the reader is eager to read on in order to discover more about the personality of the author. It is Miss Fowler's *Sirius* rather than *Sirius*, by Miss Fowler.

"Amphibious" is not a wide enough word to describe Miss Wilkins's literary ambition. She wishes to do more than walk on the earth and swim in the sea. She aspires to fly. To make the metaphor commercial, she is by nature a speculator. Having turned the human products of her native heath to account, and tried her pen on historical ground, she now enters the domain of plants and animals to see what can be done about them. *Understudies* contains twelve stories in which people are compared to animals and flowers. The idea is ingenious, and the stories are very readable. But when any of the animal stories become subjectively animal, there comes the memory of other tales far better told, perhaps because with greater unconscious sympathy. In

the flower comparisons Miss Wilkins is more successful, notably in "Arethusa" and "Peony," the modest and the flaunting. The literary quality of these stories, too, is superior to that of the animal stories. The book is disfigured by poor illustrations. The drawing of Aunt Arabella and Sarah in "Peony" is absurdly incorrect.

The stories in *Everyone His Own Way* read as Peter Newell's pictures look: "In Lake View once lived as neighbors two children, a little boy named Milo Cox Atkinson, but called Butter, and a little girl named and called Pearl Porter." Sharp, distinct lines, flat surfaces in primary colors, no shading. But effective. The scenes are in Chicago, where, we know, time waits for nobody. These stories do not wait. Neither do they end, that is, most of them. They stop. It is as though you swiftly rounded a corridor, expecting to find a door out. You find only a blank wall, and there you are! Clever, brusque, humorous, undoubtedly, but sudden. They suggest many comparisons to describe their impression on the mind,—riding in an express elevator, breathing large breaths of cold air with the diaphragm, feeling "the painfulness of being damned by a man who means exactly what he says," to quote Mr. Arthur Colton.

This is only one of many impressive sayings of Mr. Colton in *The Delectable Mountains*. Bunyan's Pilgrims of old essayed to look through the Perspective Glass of the Shepherds and could not do so steadily; yet they saw something like the gates of the Celestial City. The modern Pilgrim, to see through Mr. Colton's glass, must look from his exact point of view, else the focus will not be perfect.

SIRIUS. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

UNDERSTUDIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

EVERYONE HIS OWN WAY. By Edith Wyatt. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS. By Arthur Colton. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

He must let loose his imagination and ride with Moses Durfey and Chub Leroy on Mr. Cummings's load of hay, "interested in things, but not anxious, observing the hats of labor and ambition, careless of appearance, primitive, easy, seeing little importance in where the cart might go, because anywhere was good enough." By this route does one reach the Delectable Mountains. Mr. Colton's twelve stories give a sense of remoteness from ordinary realities,—a feeling of every-day occurrences on a higher plane than usual.

Mr. Palmer's theory that fiction best reproduces army life is amply justified in *The Ways of the Service*. A sceptical and wearied reader of historical fiction hereby recants. Here is a book that throbs with life, written from a convincing fullness of experience. To say that the breadth of style recalls Kipling's sketches of army life is not to suggest imitation in the slightest degree. It is to indicate that both men observed, lived, wrote, and in writing, convince. Mrs. Gerlison's influence with men and her own story are as vital facts as Mrs. Hauksbee's existence. Mr. Palmer wastes no words. His admirable training as newspaper correspondent has taught him the supreme value of brevity in describing army affairs, where events are sharp and quick as bullets fly. In one person's opinion, *The Ways of the Service* contains the best story of the Spanish War yet written.

Carolyn Shipman.

NEW COLLEGE STORIES

IT is always a question how completely college stories represent college life. In one way it is unfortunate that they should reach a public beyond the academic walls. If the social side alone is presented

the outsiders may well ask, even as fond parents ask, "Where does the studying come in?" If the serious side is presented, "Is there never any relaxation?" It is a rare occurrence for all aspects to be blended, and the reason for this is clearly given in the student's reply to the first question, "The study is a foregone conclusion. A recital of books read and lectures attended would be dull reading indeed." "There was such an air of gaiety and holiday as the young women hurried across the campus in their pretty dresses. Nobody seemed to be working," was the comment of a learned foreign professor after a spring visit to one of our most famous colleges for women. "They were hastening to their work. You stood on the campus when you could see only one side of the picture," was the reply made to him.

The reader of college stories is generally invited to stand on the campus. The prospect is more entertaining than within its walls of a library or lecture-room. The reader of *Wellesley Stories* catches glimpses of blackboards and physical apparatus, but only as classes are changing. The main interest lies in the young women themselves, and, in the case of this particular college, in their relation to the faculty. I doubt if the social conditions necessary for the mock trial of Professor Lamont exist in any other college in the land. These conditions are ideal or not, according to the point of view.

Miss Cook frankly presents the unlovely side of college life—the envious, critical, even cruel side, for women are most cruel to women. Clorinda Treverton and Rebecca Calloway are not admirable types, but they undoubtedly exist in every college. "President Jefferson" contains a boarding-school prank, which makes one wonder if fact or the imagination sup-

THE WAYS OF THE SERVICE. By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

WELLESLEY STORIES. By Grace Louise Cook. Richard G. Badger & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

plied the material. "Submerged" is the strongest of the stories, although it offers no solution of the problem as to whether girls of the factory-hand type should go to college. The book deserves better proof-reading and more care in appearance.

Under the Berkeley Oaks is of a different character from *Wellesley Stories*. It consists of ten stories selected and edited by the editorial staff of the University of California Magazine, in order to start a fund for a fountain on the campus. They do not treat exclusively of college life; they are stories written while their authors were undergraduates, and were chosen with reference to their literary merit. Frank Norris heads the list with an account of a half-back which only faintly foreshadows his successes recently attained.

The general impression of the book, divided between young men and women, is one of immaturity. The stories read like ambitious "compositions." One can almost see the professor's marks of standing, *A* and *B*. They are good for undergraduate stories, but only as such can they be considered, with one exception—"Shadows," by Ralph E. Gibbs, '98. This story of a murder shows undoubted artistic ability. The touch is delicate, yet sure. A grewsome scene is invested with the vagueness of shadows by means of poetical English which blurs the horror.

Stanford Stories breathes of outdoor life under the most natural educational condition—that of co-education. The charm of California life is so vividly reproduced that even an old graduate might feel the desire to continue college experiences under circumstances so propitious.

UNDER THE BERKELEY OAKS. Stories by Students of the University of California. A. M. Robertson, 12mo, \$1.00.

STANFORD STORIES. Tales of a Young University. By Charles K. Field and Will H. Irwin. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

One cannot help echoing the sentiments of an eminent Harvard professor steeped in Harvard traditions, when he said that if his were the deciding voice, his boy should have at least two years in Stanford. From the complex eastern point of view, life in Palo Alto appears to be more simple than in the East, and therefore more desirable academically. Young men and young women mingle naturally, as they do after college days are over. They learn in college to adjust themselves to conditions governing the affairs of the great world for which school life is only preparation. The women especially are very likely to escape the false sentimentality which results when a number of women live alone together. If feminine emotions are aroused in Palo Alto, they are directed towards their proper object—man.

All these impressions and many more come in reading this book of thirteen stories. The two authors have chosen not to indicate what the part of each has been, but certain touches show that the talent of one is the more mature. Some of the stories appear to be steeped in the undergraduate spirit, some of them seem written from a vantage ground of graduate experience. All of them are good, some of them clever, particularly "An Alumni Dinner." Of the three books under consideration, *Stanford Stories* contains the most finished writing.

BLUE WATER MEN

A LITTLE book called *Dog Watches at Sea* describes life on the ocean from "Jacky's" standpoint. Stanton H. King, the author, now the Superintendent of the Sailors' Haven, Charlestown, Mass., tells a plain, unvarnished tale of the hardships and toils, experiences and sufferings, and hard work, of the seamen. The

DOG WATCHES AT SEA. By Stanton H. King. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

most interesting portion of his book, to me, is that part which treats of his life before the mast in the navy. It is as frank a confession as was Rousseau's, for instance, and we leave the book with a respect and admiration for the writer in which we cannot hold the Frenchman.

Our navy is the development of the navy of England. We have had several scrimmages with the sea power of the tight little island, which need not be specifically referred to; but aside from them we all joy and glory in the prowess of the English sailor; and the man who is not thrilled with the exploits of Blake, Hawke, Duncan, Jervis and Nelson, and the others, who have written the most magnificent pages of sea history, is built for the desert and a camel, and not for salt water. Consequently we welcome Chaplain Goodenough's *The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore* as a valuable contribution to enable us to understand the development and education and every-day life of the British man-o'-war's-man. Certainly the Boer war showed him a handy man indeed. The reverend author's position has enabled him to tell the story as it has not been told before, and the book is extremely interesting. The illustrations are profuse, typical, and attractive, but I do not like the cover design, which impresses me as "base, common, and popular."

To yarn, i. e., to tell tales which are true or not true as the case may be, is the popular prerogative of the sailor. "Master A. B. Hawser"—nautical *nom de guerre*, that—has shrewdly availed himself of his privilege in an interesting little collection of quaint salt-water tales called *Starboard Lights*, which, beneath its amusing extravagances, contains much that is true as well as attractive.

No one could write of writers of the sea now without referring to Mr. Frank T. Bullen. Here are two books from his pen—two books widely different in character and yet of deep interest. *With Christ at Sea* is an account of the author's own religious experiences, personal and observative, if I may use the word. Alas! it is rather a grim record, and the book might, as he himself suggests, more properly be entitled "Without Christ at Sea." One point among many which he makes strikes me: How far does the irreligion of the seaman arise from his lack of the accessories and incitements to public worship with which people on land are surrounded? He has no church, no clergyman, no Sunday, no anything, except the great deep upon which his vessel sails, to bid him remember God. Yet the attitude of the sailor is one of ignorance and consequent indifference rather than of atheism and antagonism. It has always seemed to me that the hand of God was more visible on the ocean than on shore, and even the rudest seaman sometimes feels its touch.

The other book, *A Sack of Shakings*—scraps, odds and ends of rope, canvas, etc., accumulated on a long cruise—shows the author of the "Cruise of the Cachalot" at his best. To what shall we attribute the ability to write such marvelous pages? Mr. Bullen has lived a hard life on the sea, with its limited opportunities for education and culture, yet he gives us paragraphs, pages, sketches, that are literature, and literature of a high grade. The range of his topics in these essays, which are connected only by the moving ocean tide which runs through them all, is as wide as the seas upon which he sails. Now it is "Sea Etiquette," a delightful paper; then a scholarly little essay on "Shake-

THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT AND ASHORE. By Rev. G. Goodenough, R.N. Small, Maynard & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

STARBOARD LIGHTS. By A. B. Hawser. Quall & Warner, 12mo, \$1.25.

WITH CHRIST AT SEA. By Frank T. Bullen. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

A SACK OF SHAKINGS. By Frank T. Bullen. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

speare and the Sea"; then it is a book on the "Mystery of the Deep," or a curiously interesting essay on the "Voyage of St. Paul."

All these things are delightful reading, but I would like to ask the learned and versatile author one question: Do whales lie "supine"—that is, upon their backs—on the ocean? My familiarity with the King of the Deep is derived from a limited observation, supplemented by Melville's "Moby Dick," the greatest whale yarn ever penned, and by the author's interesting "Cachalot" book, which follows hard upon; and I should really like to know whether the statement I have referred to be actual or a mere slip of the pen.

C. T. B.

THE TEACHING OF THE BABI

BY the rapidly increasing number of Americans who profess the Oriental belief known as Babism, the quite elaborate volume which Ibrahim George Kheiralla has prepared, with the assistance of Howard MacNutt, and which the author himself has published in Chicago, should be reverently welcomed. Perhaps liberalism in matters of creed has not even yet progressed far enough in this country to allow so emphatic a declaration of a new Jehovah to be received without some small temporary disturbance of individual equilibrium. That should not be, for in reality this is the same God, "the Lord of Hosts, the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace"—the one we have always worshipped, or should have. Only now He is in a new manifestation. The book, as a book, is simple, substantial, and in many respects of paper, type and seal leather binding conveys no small suggestion of the Bible, the purpose of which it will, doubtless, serve to new followers of

Behá U'lláh (Glory of God), who is unservedly proclaimed, in some six hundred pages of letter-press, as God.

The impressive thing about it, next to the surprise of discovering, inside its comely binding, the One Omnipotent, stepping forward in the person of the Persian Mirza Ali Huseyn, is the deep research among the prophets of the Old Testament, which Mr. Kheiralla has been at pains to make for the purpose of his demonstration that the Behá—or otherwise Mirza Ali Huseyn—is God. Christ is set aside as a prophet merely, devoid of godship and come to foretell the Behá. He confessed, says Mr. Kheiralla, that his mission was a failure, that he was not the Redeemer of the world. The doctrine of the vicarious atonement is controversially, almost harshly, set aside. The unfortunate Bab, who was really the father of the sect, and whose doctrine was a wholly different affair, proposing the New Testament as God's word and Christ as the deliverer of men, and regarding all nations as brothers, was brutally killed at the order of the Persian Government. About his high ideals and his honest martyrdom there has never been any doubt. Here he is rather crowded into the background to make way for the Behá U'lláh. The Bab, the author says, is none other than the prophet Elijah, who it was long ago foretold in the Old Testament, would come into the world to perform for Behá U'lláh the same service that St. John did for Jesus of Nazareth. All the founders of creeds, from "Brahama" to Madame Blavatsky, are "non-suited." Much of both New and Old Testaments, such as conflicts with the claims of the Behá, is set aside as interpolation, the existence of inherited or original sin is denied strenuously, and the New Testament notion of "God as a creditor, requiring the punishment of a sinless innocent as ransom for the sins of humanity," is scouted. Troublesome bits

of Scripture are interpreted as "symbolical."

The pivotal element of the Babist belief, even as here adapted, is the unity of all religions, the contention that all creeds, however faulty, have been renewals of the one Divine message. The brotherhood of man is to the Babist a paramount phase of instruction. Thus far the Bab is held in remembrance. Starting from Adam, or earlier, as a matter of fact, Mr. Kheiralla proves authoritatively that the race, as a collection of souls, has been taken out of Paradise, not as punishment for wrongdoing, but "of its own choice and knowledge," and established on earth in order that it might attain God. In "Hell is the soul's failure to accomplish," the thing is phrased nicely. In the progress toward that attainment of Godship, the advent of Behá U'lláh, to observe dramatic consistencies, should have been almost a coronal event. His death is difficult to understand, in view of his eminent and imminent divinity, but the explanation of it, and the establishment of all claims by construction of the prophecies will soothe and interest the disciples.

J. K. M.

FRENCH DRAMATISTS

THE earlier chapters of "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Brander Matthews, have already appeared, though not quite in their final form, in reviews and magazines, and have also been known to the public in two previous editions of the book that now comes to us in its third incarnation. The author has recently added a chapter treating of the condition of the French drama at the close of the last century. The book is, therefore, in its completeness, a valuable addition to

FRENCH DRAMATISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

the study of French literature, dealing, as it does, with the chief figures in the drama of France from the romantic movement which centres in Victor Hugo to the changed ideals of the naturalistic school. Of the earlier essays in this volume it is unnecessary to speak.

In the last chapter the author refers to the well-made play, "*la pièce bien faite*," for the construction of which the recipe is given us according to the gospel of Regnard. But this new standard of excellence in form was afterwards repudiated by the Théâtre Libre, which has too often produced plays stigmatized by Mr. Matthews as "unactable, unreadable, unspeakable." France, we are told, is slow to be influenced by foreign standards in literary art, but the dominating power of Ibsen has crept in even to the Parisian stage.

The closing remarks on the last play mentioned by the author are uttered in his characteristic spirit of independent judgment. The more enthusiastic admirers of M. Rostand, however, will feel that Mr. Matthews has done scant justice to "Cyrano." But the fact that we may sometimes disagree with the criticism, does not affect the respect which Mr. Matthews has once more given us cause to feel for the critic.

THREE FINE ROMANCES

THE second of Émile Zola's four evangels, *Labor* did not offer the insuperable obstacles to an English translation which have hitherto made a rendering of "Fécondité" impossible, at least with us. An abridged version of it was published last year in England, however, if we mistake not. "Travail" is free from the unspeakable enormities of "Fécondité," but even so its anonymous translator has ap-

LABOR. By Émile Zola. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

plied the pruning-knife with a free but conscientious hand, sparing his readers unsavory details, yet suggesting here and there by a deft touch what has been omitted.

From Flaubert to Zola, the French novelists have, for some reason or other, vied with each other in their pictures of the immorality of the middle classes of their country. They stand alone in the history of the world's literatures as the persistent maligners of their own womankind; for whoever has lived in France, and knows its people well, will readily state that what these gentlemen tell us is exaggerated, and often grossly false. The French *bourgeoise* is not the neurotic creature the French novels represent her to be, but a hard-headed business woman, a good housekeeper, and an excellent wife and mother. Her *dot* makes her her husband's partner; she seeks worldly advancement, and is fond of money, rather than of adventures which might cause her to lose all.

M. Zola, however, persists in regarding her from the conventional French novelist's point of view; therefore most of the couples in this book are paired off in the usual way, his translator kindly shielding them as much as possible from the view of his American readers, to whom the essence of the book, its mission, alone is presented in full.

Labor, then, is a rose-colored picture of industrial coöperation, which, beginning in a factory town, gradually spreads to embrace the whole country and bless it. Competition falls before it, the Church of Rome crumbles into ruins before its utter neglect, class prejudices are forgotten, the daughters of the rich marry the sons of laborers: everybody prospers while working only eight hours per day. Fourierism—the industrial system preached in “Solidarité”—wins all along the line. Zola knows no economic obstacles in the

way of the new dispensation; opposition to it spells ruin; it swallows up the neighboring iron mills which cling to the capitalistic system, and side by side with the growing town, whose picture reminds the reader of the Krupps' establishment at Essen, there grows up an agricultural district, managed upon the same communal lines. Real estate does not appear to rise in value in the vicinity of the great co-operative manufacturing town of Beaulclair, where heavy guns and shells are no longer made, the iron of the blast furnaces and the steel of the open-earth furnaces being turned into the implements of peace instead. And, last of all, Zola discovers the long-expected genius who supplants coal with electricity in the great iron industry.

The communal dining-room with its flow of good spirits, the beautiful, sanitary houses, the friendly streets—it is all here as we found it in the pages of “Looking Backward,” and as it was explained by the “Traveler from Altruria.” But it all fails to be attractive, or even convincing. M. Zola, who has with his usual thoroughness studied the technical part of the iron-master's age-old craft, forgets to consider economic conditions.

They live long in these new evangels: here, as in “Fécondité,” people are blessed far beyond the allotted span; and here, as there, the earth is fecund, as is the labor of man. Children are many, and rosy and happy under the new dispensation according to Fourier. Immorality disappears with the rich *bourgeoisie*, and envy and all uncharitableness. Human nature is metamorphosed and reconstructed after one unvarying pattern; if it were otherwise, if the older Adam were to survive, the communistic life might prove a hell on earth.

By far the best of the three books of this novel is the first one, with its wondrously impressive pictures of the squalor,

misery, drunkenness and vice of the present-day factory town, of the appalling inequalities of fortune, the irreparable injustice of present-day social conditions. Zola displays here all his old-time power of piling detail upon detail until the completed picture is impressed upon the reader's mind and memory. Here his ponderous realism triumphs again, and vindicates his method. But as a social tract *Labor* is not likely to make a long or a deep impression. Far more lasting is the sombre, brutal strength of that tale of the unrelieved sufferings and revolt of the workers, "*Germinal*."

In *The Good Red Earth*, Mr. Eden Phillpotts has forsaken his later and grander manner—that of "*Children of the Mist*" and "*Lying Prophets*"—for his earlier and lighter method. He still is true to his beloved Devon, but the country itself steps further into the background to give freer play to plot. "All dramatic rights reserved," says the title-page of this book; one wonders if there is enough action in it for the stage. Gammer Hatherley, who, at fourscore, dreads to die in a storm because in such a tempest the angels cannot fly, is a *genre* picture of a fast disappearing type of the British peasantry; there is an attractive love-story, in which the high-born maid and her lowly swain are placed in an entirely new situation, but the interest of the book centres in the lay preacher and peddler Alpheus Newt, whose sanctimonious cant is intermingled with a kind of impudent humor, to which his simple hearers are deaf, but which greatly amuses the reader. He is a very entertaining scamp, this Mr. Newt, and a very human one, not a theatrical angel of darkness, but a self-seeking hypocrite who, having attained his own aim, is sincerely willing, and able, too, to help others. He comes out strong in the end,

and well deserves the thanks of the lord of the manor, for in all his life of deceit and cant he has never been so much himself as he is in that one moment when, utterly disinterested, he straightens out tangled paths and departs with an old man's blessing, and his check for five thousand pounds.

Mr. Newt is worth knowing, so are the lovers, and the fine woman who is the daughter of this "good red earth," in her apple orchard, and at the cider press—a picture of rural life that is a permanent addition to Mr. Phillpotts' gallery of rustic portraits. From first page to last, moreover, there is the pleasurable feeling that one is in the hands of a finished literary artist, who, knowing what he is to tell, knows how it must be told.

This certainty of touch, this mastery of the art, delights one also in Miss Alice Brown's *King's End*. It is perhaps not the best work she has done thus far—it certainly is not the best she can do and will do in the near future—but it is of the New England soil, worthily so, even though its deeper notes are merely touched, not held to swell into organ tones. Miss Brown's publishers have done well to rescue this story from the gradual oblivion of burial in the pages of a periodical. It deserves its place on the shelf on which many will watch the number of Miss Brown's books increase from year to year—it will have its place, along with "*Meadow Grass*," in the history of that New England school which still remains the most delicate flower of our American art of fiction, by the side of Miss Jewett, the crown of them all, and of Miss Wilkins. The freshness of the New England summer blows through its pages, and it lives, lightly with the tragedies of youth, so soon forgotten, mere fires for the tempering of the steel of character that is to cut the way through

life, it lives with many a touch of the character which still lies at the foundation of all the nation, with an ingenious plot, and the laughing comedy of old Mrs. Jeffries. Miss Brown loves for its own sake the art which she has mastered. The talent which it interprets will reach maturity in time.

SOME NEW NOVELS

THE FOURTH ESTATE, of Señor Valdés, is not a new story, though it seems to be newly "Englished" by Miss Rachel Chalice, who leaves us something to wish for in grace and distinction of form. It was, if memory serves, that tireless traveler in the world of letters, Mr. W. D. Howells, who "discovered" Señor Valdés for the American reader, and who was good enough to classify him with Tolstoi, Hardy and Balzac, as a great original force in the realm of fiction. Further acquaintance with the clever and entertaining Spaniard may already have led Mr. Howells to modify his category. To the average lay reader, Señor Valdés seems rather an agreeable chronicler of manners than a master of character drawing. He has keen observation, a satirical humor, a balanced temper, a love of story-telling, vividness of conception, the deft execution which comes of practice, and a thorough knowledge of his world. He has not, so far as yet appears, strong creative power.

The Fourth Estate is a story of the change wrought in an old-fashioned, decorous, slumberous Spanish city by the introduction of a newspaper, an engine of devastation whose ravages must be corrected, or at least limited, by the establishment of an opposition journal. Everything that happens is due, indirectly, to

the baleful influence of printers' ink, and there is much entertainment in the tale. Now and again a certain note of exaggeration vitiates the force and convincingness of the story, and an occasional lapse of good taste annoys the sensitive reader. Yet if he enjoy the comedy of manners, and admire the clever delineation of types rather than of individuals, he will owe Señor Valdés an agreeable and profitable hour or two. It seems likely, however, that at the end of the hour or two he will hardly have traced the family resemblance between the keen and subtle Spaniard, and the saturnine Hardy, the elemental Tolstoi.

Mrs. Meyer, whose indomitable courage is not difficult to prove in this community, needed plenty of that high quality when she set herself to the composition of her new story, *Robert Annys, Poor Priest*. "Who shall come after the king?" asked the melancholy Hebrew. What William Morris has done, with a prophet's fervor and a poet's insight, in *The Vision of John Ball*, can never be done again so vividly, so valiantly. Nor is it to be presumed that Mrs. Meyer, who is distinctly of her own time, regards the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries as the golden prime of English history, an advantage which Morris possessed.

But the uprising of Ball and his peasants against the iron rule of church, noble and king, has stirred her to chronicle its splendid attempt, its pathetically small accomplishment. Robert Annys, the Poor Priest or Wycliffite, belongs to the band of enthusiasts who went about the country, bible-reading and preaching, to the offense of their bishops, and their own peril. Besides the people's cause, he has to champion, within himself, the struggle of his ascetic conscience to conquer his æsthetic temperament. If the story lacks

art and reality, it reveals abundant study, hard work, and a laudable determination to do well what it attempts.

It cannot be denied that *Anne Mainwaring*, by Lady Ridley, is a problem novel—the rather that the author offers no solution of the situation. But it is a book refined in character, simple and sincere in treatment, and quite unhackneyed in its showing of the final ordeal which awaits two suffering and baffled souls.

Without fault on her part, with only minor culpability on his, the wrong man and woman marry. Presently, the right man and woman meet, and discover themselves to be the right man and woman. So far, it is an old and thread-bare history. But what happens afterward is neither old nor thread-bare, and the reader is made to feel some sense of poor Anne's dismay, when her world crumbles around her. The moral of the tale, if it leave one, is that of the wise man of old—that no man liveth to himself. It is that of *Each and All*—"Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent." And in this enforcement of the law of personal responsibility to the race, the story touches a high level. Lady Ridley's work is well done. Her characters have reality. Her insight is genuine. Her book is full of perception which appeals to women. Her sympathy is deep and true. Nor is it the least of her merits that she is well-bred, a condition not so universal among novelists that it passes without comment, as a matter, of course.

A cultivated and well-bred spinster being the most delightful of her sex, and *Miss Pritchard* being one of the most delightful of spinsters, it follows that the record of her *Wedding Journey* must be

a chronicle to entertain and even to profit her readers. Miss Pritchard's lover having been lost to her in youth by unkind destiny, it comes about in later years that she shall take his daughter to Europe. So like her father is the damsel that a radiance of romance encompasses her to the vision of the elder woman, and a delicate fragrance of sentiment pervades their mutual relations. These two pilgrims, then, wander together over England, Scotland, Wales, the Riviera, Italy, Switzerland, and Austria, having what we Yankees call "a good time," everywhere, and gathering a store of such impressions as intelligent and well-read women do gather in such a pilgrimage. They see only what has been seen a hundred thousand times before, but they see it for themselves. They enjoy with a freshness which communicates itself to the reader. They inspire in him a desire to follow at once in their footsteps.

Juletty: A Story of Old Kentucky, has, above all things, local color. Local color is laid on with a trowel, like Touchstone's wisdom, and so strong is it that the reader does not trouble himself about weakness of structure, lack of proportion, or other artistic deficiencies. In this case it is not certain that its artistic deficiencies do not add to the book's charm. Its artlessness, its *naïveté*, its unconsciousness of the need of perspective, these things seem to emphasize the directness and single-mindedness of the story-teller whose mind is so full of her matter that she gives little thought to manner. Her scene is laid in the "Pennyryle" region of Kentucky—a region, her publishers assures us, hitherto mercifully preserved from the incursions of the novelist. The plot centres about the search for an illicit still, and Mrs. McElroy has the ingenuity to contrive a burglar-proof mystery as to

ANNE MAINWARING. By Alice Ridley. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

MISS PRITCHARD'S WEDDING TRIP. By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

JULETTY: A STORY OF OLD KENTUCKY. By Lucy Cheever McElroy. T. Y. Crowell, 12mo, \$1.50.

its whereabouts and ownership. The plot matters little, however, for its maker is at her best when she forgets it, entirely, and sketches Kentucky plantation life, in the old days, or rouses her planters to reminiscences of faded glories, or of the tragic onset of Morgan and his men.

If "Juletty" brings the sunny odor of "pennyrile," *The Aristocrats* is steeped in essence of Parma violets or attar of rose. It is made up of sophistication and conscious cleverness. It is essentially of the world. And yet nothing is more certain than that the Lady Helen Pole of *The Aristocrats* would have delighted in the plain and hearty country folks of "Juletty."

The story is told in letters from an Adirondack camp. A young English duke, handsome, cultivated and agreeable, is banished by his physician to the North Woods. Two sisters accompany him, one of whom is our clever correspondent. They meet, among the hills, what Mr. Venus would describe as "human warious," and it is this contact which the letters describe with hearty amusement, and not a little humor and brilliancy. Thus Lady Helen Pole, the writer, encounters the "smart" set, the literary set, the old Knickerbocker set, not to mention others, and is candidly informed, by the representatives of each, that they and they only, are what Mr. Henry James would designate as "The Real Thing," and that they have no connection with the shop over the way, so to say. What does constitute "American Society," Lady Helen is still trying to discover, when the letters close abruptly, with no promise of a second volume. There is what dramatists call a "love-interest," but it is of no consequence in comparison with the capital character-sketching which crowds the pages, and which sets the

reader also to asking himself, "who are our Aristocrats?"

No "summer novel" is Miss Gwendolen Overton's *Heritage of Unrest*, to be lightly skimmed in a hammock, lightly liked, and next day forgotten. One may *not* like this story, salt with unshed tears, stormy with half-articulate passion, but one may not forget it. It is a fragment of life itself—savage, tumultuous, throbbing life. The desolate hills and plains of the arid Southwest thrust themselves into one's unwilling consciousness, one's throat parches with heat at this army post in Arizona, and when one closes the book one has seen the soul of every character in it. The story includes the whole miserable, unsolvable "Indian Question"; the impossibility of red man and white living in peace together so long as the white man covets his neighbor's land and the far-off government takes hold of every difficulty by the wrong end. It is, in essence, a passionless arraignment of the dealings of the frontiersman with "the sullen, savage people, half devil and half child," who dwell on the alkali plains.

Of the Heirs of Unrest whose fortunes we follow comes, first, Felipa Cabot, child of a dissolute soldier and a wild half-breed. She has been educated. She has grown up handsome and clever. She is confronted with the necessity of taming her nature to the demands of civilized life. The second heir is Charles Cairness, soldier, cowboy, scout, with the drop of wild blood in his own tingling veins. The tragedy is not invented by the author. It is inherent in the situation. Every character in the book is conceived with surprising distinctness. Nor, though the effects are inevitably sombre, is there lacking the play of a rich humor. Miss Overton has written one of the most notable novels of the year. R. G. L.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York*]

553.—(1) A popular lecturer mentions Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore as a prominent American poetess. Can you tell me anything of her life and writings, or if her poems can be obtained? I have not found her name in any library nor publisher's catalogue, nor in the "Century Encyclopædia."

(2) Where are the lines—

"Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou'rt matched with cloth of gold?"

(3) Is it known to whom Robert Browning's later love lyrics are addressed—those of "Ferishtah's Fancies" and "Asolando"? Does he refer to Mrs. Browning in any poem later than the "Epilogue to Pacchiarotto," published in 1876?

M. S.

(1) She is a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1824, and her maiden name was Clara Jessup. For the past twenty years she has resided abroad. She has written good poems, but cannot properly be called "prominent"—but that word has been misused until it has ceased to have much meaning. Coates, of Philadelphia, is her publisher. Some of her work has appeared under the pen-name Clara Moreton.

554.—Who wrote the lines:

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements, nor labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spire and turrets crowned?"

B. M.

The original is one of the fragments that remain of the work of the Greek poet and soldier, Alcæus, who lived in the seventh century, B. C. The ode as we have it in English was written by Sir William Jones, the Oriental scholar (1746-1794).

555.—(1) Can you tell me from what Kipling took his title, "Captains Courageous"?

(2) Where can I find this couplet:

"Twilight echoes still repeating
Memories sweet of vanished hours?"

P. A. L.

(1) Perhaps from "Romeo and Juliet," in the fourth scene of the second act of which occurs the sentence, "He is the courageous captain of compliments."

556.—Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," speaking of Sir Thomas More, says that "More was no divine at all, and it is plain to any that reads his writings that he knew nothing of antiquity beyond the quotations he found in the canon law, and in the Master of the Sentences." Who or what was "the master of the sentences"?

C. C. M.

Peter Lombard, a famous schoolman of the twelfth century, who became Bishop of Paris, made a collection of sentences from the Christian Fathers and others on points of doctrine, to which he gave the title *Sententiarum Libri IV*. This became the subject of controversy and commentary, and gained for him the title *Magister Sententiarum*—Master of the Sentences.

557.—Some one, somewhere, has said something to the effect that "growing old is growing wiser or growing obstinate." Can any one identify it for me and give me the correct form?

K. H.

558.—When a boy I was familiar with a versified fable in one of the reading books in which occurred the lines:

"I am tired to death of this humdrum tree
I'll go if 'tis only the world to see."

These lines run in my memory as a familiar quotation, but I cannot place them. Can any reader help me?

T. F.

559.—How long have modern punctuation marks been in vogue? Had the ancient Greeks and Romans anything corresponding to our interrogation point, for example? What is the origin of the present system of punctuation? I do not mean in detail, but in pointing generally.

C. L. C.

It is believed that the ancient Greek writers had an elementary system of punctuation, consisting of a single dot placed in different positions. The Romans also made some rude attempts at it. Modern punctuation began after the invention of printing, was first systematized by Aldus Manutius the Younger, and has been a constant growth. It has not yet reached a stage of absolute agreement.

560.—Who is the author of a French poem on the Wandering Jew, in which are these lines?

"Tourne, la terre ou moi je cour—
Tojours, toujours!"

M. M.

561.—Disraeli, in his essay on "The Literary Character," speaking of Gesner's wife, says: "Her correspondence with her son opens what an old poet comprehensively terms 'a gathered mind.'" Who is the poet referred to, and what is a gathered mind? In the same essay he says: "It is the opinion of an elegant metaphysician that the mind of the female adopts and familiarizes itself with ideas more easily than that of man." Who is the metaphysician, and why is he called elegant?

T. R. B.

562.—Has a story entitled "Baby's Hoop of Pearls" appeared in any periodical within the last five years? If so, where, and who was the author?

W. D.

(2) Is there an edition of Symonds's works in which the volumes are sold separately?

J. D. M.

(1) In "Essays Speculative and Suggestive."

564.—Kindly answer or submit for consideration of your readers the following:

(1) Who wrote and where may be found—

"Cord by cord our lives are loosened;
One by one our hopes are slain;
Link by link the chain is severed;
Throb by throb we feel the pain."

(2) Also—

"I beheld a darksome river,
Flowing grandly, flowing ever,
And on one side, silent never,
Was the solemn passing-bell;
And the voice of ceaseless weeping,
Never lulling, never sleeping,
Filled up, with its mournful minor,
All the pauses of the knell."

W. C. B.

ANSWERS

563.—(1) Can you tell me which volume of J. A. Symonds's works contains his essay on "The Ring and the Book," just published in Macmillan's Magazine?

546:—(3) T. E. H. will find in "Half Hours with the Stars," by Richard A. Proctor, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the atlas that he needs for his purpose.

F. W. P.

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MONTH	WEEKLY ISSUE					December, 31, 1900, Total aggregate copies printed in 1900
	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	5th.	
January.....	48,000	48,000	48,000	48,000	2,199,800
February..	48,700	48,700	48,700	48,700	
March.....	48,700	48,700	48,700	48,700	48,700	
April.....	48,900	48,900	48,900	48,900	Average Weekly circulation
May.....	48,000	48,000	48,000	48,000	48,000	
June.....	41,800	41,800	41,800	41,800	
July.....	41,800	41,800	41,800	41,800	41,800	42,303
August.....	41,800	41,800	41,800	41,800	41,800	
September.....	48,000	48,000	48,000	48,000	
October ..	48,300	48,300	48,300	48,300	48,300
November ..	48,300	48,300	48,300	48,300	48,300	
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VOLUME XXII NUMBER 6

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A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

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RUDYARD KIPLING
From the etching by William Strang

JUL 28 1901

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A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

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THE RAMBLER

MR. WILLIAM STRANG'S etched portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which we reproduce by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co., seems to us the best portrait in line which has been made of the creator of Mulvaney—better even than another etched portrait of Mr. Kipling, also by Mr. Strang, recently published in *Literature*, which showed the subject against a fanciful background of his characters. The present portrait has all the simplicity of a photograph beneath the fine composition of an artist's hand.

✽

A novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," entitled "The Benefactress," will be published in the autumn by the Macmillan Co.

✽

Though Sherlock Holmes be dead, he yet speaketh. Some of his earlier adventures have now been set down by Dr. Conan Doyle, and the tale—which is, we believe, a novel, and not a series of detached incidents—will appear in the *Strand Magazine* early in the autumn.

✽

Maxim Gorky is the young Russian

author whose tales have brought him a degree of enthusiastic popularity which embarrasses his modest soul. Prince Kropotkin tells the story that once when an audience in the theatre stood up and cheered Gorky when he entered, he lost his balance completely. "I'm not a ballet dancer or a Venus of Milo," he cried. "What are you staring at me for? Look at the stage!" And the renewed applause only made him more angry.

Maxim Gorky is now barely past thirty. His father was an upholsterer, who died when the boy was only five years old. He tried his hand at many forms of manual labor—was fisherman, baker, dock laborer, harvester and tramp by turns. He tried to enter the army, and after rejection peddled beer; then did odd jobs for a lawyer, and finally went to Tiflis, where he worked upon a railroad and published his first novel in a local paper. Later, at Nishni-Novgorod, he supported himself by writing for newspapers, where he met Vladimir Korolenko, a Russian writer, who encouraged and helped him. His development has been very rapid. Two or three years ago his name was known only by his friends; at present he is one

of the most talked-of persons in Europe, and in Russia his appearance in public, as Prince Kropotkin noted, is the signal for a demonstration of popular affection.

They call him "Tolstoy's Successor," and he is said to carry on the finest traditions of Russian realism. And Russians like their realism strong and unfiltered—they are fond of gloomy pictures which show how little the moral law avails in a wicked world. But Gorky's stories do not lack in spirituality, however, as their wide appreciation throughout France and Germany gives some token. He has published several volumes of tales and a novel or two, and recently we have had the news of his arrest for participation in students' riots in St. Petersburg.

His novel called "Forná Gordyéeff" has been translated by Miss Isabel Hapgood and will be published by the Scribners early in the autumn—this being Gorky's introduction in America. This novel, as powerful as all his work, is concerned with middle-class life among the merchants along the Volga, in eastern Russia.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn contributes to *Literature* an appreciative essay upon Mr. Edmund Gosse and his work, and finds in one of Mr. Gosse's own poems the expression of a mood quite characteristic of the temperament of this graceful and poetical critic:

I yearn not for the fighting fate
That holds and has achieved:
I live to watch, and meditate,
And dream—and be deceived.

Mine be the visionary star
That vibrates on the sea;
I deem Ixion happier far
Than Jupiter could be.

These verses (says Mr. Gwynne) are simply and absolutely perfect in their kind; they have the charm of Horace in his lesser odes, saying a common thing in

a way that gives individuality and distinction to one of the permanent sentiments of human beings.

There is certainly a "fad" for gardening and garden-books at the moment, and England as well as America "is feeling it now," as the mother said of her boy who ate the four plates of ice cream. From a London leaflet, called "Books of To-day and To-morrow," published by Messrs. Hatchards, we clip an acknowledgment of the situation:

Once our literary daughters, when the writing impulse spake,
Spent their fancies on romances—hearts that ache
and hearts that break;
But a change has come upon them, and to-day
they bend their mind
To the fashion for a passion of a vegetable kind:
Since a book now needs within it, ere to favor it
can win,
Gardens shady, with a lady babbling daintily
therein—

*So come into the garden, Maud,
And bring the pen and ink,
We'll put one through in an hour or two,
To make Miss Jekyll blink!*

Mr. Churchill's fine story of the civil war, "The Crisis," which Archdeacon Brady reviews on another page, is meeting with the success it deserves, and which was doubtless expected. The publishers announce that one hundred and eighty thousand copies have been sold, and that the demand continues. Of "Richard Carvel," its predecessor, nearly four hundred thousand copies have been sold. Certainly here is an instance where a great popular success, which means a very large profit to both author and publisher, has been won by legitimate means—a good story, well told, published in acceptable form and widely yet decently advertised. There is room for nothing but congratulation in the whole matter. The two books are now issued in a uniform binding, cased together. Seldom has history been offered in a more agreeable form, and these books



SEVEN YOUNGER SONS OF SECRETARY REITZ
[From a photograph by Ebner, The Hague.]

—if it is not too soon to say so of the new one—stand the test of re-reading.

✱

Here is a photograph of a remarkable group. The original was sent to the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* by Mrs. Reitz, the wife of State-Secretary Reitz of the Transvaal, who is now in The Hague with her seven younger sons. Her husband, she writes, is at the front with four sons. They were "all born in the Orange Free State, except the baby, who was born the day war was declared at Pretoria, 11th October, 1899. Oh! that they were men to-day!"

✱

We are quoting from the inscription on the back of the photograph, where also

appears an extract from some British speech—was it Mr. Chamberlain's?—referring to Boer children:

"England's future enemies . . . imbued with panoplied hatred, insensate ambition, invincible ignorance . . ."

THE BOOK BUYER is not concerned with politics, and conscientiously tries not to know a Boer from a Briton, but this picture has so much human interest that we take pleasure in publishing it. May the numbers of the Reitz family never grow less!

✱

Touching two English literary men who died early in June, Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Buchanan, the *London Academy* remarks that in abilities Mr.



THE AUTHOR OF "ENDYMION"
[From the drawing by Maclise.]

Buchanan had the advantage. He was a far greater literary artist than Sir Walter Besant, and could do a greater number of things, and do them better. He was concerned with deeper subjects, and he had learned life in the more thorough school of suffering. He studied life in the nude while Sir Walter Besant arranged its draperies. Partly because he lived deeper than his brother in letters he lived less happily. He was ill-organized to weather the storms he raised; and as years went on, and the storms continued, he began to get the worst of the fight and to know bitter hours of defeat, perhaps of jealousy. One came to think of him with a special mingling of respect and pity, feeling that he was a right good fellow and a great nuisance.

It is interesting to note the different views these two men held regarding their craft. In "The Pen and the Book," a



THE AUTHOR OF "LOTHAIR"
[From the drawing by Sir John Tenniel.]

manual for young writers, Sir Walter Besant wrote:

The literary life may be, I am firmly convinced, in spite of many dangers and drawbacks, by far the happiest life that the Lord has permitted mortal man to enjoy. I say this with the greatest confidence, and after considering the history of all those literary men—living and dead—whom I have known and of whom I have read.

And Buchanan wrote, at the age of fifty-two:

For complete literary success among contemporaries it is imperative that a man should either have no real opinions, or be able to conceal such as he possesses, that he should have one eye on the market and the other on the public journals, that he should humbug himself into the delusion that bookwriting is the highest work in the universe, and that he should regulate his likes and dislikes by one law, that of expediency. If his nature is in arms against anything that is rotten in society or in literature itself he must be silent. Above all, he must lay this solemn truth to heart, that when the world speaks well of him, the world will demand the price of praise, and that price will possibly be his living soul.

The *Academy's* writer concludes that in his very eagerness to secure the dignity of letters, Sir Walter Besant, to some degree, defeated his own aims. Neither by his writings nor in his practical literary life did Sir Walter Besant add to the romance of letters; but he was in harmony with his age in bringing commercial common sense to bear on the literary life, and in seeking to widen the portals which lead to it. All his own work was sound, and nearly all of it had a high market value; and this gave him authority with younger writers, to whom his genuine kindliness and optimist views were a great encouragement.

We reprint from *Literature* an excellent portrait of Mr. Owen Seaman, from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry. Of Mr. Seaman's verses perhaps "The Battle of the Bays," a satirical piece published in 1896, and "Caps and Bells," a collection

of short poems published last year, are best known to Americans. He is now on the staff of *Punch*, to which periodical, together with many others, he has been a contributor for years. He was born in 1861, and is a bachelor.

Two quaint portraits of an earlier British celebrity are reproduced from the spoil of a print-stall. The portrait of the young Disraeli is apparently by Maclise, while we think only Sir John Tenniel could have drawn the sphinx in the brougham.

Golf players will be interested in a portfolio of pictures by Mr. F. T. Richards about to be published by Mr. R. H. Russell, under the title of "The Royal Game of Golf." The portfolio will contain hand-colored prints of single figures in old-time costume, making a unique pictorial history of the royal and ancient game. Mr. Richards has spent consider-



OWEN SEAMAN

[From a photograph by Elliot and Fry in *Literature*.]

able time in searching records of the game; also in the study of costumes of the different periods, and he has furnished exact reproductions of the dress of the reigns of Mary Stuart, Charles the First, James the Second, Anne, George the Third, and the early Victorian period.

Among the many photographs which illustrate Mrs. Gilbert's "Stage Reminiscences," which is reviewed on another page, is this of Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis in one of their most amusing asso-

ciations. Since it was crowded out of its proper place in Mr. Gray's article, we make room for it here for the sake of the thousands who laughed at "7-20-8."

"Romola" appears in Volume IV and V of the Personal Edition of George Eliot's works, just issued by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. On another page a contributor draws a suggestive parallel between "Romola" and "Eleanor," in the course of which certain somewhat revolutionary ideas are advanced. At this point

in the history of novel writing it is difficult to imagine what a storm was raised by the original publication of "Romola," and how fiercely the battle raged in Armageddon. The *Cornhill Magazine* gave George Eliot \$20,000 for the book—the largest price ever paid for a serial by that periodical. The "personal" features in the present issue—which give the name to the edition—consist mainly of interesting illustrations reproduced from photographs which Miss Esther Wood, the editor, and the publishers have been at much pains to secure.



From "Mrs. Gilbert's Reminiscences" — Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. GILBERT AND JAMES LEWIS IN "7-20-28"

[From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.]

The widow of Professor Max Müller has designed a memorial in the form of a Celtic cross which has been set over the grave in Holywell Cemetery, at Oxford. Its single inscription are the words: "Wie Gott will." Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, executed the work, and will also make the memorial to the late R. D. Blackmore, which will be erected in Exeter Cathedral.



FRANK BURLINGAME HARRIS

The memorial will take the form of an inscribed tablet, with a medallion portrait. We may note, also, in this paragraph, that the William Black memorial beacon was lighted last month, and that Lord Archibald Campbell wrote the following lines for the occasion:

"Here, 'mid the splendor of the dying day,
We consecrate this Light, in Love's own way,
In silence all.

"It is in silence that the day is born ;
It is in silence that the day, well worn,
Sinks into night.

"Is it not in silence that deep love is born ?
It is in silence that deep grief is borne—
In silence all."

Mr. Frank Burlingame Harris, a young newspaper man of Omaha, is the author of a new story of American life after the style of "David Harum" and "Eben Holden." "The Road to Ridgeby's," which will stand as his first contribution to our literature, is a plain story of American life, and has to do with the agricultural development of the West and its influence in the rural districts of New York and the North country. Mr. Harris



CHARLES K. LUSH

is the son of a Baptist clergyman, was born at Weedsport, N. Y., and returns to the home of his youth in this novel. We reproduce herewith his latest picture, supplied by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., who are bringing out the book.

Mr. Charles K. Lush, the author of that fine story of American political life called "The Federal Judge," is a Western journalist and editor. Born at La Crosse, Wis., in 1861, he first learned the printing trade, and later became connected with the staff of the Chicago *Evening Journal*, afterwards being a reporter on the Chicago *Record*. In a rather unusually frank and interesting letter, furnished by a mutual friend, he says: "My life has been free from adventure of any particular sort likely to be of value in an advertising light. I know I really should have been a war correspondent, or lived in a tree somewhere, or have done something that

would have been of commercial value. I have an idea that the fact that a man is a newspaper man is rather a detriment when he appears as a novelist. At once the astute critic discovers his newspaper style—whatever that may be. Again, it conveys the impression that he is young, because it is mostly the young newspaper men who write books—they know better when they get older. I would suggest that I should be billed as an editor and newspaper proprietor of La Crosse, Wis. This is going into Hamlin Garland's territory, as he lives about six miles from here, but I cannot help that." His second story, "The Autocrats," Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company have just published.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, whose romance, "The Beleaguered Forest," is to be published shortly, has had exceptional oppor-



MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE

tunities for acquiring a broad knowledge of American life. She was born in Michigan while her father was at the front as a soldier in the civil war. For several years she was a successful contributor to Chicago and Omaha newspapers, and traveled over the greater part of the United States. Her stories and sketches have appeared in leading magazines, and she gained an exceptional reputation by her stories of Western life and Western types. Her recently finished romance has been described as a consistent study of a woman's inconsistency, sketched against the background furnished by the great pine forests of northern Michigan.

From Mr. Robert Coster's collection we reproduce four interesting pictures this month. All are from Brady's negatives, printed by Anthony, and are early and unfamiliar portraits.

All who mind quietnesse and vertue and bookselling will find much pleasure in a little book called "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days," lately written by Mr. E. Marston, who now is ranked as the *doyen* of the English publishers. In the handsomely printed volume are included portraits and biographical and anecdotal sketches of Jacob Tonson (immortalized in "The Dunciad" as "left-legged Jacob"); Thomas Guy, whose fortunate holdings of South Sea Company's stock brought him the riches with which he founded and endowed the famous hospital which has kept his memory green; John Dunton, who wrote many books and sold comparatively few, thus gaining for himself the reputation of a presuming person and a "lunatick"; Samuel Richardson, called "the most eminent man who ever stood behind a bookseller's counter," but who, in Mr. Marston's judgment, was rather a printer and publisher than a dealer in books. His novels enjoyed great



CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON
[President of Harvard College, Scholar and Grecian.]



SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH
[Peter Parley.]



RICHARD VAUX
[Recorder and Mayor of Philadelphia, and writer on many subjects.]

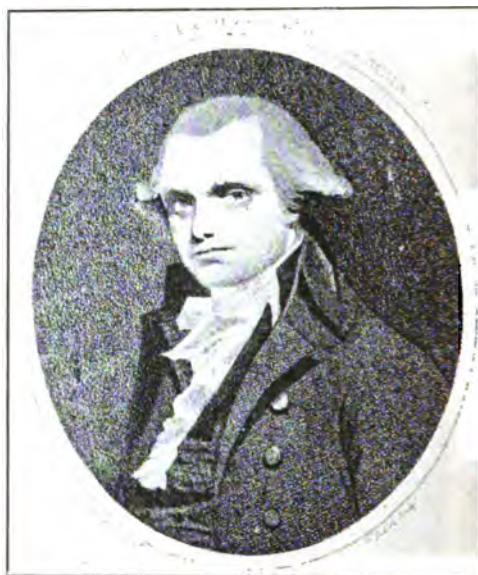


GEORGE WILKES
[Editor and proprietor of *The Spirit of the Times*, author of "A History of California," etc.]



THOMAS GUY

[From Mr. Marston's "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days."]



JAMES LACKINGTON

popularity from the very first, though Fielding ridiculed "Pamela" in his "Joseph Andrews" and called the author a "puny Cockney bookseller," a "moll-coddle" and a "milksop." "Clarissa Harlowe," which probably brought Richardson his greatest reputation, was originally published in eight volumes. When "Sir Charles Grandison" was published the sheets were stolen from the printing office, and owing to the lack of copyright in Ireland, three Irish booksellers published cheap editions of nearly half the work before a volume appeared in England. Dr. Johnson wrote of Richardson, who had contributed one or two papers to the *Rambler*, as "an author who had enlarged the knowledge of human nature and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

More figures are shown in Mr. Marston's book—Thomas Gent, printer, of York, and Alice Guy, his wife, William Hutton, of Birmingham, and James Lackington, who seems to have been a pioneer

in his practice of selling his books very cheap, and for cash only, refusing credit to noble and common buyer alike. In his somewhat voluminous writings Lackington took occasion to note the liberality of publishers toward authors in that day, and quotes an instance (as Mr. Marston remarks, not by any means without parallel in our own days) of a Mr. R, who was paid £1,600 to do work which he died without performing, having spent the money, which was not recoverable.

Mr. Marston adds: "Here is an astounding fact! 'Many novels have been offered to book-sellers; indeed, many have been actually published that were not worth the expense of paper and printing; so that the copyright was dear at any price.' Ah! prophetic Lackington, you must have been thinking of the twentieth, not the eighteenth century!"

We take pleasure in reprinting two of the portraits from this most entertaining book, those of Thomas Guy and of the astute Mr. Lackington. *The Rambler*.

THE LOVE MOTIVE IN CURRENT FICTION

IT may be said that of old a story in fiction of the English tongue meant a love story. This is a generalization that the memories of novel readers of an elder generation will justify. As love is the central fact and solar force in the life of man as he emerges from the brute; so, naturally, it was given the rôle of protagonist in the human passion play. "Love," says Howells, in a recent piece of fiction, "has to be in every picture of life, as it has to be in every life."

The novel, which is of all present literary forms most reflective of modern society, mirrored the thoughts, feelings and acts connected with love to the exclusion, or at least to the comparative neglect, of other social motor forces. In the remarkable development of fiction which has taken place during the past quarter-century—a movement beginning to crystallize into definite results with Zola at the time of the Franco-Prussian war—a change is to be chronicled in the handling and valuation of the love-motive, and its successive stages may be indicated briefly here. The result has suggestion and interest for its bearings on modern fiction and on the life such literature portrays.

In the treatment of love in the old-fashioned "goody-goody" story, that passion was regarded as fitly interpreted by two young folk of opposite sex in the pre-nuptial period; under proper social restrictions they met, were attracted, wooing and winning followed in course, and the novelist's duty was done when he had effected a happy culmination at the altar—a word to which the later, more cynical exponent of fiction prefixes the letter h. "And so they were married and lived happily forever after" is the fairy-tale phrase dropping the curtain upon

this tame dénouement. I am aware that this is a sweeping statement; that older English fiction treats the love motive more robustly. The amatory relations of Mr. B. and Pamela, the galantries of Tom Jones, appear vigorous and sufficiently unconventional when set over against these milk-and-water episodes. But the run of stories prior to the incoming of realism was of the sort indicated; the experience of veteran novel readers will hold up my hands. Gradually, however, and no doubt under foreign influence, came a bolder handling, a wider extension of the theme. Love began to be recognized as an explosive capable of tearing to pieces; a power productive of unhappiness along with felicity. Shakespeare's "The course of true love never did run smooth" became a motto for tales in which obstacles many to the eventual pleasant round-up in church were imagined, and men and maidens not only loved, but misunderstood, quarreled, and lost. These narratives were more or less sad, but not necessarily pessimistic; they marked a step away from the stereotyped "good ending" of the primitive love-tale. But sentimental they were to the lachrymosal pitch of a MacKenzie. And they testify to a broadening conception of life in one of its most vital aspects; life as compounded of bitter and sweet in uncertain, shifting proportions, and not as continuously saccharine.

Then came another extension of subject. It occurred to those who narrate fictive deeds, that to stop at marriage was unfair and absurd; an arbitrary halt at a mid-station of the life journey, when stirring haps and mishaps lay beyond. So, with the French as leaders, enters the whole brood of fiction dealing with marital relations and answerable for so much that

is malodorous, but also for a great deal that is strong and fine.

Main attention came to be given to post-marital experiences. The novelists were fain to illustrate the homely saying, "When a man marries his trouble begins," and the miseries of the mismated were set forth in epic sweeps. And by an inevitable further step, the relations of impropriety—the French *drame à trois*—have been delineated with a gusto and particularity which has left little to be hoped for, or dreaded.

It is as natural for George Meredith or Thomas Hardy or George Moore to show the tragedies of unconventional sex relations, as it was for Dickens to sum up those of the oppressed poor, or Thackeray to describe family embroglios. Thus in a progressive treatment of love happy, love unhappy, love sensual and love of the *union libre* type, the later novelists, outside of our language most noticeably, but within it to an appreciable degree, have moved away from the quaint and comfortable depiction of the pretty boy-and-girl sentiment, to do justice to an imperious, untrammelled passion in the full exercise of its tragic power. They have now run the gamut, it would seem; love as a social force has been sounded in its complete diapason.

Hence has followed a shift in the use of this motif in fiction which I would emphasize. It would appear that novelists, by an unconscious reaction perhaps, or it may be with the feeling that even a theme so central and dominant as this can be overworked, have temporarily, at least, relegated love to a place nearer the circumference of the circle and for the nonce are finding their stimulus elsewhere. A plain sign of this is the recrudescence of the story of adventure. Fighting instead of loving furnishes the attraction, and plot takes the place of erotic emotion. During the past few

years the tale of objective incident and action in English fiction has all but pre-empted the field; a significant change of theme, indeed. To be sure, love is often admitted into these narratives, but the point is that as a motive it is subsidiary to the major appeal. A striking example is given us in the work of the two writers of English fiction, confessedly leaders in contemporary literature. I refer to Stevenson and Kipling. Neither of them has awarded to love the old-time traditional post of honor.

It has been said commonly of Stevenson that he could not manage love as a theme. He himself in the "Letters" confesses with dangerous frankness his lack of confidence in managing this motive. He felt that his power lay elsewhere. Nevertheless, he was in his latest work coming to admit this more lyric interest, along with the heroic. "Kidnapped," and its sequel "David Balfour," are in instructive contrast in this regard. While the one is a straightaway adventure tale, with scant attention to petticoats, the other contains a charming heroine and some of the prettiest lovemaking in modern fiction. Nor will the true Stevenson lover ever forget "Prince Otto," an earlier work that deals with the love motive in a delightful vein of delicate, quaint poetry. In Stevenson's final books too, "St. Ives" and "Weir of Hermiston," this interest is more prominent. "St. Ives," indeed, is a story in which adventure and sweet-hearting run hand in hand; and that fascinating torso "Weir," so far as it goes, might fairly be called a love-tale, though Mr. Colvin's postscript shows us that the objective incident of peril and derring-do was to have culminating force. Stevenson, in a word, might be characterized as a writer who as he matured was led more and more to a consideration of the Eternal Feminine. Yet his genius did not find its most authentic

inspiration there; and looking to the full range of his imaginative creation it may be declared that he used the love motive but charily; his main business was with the other passions of men.

With Kipling the point receives still more obvious illustration. In the comparatively poor, tentative sketches known as the Gadsby series, he attempted the treatment of amatory affairs after the manner of the cynic. But that sort of thing ill suited his vigorous grasp of life and healthy sanity, and was soon sloughed off. The bulk of the Indian tales—and the best of them; the later volumes of short stories whose themes are not of the East; the wonderful "Jungle Books"; the collaborated "Naulahka"; and the capital sea-yarn, "Captains Courageous"—all of these find their intensity of interest outside love. The short story collection, "The Day's Work," bears out the theory too; in but one instance, "The Brushwood Boy," does the interest depend at all upon love. An exception may be made of "The Light That Failed," where certainly the relations of Dick and Maisie claim our chief attention, although, if we examine the book for its purpose, it will appear that the study of the artist temperament is the author's aim. Still, this fiction may fairly enough be called a love story. But for a writer of a dozen volumes Kipling has indicated distinctly his preference for other motives. No one, in thinking either of him or Stevenson, would dream of citing them as exponents of the so-called master-passion.

The same tendency is to be seen in the work of the one contemporary woman writer whose fiction has the scope, poise, dignity and art likely to give her more than ephemeral distinction. Mrs. Humphry Ward has not ignored the love motive, but rather has made it subordinate to other interests—religion, politics, sociology. Her early book, "Miss Bretherton,"

might be described as a love tale pure and simple. But with and since "Robert Elsmere" her vision has been wider. The affectional relations of the sexes are dealt with in that novel also, of course; as likewise, in some phases of its multiform power, in "David Grieve," in "Marcella," "Tressady," "The Story of Bessie Costrell," "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and with more freedom in "Eleanor." But, with the exception of the last-named, none of them are love stories in the conventional sense. What the reader is likely to recall first in these books is, the modern clergyman confronted with doubt; the aspiring young woman learning by dint of hard experience the true difficulties between the classes and the masses; the humble-born man fighting his way to the spiritual peace that comes out of emotional storm and stress; the great lady influential in affairs, a power behind the throne; the peasant girl crushed by her pitiless environment; the well-born mine-owner anxious to adjust the questions of labor versus capital and solving the crux with his life. All through these well-wrought and noble volumes woman walks as meet mate to man—Meredith's ideal. Indeed, Mrs. Ward and Meredith are conspicuous among present-day novelists of repute and power in delineating the New Woman in the high sense of the contemned word; which is to say, the Eternal Woman under the broader, more exacting conditions of our complex social life.

The rejuvenescence of romance which has been so noticeable in England within the past half-dozen years, the revival of the historical novel both there and in the United States, also stand for a mood which, while it does not necessarily exclude the treatment of love, at least looks more naturally to objective incident and bellicose action for its subject-material. It may, then, fairly be postulated from present indications that the love theme,

traditionally so central, and illuminating the course of English fiction from Fielding to Meredith, will be in the future not eliminated, but handled in conjunction with and subordinate to the modern interests which have so vastly extended the content of the novel in our time. Or is it saner prophecy to declare that, by a natural law of reaction, the novelists of the dawning century will come back to the older assumption, reinstating the love that is, after all, the light of life in its old-time queenship?

One consideration makes this dubious. The shifted place of the love motive is due to the shifted place of woman in the social *milieu*. She is no longer reared to regard marriage as a sole vocation. The daughters of well-to-do and cultured folk are not infrequently educated nowadays with an eye to self-supporting work. Even if parental encouragement lack, modern girls in increasing numbers are ambitious to achieve in some field of endeavor. The spinster of to-day no longer sits with folded hands by the lonesome hearth, sadly reminiscent, knitting her employ, regret her mood. She turns artist, house-decorator, architect, teacher, actor, musician, nurse, writer, physician or lawyer. She looks to the future, not to the past. With this infinitely more complex activity and its correspondent breadth of outlook, it is easy to understand that the conventional value of love to her life—" 'Tis woman's whole existence," quoth Byron—should give way; and equally easy to understand that story makers, perceiving the social drift, should reg-

ister it in their feignings of human intercourse.

It must be remembered, too, in the discussion that the representation of love varies with nationality. The tendency in English fiction to remove this motive from its supreme position is by no means typical of the European literatures. The Latin races, as a whole, for example, incline still to make fictional interest dependent upon love, and usually upon love sensual. Mrs. Crawford, writing of the brilliant young Italian, D'Annunzio, remarks that in his country "the love motive predominates to an extent that sober Northern natures cannot realize." Of Spain this is also true though to a less degree. In France, however, a land always sensitively in the van of intellectual and social progress, the prevalence of the novel of passion is by no means what it was a few years ago. Yet it is in fiction of our own tongue that the revolt from the tyranny of love as an all-absorbing theme can be traced most convincingly. And it seems to me that this is a testimonial to the inspiring breadth and variety of English novels. Sneers have been plenty in respect of the narrow prudery of the life-view expressed in these narratives; but unwillingness to treat of the bestial aspects of love is no whit narrower than the unwillingness to admit the other main interests and passions of mankind. In this admission our fiction leads, and so far as it goes, such leadership is a proof, not of narrowness, but of breadth; of a truer insight and a finer sense of proportion in looking out upon the great human show.

Richard Burton.

ELEANOR AND ROMOLA

LITERARY metempsychosis presents itself as a possibility when one compares Mrs. Ward's "Eleanor" with George Eliot's "Romola." It is not alone that each book is generally conceded to be its author's best, or that each title spelled backward bears a strong resemblance to the other. The likeness lies deeper, in scenes and in characters. The very backgrounds are similar. Each is written of a time of revolt, the Renaissance for the earlier book, the Risorgimento for the later. Each book starts with the writing of a book; Tito wrote at least a little way into one with Romola's help; Manisty wrote the whole of one with Eleanor's help.

In particular events the two greatest "Romola" scenes are paralleled by two in the later book. In the Duomo on Advent morning Romola heard Savonarola invoke martyrdom and she "felt herself penetrated by a new sensation." In the Vatican Lucy saw the Capella Papale, the eighteenth anniversary of the Pope's coronation, and she—Puritan Lucy—felt the thrill of the scene. Again on the hills just out of Florence we have the great scene between Romola and Savonarola when he turns Romola back upon the path of duty; and in the later book is the scene of pitiful tragedy between Eleanor and Father Beneke when she, too, is pointed to the path.

Yet it is not in single definite scenes that the interest lies in these parallels. It comes in tracing those more elusive likenesses and differences which separate the two women novelists by half a century of time, and yet bring them together because they are women. It has been the custom to say, and most of us have been obedient to echo the judgment, that "Romola" is not a book of fifteenth-century Florence,

but a book of nineteenth-century England, at least the character bearing the name part is this. One has but to read the two books in contrast to renounce such critical chronology. "Romola" may not be a mediæval book, but it is a mid-century book, which is practically the same thing—we live so much, now, in our "fifty years of Europe." Certainly the intensity and the tension, yes, even the modernity of "Eleanor" deepen the time-ditch between a Mary A. Ward and a Mary Ann Evans. But the main difference is this, that in "Eleanor" the freedom of the individual is everything, in "Romola" the idea of obedience, of duty is everything. Romola says, "but I will not give up this duty;" Eleanor enjoyed "the fierce consciousness of the power to keep Lucy from Manisty." In the end duty conquers both, in "Romola" because duty is duty, in "Eleanor" because duty is right. (Yes, I am quite sceptic enough to believe that duty is sometimes wrong.)

There is tremendous pain in both books, in "Romola" because fatalism always creates suffering, in "Eleanor" because the desire for freedom, which rays its basilisk light over our entire modern living, breaks itself continually against a wall of determinism, woven of the ages and of God and of the devil. George Eliot has been out of fashion for many years because people do not like to see the black cloud of destiny hanging over them. Yet they hug the constant pain of Mrs. Ward's books to themselves because it is their pain, their very modern pain of *laissez-moi faire*, and so has a sort of halo around it like a Christian saint.

The two women in George Eliot's book are simple, direct, elemental. They are Romola, Tessa. They are never another,

never each other. The two women of Mrs. Ward's book are never quite Eleanor, Lucy. They are each in turn Tessa, each in turn Romola. We have grown very complex in our characters since the mid-century. This is not an added power of the novelist, it is really a development of the individual, it is especially a development of women. Neither Eleanor nor Lucy, nor a suggestion of them is to be found in the mediæval writing of the nineteenth century. A woman was one thing then, and if she was more she was anathema both to men and to books.

But chiefly does one find a character parallel in Manisty and Melema, partly because Tito is an exception to his time and his book and his creator's custom, but chiefly because the two are two of the greatest egotists in fiction. Each was selfish, each wished to escape pain, neither could stand the pinching of fate. Of the two Tito Melema is infinitely finer. Tito's faults were negative, Manisty's so positive that he is all faults. Tito's negation of everything but pleasure, his desire that Romola should "dip a little into the soft waters of forgetfulness," have won him much condemnation in an age and in a novel age which spelled Pain with a big P. And yet, Tito's pleasure! How it differs from Manisty's. Just once does

Mrs. Ward tell us of her hero's "past," and her frankness is as unpleasant because salved with ignorance as it was occasionally in "David Grieve." She speaks of his "half-triumphant consciousness that no man had drunk more wildly, more inventively of passion" than he. But Tito never did a gross thing from foreword to finis. He loved Romola and he loved Tessa. It is some men's misfortune to be capable of loving two women.

With what scorn Edward Manisty would have looked on Tito Melema because of Baldassarre. The English conscience is very competent for this "better than thou" attitude. Yet Tito winced at inflicting pain on Baldassarre, while Manisty behaved with infinitely greater brutality toward Eleanor. He could "behave incredibly," says his creator. And the difference when Manisty finds he loves Lucy: "At last I will give you a good time!" Why, the poor erring Tito wanted everyone always to have a good time—Tito too.

The lesson in the end is the same—*entbehren, entbehren*. Evidently after five hundred years of living and fifty years of writing the world still plays Atlas to Pain and the religion of joy is still of the devil.

Keith Clark.

SONG

SHE hath lived the life of a rose,
She that was fair,
Blown on by the summer air,
Grown tall in a golden close.

An ending is set to delight;
Now thou art as grass,
As the leaves, as the blossoms that pass,
Made pale at the touch of the night.

—From "The Book of Jade." By permission of Dozey's.



BISHOP FAVIER IN THE PE-TANG

[From "China and the Allies." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

CHINA AND THE ALLIES

AFTER so many books on China, the Boxer outbreak, and the course of events for the last year connected with the settlement of affairs at Peking, most people would have said there was no room for another work on these subjects, and yet Mr. Savage Landor has given us one of very great value and interest. He is an experienced traveler, and writes in this case as an eye witness who accompanied the relief column to Peking and remained there long enough after its occupation to make the acquaintance of all the principal actors, and to witness many of the important scenes of the great drama. Not the least of his claims upon public recognition is the fact that he carried his own photographic outfit, and was not afraid to use it even in the hottest places. His book is profusely illustrated and the pictures are

of unusual interest because they show not only the principal features of the country but the troops of the various nations and arms on the march, and in action. They are well chosen as to artistic effect and scenery, are beautifully printed and are therefore a real help to the reader.

Eschewing all effort at giving a history of the country and its people, the author confines himself to an account of the "Ih-hwo-Chuan, or Ih-hwo-T'uan," which he translates, Volunteer United Fists, and which foreigners have commonly called Boxers. He points out that this society had its origin as early as 1747 during the reign of Kien-lung and in its recent action was not merely a local rising against the missionaries but a well planned crusade against all "foreign devils." He points out that it was backed to its utmost limit by the most powerful organization in China, the Buddhist monks, or Lamas, that it made its greatest strides in the provinces of Shantung and Chili, within

CHINA AND THE ALLIES. By A. Henry Savage Landor, author of "In the Forbidden Land," "Alone with the Hairy Ainu," "Corea, the Land of the Morning Calm," etc. With maps and illustrations by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons, 2 volumes, \$7.50 net.



GENERAL CHAFFEE AND AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY
[From "China and the Allies." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

three hundred miles of the capital, and as it approached the city was greatly strengthened by princes of the imperial blood, and finally by the direct protection of the Empress Dowager and the principal officers of the government. But he fails to show whether as indicated by other writers, their accession was due to active sympathy or to the pressure put upon them by the order and by the peculiar nature of the dynastic questions with which they were at that time confronted. He indulges in no speculation upon these important considerations but confines himself to the history of the order and an account of its doings during the recent crisis in China. He makes it clear that its ranks were recruited from the most fanatical and disorderly men of the provinces and that their fanaticism and activity were stimulated by the teaching of the Buddhist monks and Lamas that they who fought for the Ih-hwo-Chuan were invulnerable, and that pieces of cannon shell, rifle bullets, or the edge of the sword might strike a Boxer in any part of his person but could not penetrate or injure him in the slightest degree. Evidently this became a fundamental and widespread belief and

doubtless exerted great influence over the earlier movements of the Boxers, but the delusion did not last long, for from the first day of the actual outbreak the foreigners killed the Boxers in great numbers, and when the allied forces made their appearance, and began to fight it became evident at once to the people and the Boxers alike that they could not stand for an instant before the foreign soldiers. From the first battle which occurred in the open, the leading foreign officers looked upon it as the merest slaughter to fight the Chinese, whether Boxers or Imperial troops. No one can read the story of the siege of the Legations and the Pe-tang or of their relief by the allies, without coming to the conclusion that the overthrow of the Boxer delusion, combined with the natural cowardice of the Chinese were quite as powerful factors in the final result as the resources and courage of the allies.

The narrative under consideration gives an ample and interesting array of facts supporting this conclusion. It covers all the operations of Seymour's column, the capture of the Taku Forts, the occupation of Tientsin, the expulsion of the Boxers, the ruin and sack of the city, the composition

of the relief column, the destruction of the railroad, the battles of Pietsang and Yangtsun, the advance to Tung Chow, and the final capture of Peking. It also gives an account of the defence of the Legations and of the Petang day by day, setting forth in detail the heroic conduct of Bishop Favier, Lieut. Henry, Mr. Gamewell, Colonel Shiba and of such others as greatly distinguished themselves. It is apparent, however, that the author is far from partial to Sir Claude Macdonald, or Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, and notwithstanding the declaration of his preface—which is a model of brevity—that his aim is to give a record of events as they occurred and to avoid national or personal prejudice, he was by no means lost in admiration of General Chaffee, the

American commander. Indeed he declares that the latter marched and handled his troops badly, selected poor camps, was generally harsh and unsympathetic to his own officers and men, and that in one instance he received a staff officer of a colleague “with language not usually used by a gentleman towards a gentleman.” These declarations are made upon the author’s own responsibility and so far as the text is concerned, are not supported by authorities. They will doubtless lead to controversy. It is not possible to condense or summarize that part of the narrative, or for that matter, any other part of it without doing either the author or some one else injustice. Suffice it to say that he writes in a breezy, independent style, giving full de-



THE THRONE IN THE SUMMER PALACE

[From “China and the Allies.” Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner’s Sons.]

tails of persons and events and apparently sparing no pains to learn the truth or to tell it clearly and candidly, as he learned it. He gives the highest praise to the American line officers, especially to Colonels Liscum and Dagget, Major Quinton, Captains Meyers, Martin and Anderson, and Lieutenant Murphy. He praises the Russians and Japanese generals and soldiers in the highest terms, and while he points out the glaring defects of the American soldiers, he freely admits that

with those cured they would be easily the best in the world.

With the remark that this work, which is admirably printed and illustrated on beautiful paper, might have been concentrated with great advantage into a single volume, we commend it to the public—without assuming any responsibility whatever for its criticism of officers or individuals—as by far the most complete account of the Boxers, and the Boxer War which has yet been published. *James H. Wilson.*



INSPECTION

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DAWN

ON skies still and starlit
 White lustres take hold,
 And gray flushes scarlet,
 And red flashes gold.
 And sun-glories cover
 The rose, shed above her,
 Like lover and lover
 They flame and unfold.

—From "Racing Rhymes," by Adam Lindsay Gordon. By permission of Mr. R. H. Russell.



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LALEHAM CHURCH, IN THE YARD OF WHICH MATTHEW ARNOLD IS BURIED

SOME FAMOUS LITERARY CLANS

IV. THE ARNOLDS

(Concluded)

AT Oxford Matthew and Thomas Arnold, Jowett, John Campbell Shairp, Clough and several other young worthies formed a society called the Decade, whose custom it was to meet in Arthur Clough's rooms every Sunday at breakfast. Literary and political topics were weekly discussed over the coffee-cups. The most interesting memorial of that fellowship is Clough's poem, "The Bothie of Tober-na Vuolich," the story of whose inspiration goes in this wise: Several of the Decade had formed a reading party to go to the old Drumnadrachit Inn in the Highlands; after some of the party had set forth, Shairp, Thomas Arnold and Theodore Walrond followed in a roundabout way stopping for refreshment at a mountain hut whose name is that of the poem.

Shairp described the lone place in the midst of a deer-forest to Clough, whose imagination seized on it as the name for his heroine's home and for the title of his poem.

There is a faint resemblance between Edward Langham's character, as Mrs. Ward first presents it (and only then) in "Elsmere" and Matthew Arnold's in the days of his early manhood. The two young men Langham and Arnold seem to have drifted in similar currents away from the customs of their fathers; especially does this appear in their identical literary tastes. No doubt Langham's inveterate reading of Senancour was suggested to Mrs. Ward by her uncle's fondness for that author's work.

The quality of Matthew Arnold's intel-

lect was such as to be inevitably attracted to French literature and people; his infatuation with the world of ideas, his fine faculty for clearness of thought, and his passion for interpreting his thought in language correspondingly lucid inevitably took him across the Channel. His first place of pilgrimage there was to the valley George Sand had made famous. Later he paid homage to the novelist face to face. The meeting was long one of the beacon lights of his life, and was finally responsible for his fervent essay about her. She said of him: "Je lui faisais l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant." Renan, too, he met in France, and gained from him the inspiration for his interest and work in Celtic literature. Sainte-Beuve also was pleased with the brilliant young Englishman, and used blithely to refer to him as "Monsieur le Docteur Arnold, Directeur General de toutes les Écoles de la Grande Bretagne."

But he was not without honor in his own country. His letters to his mother and to his sister, Jane, the Fausta of his verses, are full of a boyish exuberance when they record some symposium of the elect to which he was admitted. One meeting with two of the most famous women of the day he mentions—those two being Harriet Martineau, who lived near the Arnolds, and Charlotte Brontë, which two lions he says he sent roaring to their dens at ten o'clock. Such a sentence seems an unseemly flippancy on the part of one in years the junior of those two honorable, if ancient spinsters, who at that time were assuredly Matthew Arnold's betters in fame as well as in actual achievements. He concluded the letter referring to this occasion with a long harangue about "why Miss Brontë's books do not please," declaring the reason they do not, and never will is "because of her own ill-tempered attitude towards things." Perhaps the reason her books and her person-

ality impressed him so unfavorably was because Miss Brontë chose to be unpleasant because she could foresee somehow, the unrhyme, which outWhitmans Whitman—poetry it is not—in which he was to record that meeting:

"Four years since in the house
Of a gentle spirit now dead
Wordsworth's son-in-law, friend,
I saw the meeting of two
Gifted women. The one
Brilliant with recent renown
Young, unpractised, had told
With a master's accent her feigned
Story of passionate life;
The other, maturer in fame,
Earning, she too, her praise
Widened her sweep, and surveyed
History, politics, mind."

In the epilogue of this poem Matthew Arnold confesses:

"So I sang; but the Muse,
Shaking her head, took the harp—
Stern interrupted my strain,
Angrily smote on the chords."

Small wonder indeed that she did, and no doubt, the justly indignant senses of Harriet Martineau, Currer, Acton and Ellis Bell assisted the avenging Muse in discontinuing such an offence to literature as this poem—an offence absolutely unmitigated save for some occasional grace of expression in the final stanza and three verses of the first stanza. Doubtless, it was a similar poetic perpetration that induced Mr. Saintsbury blithely to classify some of Mr. Arnold's blank verse with such inspired lines as these:

"To college in the pursuit of duty
Did I betake myself for lecture—
But very soon I got extremely wet,
For I had not put on
The ulster stout appropriate to Britain,
And my umbrella was at home!"

It is to be regretted that Matthew Arnold, whose literary perceptions and abilities were of so rare an order, should have given his intellect into bondage, as he must have done during the nine years he served as school-inspector; it is to be regretted he did not earlier find some means of livelihood which would have afforded

those mental gifts more play. The truth of the matter is that he possessed a strong leaven of that practicality he so tartly attributed to the English people, a practicality inherited from his father which asserted itself in Matthew's too willing submission to drudgery and in his occasional pedagogic utterances, and which may now be discovered in Mrs. Ward's novels—in their purposefulness that wearies, their didacticism, too weighty to be artistic, in their lack of that prime quality of great work—pervading charm that can spring only from the spontaneity and elasticity of genius and the artistic temperament which in the Arnolds are so frequently blended with a heavy, didactic seriousness, they appear to be not native gifts but acquisitions.

Many of Matthew Arnold's poems prove he might have become more worthy of ranking himself, as he so complacently did, with Tennyson and Browning, while the delightful style of the majority of the essays, the fine acumen of which they are the outward sign must make one quarrel with the apostle of sweetness and light for his half heartedness to literature, for his blunting the keen edge of his satire on matters which were really not his affairs. One might forgive his accepting after his graduation the secretaryship to Lord Landsdowne which indeed took him among the choicest intellectual and social spirits of London of that time; one might forgive the bondage of his talent during the years of school-inspecting; but surely it is an unpardonable sin against the muse of literature that he who could write so charmingly about Joubert, Heine, Milton, about criticism itself in an illuminated style that showed the mantle of Hazlitt had fallen on him, did not devote himself to the use of his fine power, to the illustrating of his wise principles of the function of literary criticism, instead of busying himself about the Bishops of Gloster

and Winchester and that other, Colenso, or the Philistinism of the United States, or the redemption of what his waggery called the Brutish Public from its triple degradation of being, forsooth, Barbarian, Philistine and Populace. Not that those irritating evils and delinquents were not fit subjects for criticism and chastisement, not that Matthew Arnold failed to accomplish noble work whose influence yet reforms and stimulates; but when one reveals the eminent power of pen, Matthew Arnold did, an innate jealousy of the literary folk would forbid incontinent dabbling in politics and other themes remote from literature, desiring more devoted consecration to the muses' service. Tennyson knew what fidelity the anointed priests should give—he wrote beseeching Arnold to make more poems like "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gypsy" and "The Forsaken Merman" and to "let such things as Literature and Dogma and God and the Bible alone."

In the beginning of his career Matthew Arnold's books did not pass with gratifying rapidity from the publishers' shelves. A story goes that the tax-commissioners once assessed him somewhat exorbitantly. He protested, saying his income was only a certain sum—that derived from his inspectorship—"but, Mr. Arnold," said they, "you write books!"

"Yes, gentlemen;" said he, "you see before you that unfortunate individual, an unpopular author."

Another story proves that this infelicitous state of affairs soon changed; Crabbe Robinson, who had said that he could never dare to be intimate with that clever young gentleman, Mr. Arnold, once asked the clever young gentleman which books had gotten him his great reputation. "But I haven't a great reputation," said Arnold. "Oh, indeed!" said Robinson; "then it must be some other Mr. Arnold who writes the books." This seems a

capricious modesty for him who used to say when he met his friends: "Did you see that article of mine in the *Contemporary*? Clever thing, isn't it?" Though indeed this latter remark was scarcely conceit or egotism, but rather the expression of an ingenuousness of nature, a kind of childish pride in achievement. Those who knew Matthew Arnold in his public career could not perfectly apprehend the beautiful character of the man's personality which revealed itself in all its sweetness within the sacred circle of his family and his close friends. His love of his children was well nigh a passion. His home-love, which extended to the very meanest flowers that grew about his garden-walks—"sweet William with his homely cottage smell, the stocks in fragrant blow, red loose strife and blond meadow-sweet," embraced even the dumb creatures whose death the poems, "Poor Matthias," "Kaiser Dead," and "Geist's Grave" so tenderly lament. During the most prosperous period of his literary life when his best essays and poems were appearing, his letters alluded as much to the doings of his little children, Tom and Budge (Trevenen Arnold), and to some new prank of the great Persian cat Atossa, as to his own successes. This fondness of Matthew Arnold for his own asserted itself also in his love of England. Dr. Arnold, too, had thought no scenery so attractive as that of his ain countree; Florence disappointed him and the Continental Cathedrals he declared could not be compared with those of England. And so thought Matthew; from Italy and Switzerland he wrote praising their beauties, but adding his yearning for that "foolish old England."

In 1884 Matthew Arnold fell a victim to that last infirmity of modern noble minds, the desire to a-lecturing. And, like his successors and predecessors, came to the very Gath of Philistinism—to America—

where he was welcomed with a warmth and an appreciation of his sweetness and light such as he had scarcely seen in Israel. During the tour his wife and children accompanied him, and several diverting episodes befell them. They traveled on passes similar to those granted to theatrical folk, and on one occasion the conductor on a train looked at the certificate Mr. Arnold handed him and said, "Oh, I see—the Arnold circus company." One would like to believe the conductor was somehow aware of Mr. Arnold's sweeping generalizations about his countrymen. Much vengeance fell also from the newspaper folk upon the lecturer. He used copious notes in his addresses; and as one of his eyes was better than the other, he usually stood at the side of a manuscript stand, bending occasionally for a word, which proceeding some sprightly critic likened to "an elderly parrot pecking at a trellis." Another periodical told that a certain divine admonished all good Christians to give at least two hours' reading to their Bibles for every one they gave to hearing Mr. Arnold. Matthew Arnold always acknowledged one debt he owed to America through the inspiration his youth had received from Emerson—a debt he delightfully and honestly discharged in one of his best lectures.

Perhaps the most terse commentary on Thomas Arnold, whose chief fame will be the radiance reflected from his father, brother, and from his daughter, is the name of his book, "*Passages in a Wandering Life*." Matthew used to call him "dear old Tom." The brothers were near an age, and were together at college and Oxford. At the university the obstinate questionings began to unsettle his mind, which characterized his later continual spiritual wanderings. He was full of dreams and schemes, even as Matthew, but these stirrings were more of a sociological and altruistic nature than his



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MATTHEW ARNOLD

[From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

brother's. His father at the time owned an estate in New Zealand of which Thomas had heard and read much and fancied more. Finally he conceived the idea that it would be a most auspicious place for a modern Utopia, and when he was only twenty-four years old he took ship for the land of his hopes—that “perfect *locale* for the true fraternity of the future, could founders and constitution-builders of the necessary genius and virtue be discovered” to assist in developing it. Among those associated with him in striving to upbuild an ideal state was that interesting personality, Browning's “Waring”—Alfred Domett. From his sojourn with Arnold on the island, Domett gained the inspiration for his poem, “Ranolf and Amohia,” using New Zealand for his landscape and a Maori girl for his heroine. Unhappily, the colony failed, and Domett gave up land travel and seafaring to return once more to London town. Thomas Arnold remained, and the family fate of being a pedagogue fell upon him. He was offered the post of school inspector of Tasmania, which he accepted, and Hobart then became his home for several years.

One of the most delightful paragraphs in his book is that which records his first meeting with her who was to be his wife and the mother of Mrs. Humphry Ward; it is like a page out of an old romance, and is one of the most spontaneous pieces of sentiment in Arnold literature. With the charming naïveté of a schoolboy's faith in love at first sight, he tells of entering a room and seeing “a beautiful young woman sitting on a sofa in a black silk gown with white berthas, red bows on the skirt of her dress; I remember as I talked to her a strange feeling came over me of having met her before, of having always known her, and as if neither the tone of her voice nor the drift of her words was unexpected.” This paragraph is all too brief, there is but a faint adumbration of

the halcyon two months that followed, and then Thomas Arnold drops into Arcadian practicality and directness, as he tells that thereafter the horse on which he had been accustomed to make his trips through the country was exchanged for a “gig” in which his wife accompanied him; and later the gig was superseded by a phaeton when the party was increased to three by the little girl, Mary Augusta, who now as the most famous living novelist of England, refers facetiously to her being an Australian. Mrs. Ward's mother, Julia Sorell, was the daughter of a Registrar of Deeds, and granddaughter of a former governor of the colony in Tasmania. She was a woman of rare beauty and culture, and when others of the clan discouraged the publication of “Robert Elsmere,” she alone was Mrs. Ward's staff and support in urging the giving of the volume to the public.

When Mrs. Ward was five years old her family returned to England. Her father was placed in the chair of English literature in the University of Dublin. Later he was master of classical studies at Birmingham in Newman's Oratory School, and finally, as his father and brother had done, he held a professorship at Oxford. There he built a house on the Banbury Road, and called it Laleham after the house of his father.

Mrs. Ward's school-days were spent in the Lake country, at a boarding-school in Clifton. But an ampler education was in store for her with her father at Oxford, where association was afforded her with such men as her uncle, Mark Pattison, Thomas Green, Lang, Saintsbury, and other latter-day worthies, not to mention her father, whose intellect was by no means mediocre, and whose literary labors, if not glorious, were at least timely and serviceable. His article on English literature in the “Encyclopedia Britannica,” his “Manual of English Literature,” and

his various editions of the classics, still win applause. Mrs. Ward's close sympathy and companionship with her father are perhaps shadowed forth in "Elsmere"; and the pilgrim soul of Thomas Arnold may well be deemed the prototype of Robert Elsmere. For the musical atmosphere of many chapters in that novel the author was probably indebted to the influence of her husband, who was long the able art and music critic of the *London Times*. It is interesting to know that some of Mrs. Ward's early work was done in assisting her husband to edit his "English Poets." The career of this latest scion in fame of the house of Arnold has been directly along the lines of her forbears, in faithful devotion to toil—drudgery, if need be—in steadfastness of purpose, in her sweet observance of domestic ties and obligations, which it were almost an impertinence to mention. Her early activities were given to the study of the language and literature of Spain—the language she taught herself—a tribute, certainly, to her desire and capacity for work which one is tempted indolently to disapprove, since man's days are few and the demands thereof manifold, and since there must have been scholars galore in Oxford who might have made the task less arduous and more profitable. Then she wrote scholarly essays for the magazines on learned topics, principally historic, notably the Visigoths. One wonders if her predilection for such a subject was a recurrence of her uncle's fondness for discussing Barbarians. Perhaps a more interesting essay, on account of its evolution, than these which appeared in the magazines was one the publishers declined, which therefore lay in a desk a long time and eventually, three years later, came out as the cornerstone of a novel built upon it, which some declared to be the greatest piece of fiction since "Adam Bede."

Before the happy morning Mrs. Ward woke and found that Mr. Gladstone and

Robert Elsmere had made her famous, she had made a few other sallies into fiction. Strangely enough after making essays on themes so serious and didactic as the Visigoths, she wrote her first story, a tale for children—"Olly and Lolly." Not only in "Eleanor" did Mrs. Ward realize the American girl's artistic possibilities; in her second story, "Miss Bretherton," the heroine is Lucy Foster's compatriot and is supposed to be a replica of Mary Anderson.

The novelist is one who needs the serenity of rural retirement as the milieu for her work. Several miles out of London, three miles from the little market village of Tring in the midst of a world of green hills is an ancient manor house called The Stocks from instruments of torture once employed in the vicinity—a testimony to the place's venerableness. Here "Bessie Costrell" and "Marcella" were written. The locality is also sacred to the poet, Waller; as a memorial to him remains the tree beneath which he used to sit, meditating the thankless muse for some happy rhyme to send to Sacharrissa—perhaps on some neighboring bush, he saw "the early bud begin to blush" which moved him to the sweet tenderness of "Go, lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time and me, etc." . . . In "Marcella" are described the wide uplands of the park, Alderbury Park, with their beeches of splendid maturity, the Scotch firs, the vast lawn and unbroken wood upon which Mrs. Ward might look out as she built the histories of Bessie Costrell and Marcella.

"Elsmere" was written in a beautiful, many windowed, many gabled house in Haslemere among the Surrey Hills, where of late years the author has been wont to seek the founts of inspiration that seem to flow for her better in some sweet retired solitude than in her London homes.

The personality of the woman who, some declare, has inherited George Eliot's

pen, is one of quiet but amiable reserve—the reserve of power of those other well-poised natures of her clan who “saw one clue to life and followed it.” It is said that at the reception given her at the London Cosmopolitan Club when “Robert Elsmere” was the most discussed book of two continents, the modest, grave woman among many women of many words was scarcely to be believed the most famous woman in the assemblage.

That “evangelizing prepossession of mind,” as Professor Woodberry so aptly defines her uncle’s good-will for the regeneration of England, which was a prime characteristic of her grandfather, expresses itself in Mrs. Ward’s active interest in the ethical and social problems of London. The Passmore Edwards Settlement and similar institutions bear the mark of her energies and her inspiration.
Anna Blanche McGill.

A DRYAD

AND she, that only haunts remote green ways,
Is it an empty freedom she doth praise ?
Doth she, distrustfully averse, despise
The common sweet of passion, apt to fault ?
And turns she from the hunger in love’s eyes
Pale famine to exalt ?
Oh no, her bosom’s maiden hope is still
A morning dewdrop, imaging complete
All life, full-stored with every generous thrill ;
No hope less perfect could her body fill,
Nor she be false to her own heart’s rich beat.
But she is pure because she hath not soiled
Hope with endeavor foiled ;
She not condemns glad love, but with the best
Enshrines it, lovelier because unpossessed.
Where is the joy we meant
In our first love, the joy so swiftly spent ?
It glows forever in her sacred breast,
Untamed to languor’s ebb, nor by hot passion rent.

O pure abstaining priestess of delight,
That treasurest apart love’s sanctity,
Art thou but vision of an antique dream,
Mated with a song’s flight,
With beckoning western gleam
Or first rose fading from an early sky ?
Yet we, that are of earth, must seek on earth
Our bodied bliss. Nay, thou hast still thine hour;
And in a girl’s life-trusting April mirth,
Or noble boy’s clear and victorious eyes,
Thou shinest with the charm and with the power
Of all that wisdom loses to be wise.

—From “Odes,” by *Laurence Binyon*. *The Unicorn Press.*



From "A Book of Remembrance"

Copyright, 1901, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

MRS. GILLESPIE IN HER HOME

[From photograph by Mathilde Weil]

BOOKS OF REMEMBRANCE

"A SOUL REMEMBERING MY GOOD FRIENDS"

THE original lady from Philadelphia, immortalized in the annals of the Peterkin family, even were she not the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, might reasonably expect the public to have an interest in her affairs. Mrs. Gillespie has done wisely in following, albeit somewhat tardily, the advice of George William Curtis that she should put into print some accounts of her experience. The *Book of Remembrance* can scarcely be termed an autobiography, for the author has throughout kept herself modestly in the background, choosing rather to dwell upon the deeds and the characteristics of her family and friends, many of whom were famous personages.

A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE. By Mrs. E. G. Gillespie. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$2.50.

There are some quaint descriptions of old Philadelphia, and many delightful anecdotes of Dr. Franklin and his daughter Sally. The latter it was who cut out the first garments made for the Revolutionary soldiers, and nearly a century later her daughter started the same work for the men of the Civil War, while her granddaughter, Mrs. Gillespie, was acting as matron of a military hospital. All this was, doubtless, a direct result of the excellent training bestowed by the great statesman on his daughter.

"He was," we are told, "especially anxious that she should never abandon any task once begun, whether through her studies or her work. On one occasion he saw her endeavoring to make a proper buttonhole. After many efforts she gave up the task in despair. Not one word or look of reproach came from her father at her failure to accomplish her object, but

the next day he said: 'Sally, I have made an arrangement with my tailor to have you go to him every day at a fixed hour. He will teach you to make buttonholes.' Sally went, and her buttonholes are now made by her descendants of the third and fourth generation."

In due time Sally was wooed and won by Richard Bache, who is described as a stern man rather dreaded by his children. One of them, however, Deborah, braved his displeasure by marrying without his consent. This offense was subsequently pardoned, and to Deborah were bequeathed, as a mark of special favor, two valuable miniatures, one a likeness of Benjamin Franklin, painted by Duplessis at the request of Louis XVI, and one of the unfortunate king himself, presented by him to her grandfather. Both of these are now in the possession of Mrs. Gillespie.

With all due regard to the prestige of her maternal ancestors, it is to her Irish father that this seventh child of Deborah and William Duane owes the ready wit and never failing optimism that through all the vicissitudes of a busy and oftentimes troublous life have never deserted her, and that pervade the *Book of Remembrance*. She seems to have been his special pet, for it is a matter of authentic record that it was his habit to rise frequently during the night to give her macaroons, which she had dubbed "gamuts." That his method of discipline was somewhat different from that of Dr. Franklin may be gathered from the following anecdote:

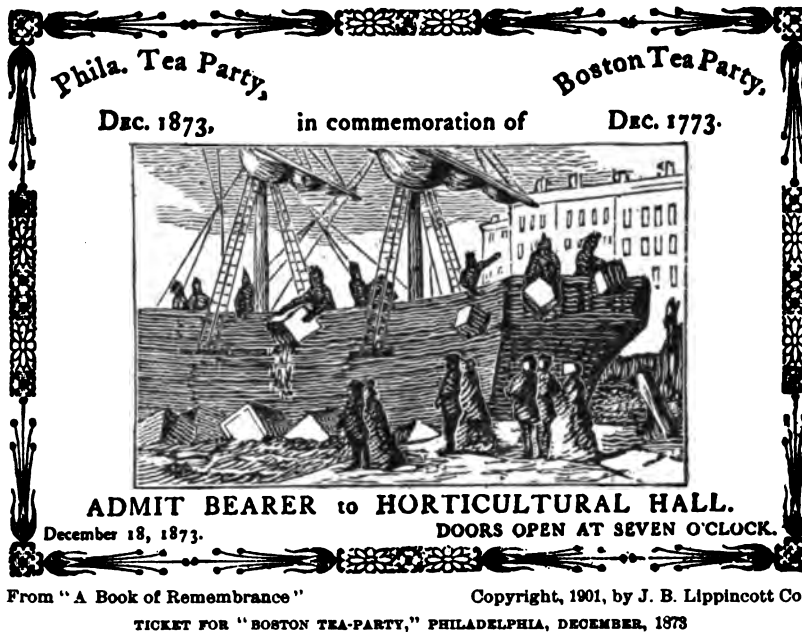
"I was about four years old when I heard from the servants that I had had a little brother who had died before I was born. I rushed to my mother and insisted upon seeing him, kicking and screaming when told I should not. As she was powerless to subdue my agony she sent for my father, who when he came said: 'My darling, would you like to go to Mrs. Mercier's for a glass of ice-cream?' My

screams ceased, my eyes were dried instantly, and in the depths of one of Mrs. Mercier's tall glasses was the sorrow for my brother's early death buried."

Mr. Duane was an intimate friend of Stephen Girard, whose will he drew up, refusing, however, to add a codicil, which would benefit himself or his family. This fact and his firmness in regard to the withdrawal of the United States funds from the National Bank at Philadelphia, where he was a member of Jackson's cabinet, prove that despite his indulgent temperament, he was not devoid of sterner virtues.

In 1839 he took his daughter "Lizzie" on her "first long journey." They went by rail to Harrisburg, thence by canal to Pittsburg, and afterwards to Cincinnati. They received everywhere such royal welcome that Mr. Duane, fearing the girl's "head would be turned," assured her that the numerous entertainments and serenades were entirely in his honor. All, however, to no purpose, for "when we were leaving, and seven bouquets were brought on the boat for me, I said: 'Poor father, you may have the serenades, I have the flowers,' and we both laughed heartily."

After her marriage, which occurred ten years later, Mrs. Gillespie lived for a time in Washington, where she developed a keen interest in politics, and found many friends, prominent among them being Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis. To one whose sympathies were strongly enlisted on both sides the declaration of war between the North and the South came fraught with peculiar tragedy. But while her allegiance and efficient service were given to the Union cause, this patriotic woman manifested towards views which she could not endorse, a spirit of tolerance but rarely met with in those days of bitterness. The unflagging zeal which she subsequently brought to the perform-



ance of her duties as chairman of the Women's Centennial Executive Committee, was inspired in a large measure by the hope that in labor for a common end the last remnant of sectional hatred would disappear.

Seven years spent in Europe were filled with interesting experiences; for the name of Franklin was an open sesame even in court circles. Although his granddaughter disclaims her ability to give any sort of description of the places she visited and the art treasures she viewed, there are indications that this shrinking is not due to an attitude of extreme reverence. Not only does she boldly assert that the Sistine Madonna is the only one she ever saw "with an expression of intelligence and consequently of beauty," but also relates that upon one occasion she so forgot herself as to "say 'you' to a queen."

But no mere summary of its contents can give any adequate idea of the charm of this little volume. Far more valuable for "remembrance" than even the record

of a well-spent life set forth with a delicious naïveté, yet with a delicate reserve, is the gracious personality of the writer which dominates every page. It is, indeed, evident that she "loves her kind, and that her kind has been faithful and loving to her."

E. J. Hulbert.

MRS. GILBERT'S REMINISCENCES

THERE is a certain fascination about stage life, even for those who have only a spectator's interest in the play, due to the element of mystery attending those who are constantly parading before us and who yet are forever hiding behind the words and deeds of some imaginary character. Their own personalities serve as a sort of substratum for the characteristics of these creatures of fancy—remaining unknown in their own real essence

THE STAGE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GILBERT. Edited by Charlotte M. Martin. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

quite as if they were the "things-in-themselves" of metaphysics. We have a natural curiosity to know what is the reality behind the "fleeting phenomena" of the play.

It is into this land of conjecture—into the charmed region of the half-known—that Mrs. Gilbert takes us, chatting familiarly of places and people, and giving a human reality to names which to many of us were names only. It is no wonder that we are interested in the book from the first page to the last, when we are being told personal anecdotes of some of the most interesting actors of the past generation and of this, and turning the pages find reproduced quaint, old-time photographs of them—with which the book is liberally full.

Mrs. Gilbert gives a most interesting account of her early life in England and her training in ballet dancing as a child—of her coming to America with her hus-

band in a sailing vessel and the loss of their money in a frontier settlement "beyond Milwaukee," which they reached by prairie wagon—and then of her first beginnings as an actress. Through all this, in spite of the modest charm with which it is told, may be seen the qualities which have made her success so well deserved—the incessant work, the quick and keen observation, and above all, the womanliness and sweetness which have won such warm affection for her wherever she has acted.

The most significant thing about her earlier experiences is the amount of work which she performed. In those days the star traveled from place to place where there were stock companies to support him, and the members of the company knew what parts they were to take only from day to day. "We would get the



From Mrs. Gilbert's "Reminiscences." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WILLIAM DAVIDGE

[From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.]



From Mrs. Gilbert's "Reminiscences." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WILLIAM WARREN

[From a photograph by Ritz, Boston. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.]



From Mrs. Gilbert's "Reminiscences."

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MR. AND MRS. GILBERT AND THEIR SON GEORGE

[Taken in 1852. From the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.]

Tuesday part on the Monday, have perhaps a bit of Monday afternoon, and Monday night after the performance, for study, have a rehearsal on Tuesday morning, play the part on Tuesday night, and then begin work on another part for Wednesday." On one occasion, in the support of William E. Burton, Mrs. Gilbert tells of her playing *Mrs. Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer" when—"I did not know a line of the part, had never seen it acted, and had no idea how to dress it." If, as Sir Henry Irving said, "the ease and naturalness and all" was due to her practice in ballet dancing as child, then the more serious elements in her success were due to the severity of this training in unceasing repertory.

Her first real hit was in John Brongham's "Pocahontas" where she did the

Dromajah with an impromptu dance, and the *Tuscarora School-marm*. Miss Gilbert was thirty before she began to act, and then she was willing to take any and every part, congenial and appropriate or not, and do her best with it, not for her own ambition, but simply because that was the thing to do. This readiness to work, joined with her second chief quality, that of observation, often brought the reward of a great opportunity.

"It was in the year of the *Tuscarora School-marm* that I did *Lady Macbeth* in Edwin Booth's support. My playing *Lady Macbeth* was not so strange as it sounds. In my years of training I had filled many of the characters in the play, and had lived the rest, for my eyes and ears seemed to take in everything. Beginners in 'Macbeth' were sent on as attendant witches, and there I made my start. Then I had been the boy *Donalbain*, and a guest at the banquet, and the gentle-

woman who attends the queen. I had even done all the apparitions, one after the other. And that's no laughing matter! To be several ghosts in rapid succession, and give an individual expression and voice to each, takes thought and study, I can tell you. So doing *Lady Macbeth* herself was only moving a little higher in scenes already familiar to me, and I got on pretty well."

But it is after her joining the Daly company in 1869 that Mrs. Gilbert has the most interesting things to tell us. There are many famous names linked with Mr. Daly's which she has occasion to write about: but the most interesting name she mentions is Mr. Daly's own. Mrs. Gilbert recounts the difficulties which the famous manager had in getting started; she gives a record of all the principal plays he produced and tells of his methods in rehearsing them: she shows him in his home life—in his trials with his company—in his success abroad. And here, as often, Mrs. Gilbert shows a true sense of humor.

"The English audiences were always good to us, though their critics were sometimes severe on our plays, and the country at large gasped at the liberties that Mr. Daly took with Shakespeare. It was bad enough that a 'foreign'—especially an American—company should come to England and play Shakespeare without saying 'by your leave'; but that an American manager should 'adapt' Shakespeare, and so render his comic rôles that they were actually funny, was almost beyond belief. I have seen an audience there convulsed with laughter over Catherine Lewis and James Lewis in 'Twelfth Night,' and then suddenly pull itself together as if ashamed to be caught finding amusement in an English classic."

Indeed, the latter half of the book is as much a bright and sketchy biography of Augustin Daly as it is a delightfully artless autobiography of Mrs. Gilbert. It was Mr. Daly's practice to let the "principals" work out their own ideas, but "he was very exacting in his training of the subordinates," and "everything had to pass his final approval before it could

stand." His chair was at the side of the stage, though he himself was generally in and among them all, doing more work than all the rest. "I have seen him help shift a scene, and then come down to the front again with his hands dirty, and his face dirty too, sometimes, and go on with his work without a thought of himself. Then the day would come when his chair would disappear from its usual place, and we knew we were in for our hardest trial, for the 'Governor' was out in front. The front of the house would be all dark, and we could never see him, but we could hear his voice—now from the orchestra chairs, now from the gallery—whenever anything did not go quite right." In the early days, before his reputation was made, or his company thoroughly trained, he perched himself "up among the flies on the great rack that the scene-painters use for their work, with his head over the edge, watching every action on his stage, night after night," while none of his company knew that he was there.

The account Mrs. Gilbert gives of the methods and manners of Mr. Daly is perhaps the most interesting portion of the book. She has the rare gift of being loyal without being partial. The difficulties between Daly and James Lewis are told with the instinct of a diplomat; and in her final comments on the character of each of these two men whose names are most closely associated with her own, she shows that insight into character which is one of the chief things which makes her book worth reading:

"Lewis wanted to do just the parts that he knew he could do, and the sympathy of the audience was absolutely necessary to him. He was what one calls 'difficult' in spite of his naturally sweet nature. Still, if he put a high value upon himself and his work, he proved his right to do so. We played opposite parts for nearly thirty years, and I grew to be very fond of him. When he died so suddenly, I hardly had the heart to take up the old rôles again."



From Mrs. Gilbert's "Reminiscences." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

J. WILKES BOOTH

[From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.]

And later, speaking of Mr. Daly :

"I was fond of the 'Governor'; when I knew him first he was so brilliant, so versatile, so undaunted by failure. I watched him go through so much, saw him put heart and soul into everything he did, and often loose everything but his splendid courage. I saw him make mistakes and retrieve them, build up fortunes and spend them, and in those early days he never lost his wonderful resourcefulness. He changed afterward in many ways, and I dare say I changed too. Perhaps I am too jealous for the old company, but I cannot help feeling that all the comic-opera business of later years, with the crowd of pretty faces and young actresses 'to be placed' was a step down for Mr. Daly."

As this book is just a succession of



From Mrs. Gilbert's "Reminiscences." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

JOHN BROUGHAM

[From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., taken in 1861. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.]

reminiscences told by Mrs. Gilbert to Mrs. Martin, it has both the advantages and limitations of mere conversation. Many of the things told are of little consequence, but none of them are dull. Even in the tragic importance which Mrs. Gilbert assigns to her getting from Rochester to Mr. Daly's house in time to see the old year out, there is an interesting study in the ways of the "artistic temperament," more valuable because so unconsciously revealed; while in many of the criticisms and side comments the book rises above what would be naturally expected of a mere histrionic insight, and here also acquires an element of lasting value.

Henry David Gray.

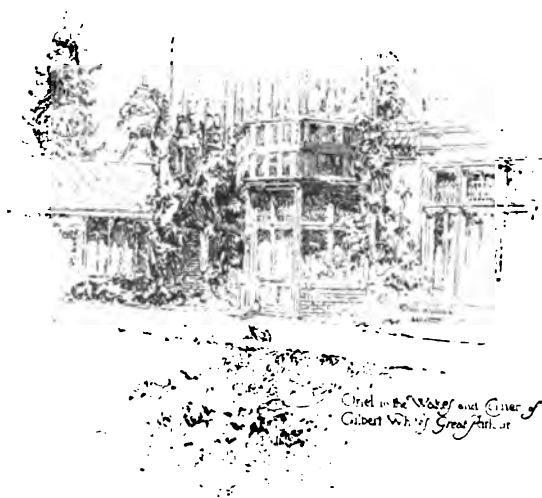


From Gilbert White's "Selborne." Copyright, 1901, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

A BEAUTIFUL "SELBORNE"

A NEW edition of Gilbert White's *Selborne* does not call for critical comment. Its author was long ago numbered among the immortals. This book, like Walton's "Angler," is beyond praise; it is one of the chief delights of English literature. No list of the "best one hundred books" is complete or worthy of consideration or respect without it.

THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White. Edited by R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D. and A. GARDEN KALENDAR, with an Introduction by the Very Rev. Dean Hole. With 140 illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Co., 2 volumes, 8vo, \$20, net.



From Gilbert White's "Selborne." Copyright 1901, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

There is never an overproduction of such books as this. To say that this new edition of *Selborne* is profusely illustrated does not convey a just idea of its pictorial delights. In all there are ninety-eight full page sketches and photogravures and sixty-six smaller illustrations. The frontispiece of volume one is a colored engraving of Thomas Pennant, Esq., after a painting by Gainsborough; while volume two has as frontispiece a portrait of the Hon. Daines Barrington, reproduced from the engraving by C. Knight, after Slater.

In each volume there is a reproduction of one of Gilbert White's letters to his friend, Thomas Pennant. As reproductions of old and worn manuscripts, these two letters are capital examples of the skill of paper-maker and photographer. If they were scented with the odor of age they could easily pass as originals. The full-page illustrations are in greater part made up of photogravures of birds and animals from the brush and pencil of J. G. Keulemans; Herbert Railton has supplied very many of his feathery and beautiful sketches of the principal points of interest about Selborne, and Edmund J. Sullivan has contributed

a number of imaginative drawings, illuminating the text.

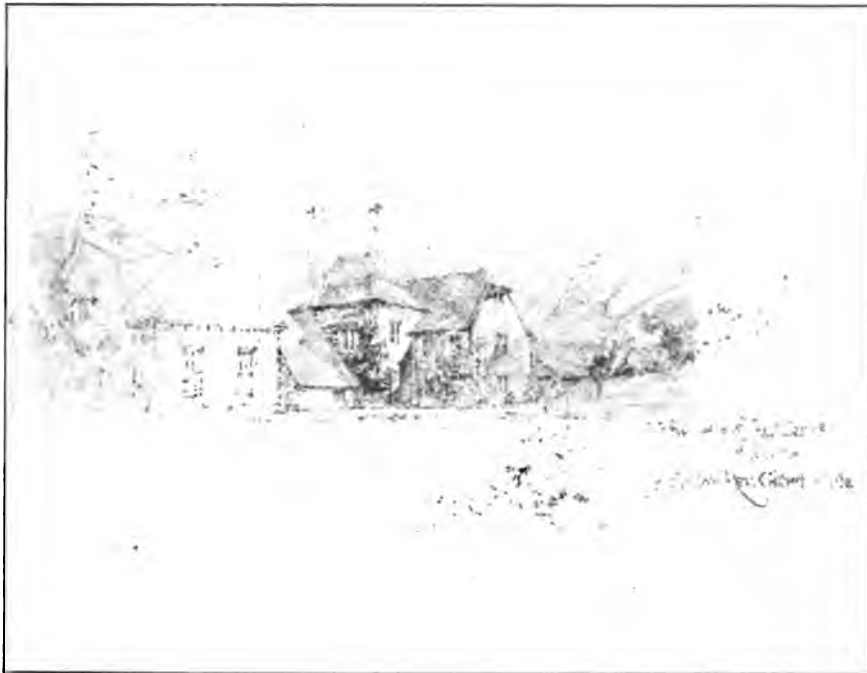
It is remarked in the text that no portrait of Gilbert White has been included because none was known to exist. A recent "Life" by a descendant of Mr. White supplies a portrait, but in these pages Edward J. Sullivan has attempted to supply this deficiency by drawing upon the imagination, supplemented, as he says, by such characteristics as Gilbert White unconsciously displayed, and by such descriptions of his dress and personal appearance as have been handed down to us. Here, then, we have our beloved author taking time from his sun-dial, examining his weather glass, at work in his garden, writing to Mr. Pennant, and visiting his neighbor's peacocks.

Here, then, in the way of illustration, we have the birds and animals that Gilbert White loved so well, portraits of his friends, interior and exterior views of his

home and the church of which he was pastor, photographic duplicates of his letters, views of the principal points of interest about Selborne, and Mr. Sullivan's imaginative sketches.

Of the text little need be said. The editor, R. Bowlder Sharpe, carefully collated the text of the original edition with that ordinarily published. He found many variations in the readings, which he restored to their original form, as issued by the author. The editor was also able to add much matter of interest to the lovers of Gilbert White. The Reverend S. Reynolds Hole, dean of Rochester, has supplied a kindly introduction to the author's "Garden Kalendar."

It is pleasant to learn from the editor that Gilbert White's old house, "The Wakes," still stands in the village street; that his brew-house, his stables, the study in which he wrote the "Letters" to Pennant and Barrington, his bedroom, his



From Gilbert White's "Selborne."

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*To Thomas Pennant Esq
Gilbert White.*

From Gilbert White's "Selborne." Copyright, 1901, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

kitchen, and the room in which he breathed his last, remain about as he left them over a hundred years ago. We can only take exception to one of the editor's statements. He says that "White is as far over the heads of the majority of the present generation of children as he was over the heads of the generation in which he lived." A passage in William Cobbett's "Rural Rides" appears to contra-

dict this statement. Shortly after Gilbert White's death, William Cobbett was passing near the village of Selborne. When "going from Hawkly to Greatham, the man who went to show me the way told me, at a fork, 'that road goes to Selborne.' This," said Cobbett, "put me in mind of a book which was once recommended to me, but which I never saw, 'The History and Antiquities of Selborne,' written by a

parson of the name of White. . . . The book was mentioned to me as a work of great curiosity and interest." Books which were "over the heads of the generation in which he [the author] lived" are not usually "recommended," nor are

they mentioned as works of great "curiosity and interest."

An especially desirable feature of this edition is a bibliography of Gilbert White's works by C. Davies Sherborn.

F. J. W.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE interest in literary criticism is certainly not so strong as it once was, for we lack such a dominating personality as Matthew Arnold and one or two of his contemporaries; but quite recently several volumes of essays on literary topics have been published, which, if not enjoying a sweeping publicity, serve to rouse the prejudices of the reviewers, who all have their own cliques. Of course there is a great deal of inter-dining in public nowadays, which has taken the place of the pot-house, for the smaller fry, and the salons, for the great ones, of an earlier day, but literary "circles" in London are just as jealous of one another as ever; and are full of contempt for one another's protégés. One of the most popular of magazine essayists is Mr. Herbert Paul, whose "Men and Letters" were issued by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Paul is one of the modern race of University educated journalists, for he is an Oxford man and was President of the Union, which is a stepping-stone to greater assemblies in public life. He is an ardent Liberal of the Gladstonian brand, and represented an Edinburgh division in Parliament from 1892 to 1895. He writes leaders for the *Daily News*, which is now edited by Mr. Lehmann, a Cambridge man, and is called "pro-Boer" by its opponents.

The revival of interest in William Hazlitt is really an example of the return to the literary essay. It has been hinted at for some time, on the basis of the mono-

graph which Mr. Birrell has written about him for the Blackwoods, and now seems certain in the announcement that Dent is to publish a new edition of his entire works in twelve large volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Arnold Glover and Mr. A. R. Waller, the latter of whom was responsible for the volumes of Montaigne's *Essays in the Temple classics*. I should think the task would be a very big one, for Hazlitt wrote in many papers anonymously. Thus a selection of speeches at country meetings delivered in 1821-22 which have been attributed to him have been declared by his grandson to have been somebody else's. Hazlitt's dramatic work, which has a most remarkable touch of modernity about it, is known to modern readers through the selections which were published a few years ago by Mr. William Archer, and his friend, Mr. R. W. Lowe, who knows more about the bibliography of the nineteenth-century English stage than anybody. During his life Hazlitt published twenty-four books, and four posthumous volumes edited by his son appeared. His grandson, Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, who was born four years after the great critic's death, published an injudicious volume on his house in 1897, entitled "Four Generations of a Literary Family." Last year he issued a little book on "Lamb and Hazlitt." Mr. Henley is to write an introduction for the Dent edition of Hazlitt.

Mr. George Gissing, after years of hard

fighting to get a hearing, celebrates his majority as a writer by suddenly appearing in three different aspects at the same time, for he is at work as a critic on the Methuens' "Rochester" edition of Dickens, he has written a book of travel, "By the Ionian Sea" (for he is an enthusiastic Greek scholar), and his new novel of political life, entitled, "Our Friend the Charlatan," is in the hands of Chapman & Hall.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is the modern Pepys, for his diaries, which Mr. John Murray issues, seem to be interminable. Sir Mountstuart, who has just celebrated his seventy-second birthday, is the son of the historian of the Mahrattas, while his brother, who took the name of Ainslie, has written several books, and his nephews, the young Ainslies, are all literary, one of them being a dramatic critic in London. Sir Mountstuart has had a wide experience of affairs. He has sat in Parliament for fourteen years; he was governor of Madras from 1881 to 1886 and he has been Under Secretary of State for two departments. He used, I believe, to write a letter every week to the Empress Frederick, keeping her in touch with English public life, and he is one of the few politicians whom the *Times* was in the habit of reporting verbatim when he addressed his constituents. He lives now mostly in London, where he takes a warm interest in several learned societies, notably the Geographical and the Historical.

The announcement that Mr. Murray's famous guide-books have been transferred to Mr. Edward Stanford, the well-known geographical publisher, marks a milestone in nineteenth-century publishing and another in the specialization of the art as practiced in the twentieth. The famous handbooks really originated with John Murray the second, who published in 1820 a "Guide to Travelers on the Continent,"

but the present series did not take shape until his son, the third John Murray, set out in 1829 for his three years' trip on the Continent. The difficulties which he encountered in his wanderings (during which he delivered the dedication of Byron's "Marino Faliero" to Goethe in person and interviewed Metternich) impressed him so much that he decided to issue guide-books, and opened with his own handbook to Holland, Belgium and the Rhine in 1836. Some of the series have become famous and the first editions exceedingly rare. Since that day Baedeker and many other rivals have arisen, and the amount of topographical literature that is published nowadays is overwhelming. Mr. Stanford, who has just built the most magnificent publishing establishment in Long Acre, as a supplementary house to the building in Charing Cross, has unique facilities for dealing with geography, so that there will certainly be no falling off in the high quality of the handbooks. The present Mr. John Murray was one of the London publishers who arranged to go to the Publishers' Congress in Vienna in June.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has finished writing his autobiography, has been so concerned lest the contents of it might become public property that he has had the printing done by more than one firm. Mr. Spencer, however, has been completely unveiled in Mrs. Linton's biography, where a letter from him is printed showing that he suggested her writing a violent attack on Professor Drummond's "Ascent of Man." Mr. Spencer has always been so reticent, and he has been so much respected even by his opponents, that it is a pity he should have shown his hand in attacking Drummond, who really did not appeal to the experts at all, but to the great religious public, which had looked so askance at all science. Mr. Spencer, who celebrated his eighty-first birthday in

April, made his first mark by the letters on the "Proper Sphere of Government," which he first contributed to the *Non-conformist* in 1842.

The death of Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, is another striking proof of how quickly the Victorian era is vanishing. The Duchess, who was born on June 1, 1819—that is to say, a few days after the late Queen (at whose wedding she was one of the bridesmaids)—was an extraordinarily interesting grand lady of the old school, with a fine inheritance of brains. Her aunt was the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, who figures so picturesquely in Kingslake's "Eothen." Her brother, the fifth Earl Stanhope, is still remembered as the historian of England in the period 1713 to 1783. He was one of the founders of our National Portrait Gallery, and helped to secure the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which has done much excellent work. The Duchess made a very popular match when she married Lord Dalmeny, the father of Lord Rosebery. She became a widow in 1851, and three years later married Lord Harry Vane, who succeeded to the now extinct dukedom of Cleveland. Her extraordinary age may be gauged from the fact that in 1846 she published a story called "The Spanish Lady's Love," and that Lockhart praised it in the *Quarterly Review*. In 1889 she published, through Mr. Murray, three big volumes giving the "Roll of Battle Abbey," which her husband had bought from the family of Webster. She spent years upon the work, and in an admirable preface showed that she had ideas and could set them down with vigor. For instance, she declared it to be a "lamentable belief that money stands in lieu of everything else, and that the transmitted splendor of a venerated name, or honors gained in the field, or at the council board, weigh but lightly in the scale which is easily turned by gold." The

Duchess was not, however, a snob; she simply weighed men in point of brains, and in this her only living son, Lord Rosebery, did not disappoint her. One of her daughters married Lord Leconfield, whose family, the Wyndhams, "have shown remarkable literary talent." Older than the Duchess by three years is Philip James Bailey, whose death is being constantly reported. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bailey, despite his eighty-five years, is still well, although he is becoming feeble. It is sixty-two years since he published "Festus," which made a great success in America, although, I fear, very few people read it to-day.

The sale of the first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" at Sotheby's the other day for £1,475 has been the most exciting event in the history of the hammer for some time. Macaulay assured his readers nearly fifty years ago that not a single copy of the first edition (which was issued at eighteen pence) was known to be in existence. But since then five copies have been discovered. The bidding for the recent copy was quite international, Mr. B. F. Stevens, the American agent, fighting Mr. S. C. Cockerell, one of Morris's associates on the Kelmscott Press. Mr. Cockerell ultimately won the day by outbidding Mr. Stevens by £25, so that this rare Bunyan remains with us yet awhile. Speaking of sales, I am reminded that the husband of Mrs. Voynich, the author of "The Gadfly" and "Jack Raymond," is one of the most successful second-hand book-sellers in London.

Every day the fashion of setting up memorials to men of letters gains strength. The late Mr. R. D. Blackmore is to be commemorated by a marble tablet and a memorial medallion in Exeter Cathedral, the work being done by Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, who is a constant contributor to "Notes and Queries" and has designed the Celtic cross over Max Müller's grave

at Oxford. The Mayor of Lichfield invites donations of Johnson relics for the museum which is being established in the house where Johnson was born. Lichfield has become quite a shrine for Johnsonians, who keep the lexicographer's memory green in London by their meetings at the Cheshire Cheese, which stands in the very heart of what may be called the Johnson country. This year the Johnson Club spent their annual holiday at Lichfield, which is only 118 miles from London. The Johnson Museum was opened at Whitsuntide so that within a comparatively small distance we have museums devoted to Johnson, Cowper, Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Charlotte Brontë. On May 13 the light in the William Black Memorial Tower at Duart Point, on the Island of Mull, was shown for the first time. The Northern lighthouse commissioners (with whom Stevenson's family had so much to do and who control the Black Memorial Tower) describe the light officially as "a group flashing light showing three flashes in quick succession every fifteen seconds." The late Archibald Forbes is to be commemorated by a tablet at King's College, Aberdeen, where he was educated.

On the other hand, literary memorials are constantly being destroyed for many reasons. Thus, much of the Wordsworth country has been spoiled by modern civilization, as, for example, when the rocks on the banks of Lake Thirlmere vanished before the Manchester water scheme. Some of the inhabitants of Windermere are, however, up in arms against schemes which would send tramways through their

beautiful district, and the "National Trust for Places of Historical Interest or Natural Beauty" is making a great effort to rescue, at a cost of £7,000, the historic tract of land on Derwentwater, made famous by the water parties that Southey used to take there. At present the Derwentwater shores are entirely in the hands of private owners and there are only three or four public landing-places. Birmingham (which stands for prose) is on the point (not inappropriately) of drowning out the house of Cwm Elan in Radnorshire, associated with the poet Shelley. It was here in 1812 that Shelley brought poor Harriet Westbrook, with whom he consoled himself for the loss of Harriet Grove, whose uncle owned the estate. He commemorated the place in some beautiful verses which appeared in Dowden's *Life*. But Birmingham must have a good supply of water, so Cwm Elan will disappear. A critic has rather aptly remarked that seekers after coincidences might find food for reflection in the fact that Harriet Westbrook drowned herself, that Shelley too was drowned, and that the house where they began their ill-starred marriage is to disappear at the bottom of a lake.

We have had a very dull theatrical season, ending prematurely in several revivals. One of the most interesting newcomers is young Mr. Gerald du Maurier, whose *Don Cæsar de Bazan* play, produced under the title of a "A Royal Rival," is picturesque if not very strong. We must wait until the autumn for the good new plays—one by Mr. Carton, one by Mr. Jones and one by Mr. Pinero being promised.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

AN event of more than usual importance occurred in London last month. For the first time in the history of the London auction room, a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" came up for sale. There are several interesting features about this little volume which are of great interest to the collector. First of all the book is a small one—measuring only 5 15-16 by 3 3/4—not a particularly handsome book—in form—but a good specimen of typography for those days. It is so rare that not an absolutely perfect copy is known, although this one sold at Sotheby's, is reasonably perfect, besides containing some unique features. The engraved portrait, by R. White, of Bunyan, was always supposed to belong only to the third edition, issued in 1679. The frontispiece represents Bunyan dreaming, with a view of the city in the background labelled "Vanity." Curiously enough in the portrait generally accompanying the third edition, the word is "Destruction" instead of "Vanity." Evidently the word was changed to be more in conformity with the allegory.

The copy mentioned above was given to Jane Fleetwood by her uncle. It then came into the possession of a certain Ann Palmer, who was adopted by the sisters of Dr. Fleetwood, the Bishop of St. Asaph. It then came into the possession of William Nash, of Upton Court, Slough, who gave it to the late T. A. Nash. At the sale it fetched 1475 guineas, or about \$7,375, a higher price, with but one exception, than the First Folio Shakespeare ever brought, and a great credit to the enthusiasm of its purchaser.

Strangely enough the book was passed through one or two intervening hands and now is safely ensconced in the library of an American collector. Altogether its price is an illustration of the fact that given an excessively rare book, as this must be counted, it will always bring a high price, if enough people want it at the same time.

A curious coincidence has come to light since the sale of Poe's "Tamerlane," first edition, last autumn, by John Anderson, Jr.

The coincidence is this: At the sale of the McKee library, the copy appeared for the third time in the auction room, and there were present, first, the man who originally discovered it on an old book stall in Boston, and sold it by auction at Libbie's, and who was present at the second time it was offered. Secondly, the auctioneer who had

sold it twice before sold it for the third time. Third, the owner of the only other copy known was present and was the underbidder for this, subsequently buying it from the bookseller who purchased it at the McKee sale. There is only one other dramatic thing that can happen to this book, viz.: that a third copy should come up for sale, and be owned by the purchaser of the other two.

The sale in London the other day of Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus," 1611, for £610 and "Pericles" (1619) for (£100), has brought into prominence the extreme rarity of the Shakespeare quartos as well as the scarcity of the first folio in perfect condition.

It is not so very many years ago that £610 would have been a fair price to pay for the first folio, while the Daniel copy, sold in 1864, fetched only £716. Not since the Daniel sale has any considerable number of quartos turned up. Although later ones, issued prior to 1623, do come up for sale, the number of originals is astonishingly small. The high prices fetched at the Daniel sale in 1864 drew attention to these rarities and ever since there has been a steady increase in their value.

Strangely enough, in the early part of the last century little was thought of these rarities. "Love's Labour Lost," 1598, brought only £26; Merchant of Venice, 1600, £16; Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600, £4.10s., and the first folio, 1623, only £110.5s. Going still further back to the auction room of Christie's in 1804, we find Hamlet, 1611, bringing only £9.9s.; King Lear, 1608, £15.15s.; Pericles, 1611, £16.16. And a set of the first four folios, dated respectively 1623, 1634, 1664, 1684, realized the enormous lump sum of £73.10!

We have compiled a list, largely made up of perfect copies only, of the eighteen quartos issued before the publication of the first folio with the following interesting result: Richard II, London, 1597, Daniel copy (1863), fetched £341.55, and no other has come up for sale since. Richard III, London, 1597, Daniel copy (1863), fetched £351.15, and none since. Love's Labour Lost, London, 1598, Daniel copy (1863), £346.10. Perkins (1889), £70 (a poor copy), Gaisford (1890), £140. Romeo and Juliet, London, 1599, Daniel (1863), £52.10. Perkins (1889), £164; showing a decided advance, while the Brayton Ives (1891) copy of the fourth edition (no date) fetched £535. No copy of

Henry IV. first edition seems to have come up for sale. Daniel (1863), of the second edition 1599, fetched £115, and the Perkins (1889) copy of the third fetching £225. Henry V, Daniel (1863), fetched £231, and no other copy since being recorded as coming up for sale. The Merchant of Venice (1600), Daniel copy (1863), fetching £99.15. Tite (1874), £27.10; Perkins (1889), £121; Puttick's (1890), \$270; Sotheby's (1897), £315. The Roxburghe (1812) copy fetching £2.14. Much Ado About Nothing (1600); Daniel (1863), £267.15 (a price never since equalled). A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600; Daniel (1863), £241.10; Brayton Ives' copy (1891), fetching \$725; The Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, Daniel (1863), £346.10; Gaisford (1890), £385. Hamlet, 1603, first edition: 1604, second edition: 1605, third edi-

tion, there is no record of a copy being offered. Not until the fourth edition, 1611, does Mr. Daniel seem to have been able to secure a copy—his fetching £28.7. Tite (1874), £33; King Lear, 1608: Daniel (1863), £28.8; Tite (1874), £11. Puttick's (1890), £40; Sotheby's (1894), £100; Pericles, 1609; Daniel (1863), £84; Tite (1874), £53.10; Perkins (1889), £60; Troilus and Cressida, 1609; Daniel (1863), £114.9; Perkins (1889), £30; Titus Andronicus, 1611; Daniel (1863), £31.10; Tite (1874), £18.10; Perkins (1889), £35; Henry VI (no date), no copy was in Daniel's sale. Perkin's (1889) copy fetched £50; Othello, 1622: Daniel (1863), fetched £155; Perkins (1889), £30; King John, 1611. No copy in the Daniel sale, but an imperfect one was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's (1889) for £11, very imperfect.

Ernest Dressel North.

THE DAGUERRETYPE

THIS, then, is she,
My mother as she looked at seventeen,
When she first met my father. Young incredibly,
Younger than spring, without the faintest trace
Of disappointment, weariness, or tear
Upon the childlike earnestness and grace
Of the waiting face.

God, how thy ways are strange!
That this should be, even this,
The patient head
Which suffered years ago the dreary change!
That these so dewy lips should be the same
As those I stooped to kiss
And heard my harrowing half-spoken name,
A little ere the one who bowed above her,
Our father and her very constant lover,
Rose stoical, and we knew that she was dead.
Then I, who could not understand or share
His antique nobleness,
Being unapt to bear
The insults which time flings us for our proof,
Fled from the horrible roof,
Into the alien sunshine merciless,
The shrill satiric fields ghastly with day,
Raging to front God in his pride of sway

—From "Poems," by William Vaughn Moody.

And hurl across the lifted swords of fate
That ringed Him where He sat
My puny gage of scorn and desolate hate
Which somehow should undo Him, after all!
That this girl face, expectant, virginal,
Which gazes out at me
Boon as a sweetheart, as if nothing loth
(Save for the eyes, with other presage stored)
To pledge me troth,
And in the kingdom where the heart is lord
Take sail on the terrible gladness of the deep
Whose winds the gray Norns keep,—
That this should be indeed
The flesh which caught my soul, a flying seed,
Out of the to and fro
Of scattering hands where the seedsman Mage,
Stooping from star to star and age to age
Sings as he sows!
That underneath this breast
Nine moons I fed
Deep of Divine unrest,
While over and over in the dark she said,
"Blessed! but not as happier children blessed"—
Even she . . .
God, how with time and change
Thou makest thy footsteps strange!

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CURRENT LITERATURE

"THE CRISIS"

DURING the busiest season of the year for me—and certainly it seemed on quite the most occupied day of that season—*The Crisis* was put in my hand for review. As the editor—like all editors—pressed me for an immediate consideration, I so arranged matters as to reach the book in the early afternoon, and I can convey the impression it produced upon me in no better way than by saying that I did not put it down, save for a hasty dinner, until I had finished it late in the evening.

I was fascinated with the story, and yet I realized, as I read it, that I was doing the book an injustice—that it was not a book which was meant to be devoured in that sweeping and continuous manner—but I simply could not help it. I could not lay it aside. I have not often read a book which so interested and pleased me. Mr. Churchill has scored a veritable triumph. The success of "Richard Carvel" and that delightful *jeu d'esprit*, "The Celebrity," led us to expect much, but, frankly, not quite so much as *The Crisis* gives us.

It is, in my judgment, a marked and distinct advance on everything he has done. It is so good, indeed, that I call it, after due deliberation, a great novel. This is a word which is lightly applied, as a rule, and usually signifies nothing. In this case, however, I intend to convey the original meaning of the phrase, and I do not say it lightly. I admit that the style of the book does remind one of Thackeray, but not unpleasantly, and the master has not

been followed slavishly in these American pages.

The Civil War has furnished the theme, or background, or scene, for numberless stories and romances, but none of them are like this. Other books deal with episodes; this is filled with the very spirit of the time. The crisis that was, in history, is the crisis that is, in this book. And yet it is not a war novel in the ordinary sense. There are no details of carnage, stories of battle. The author does not seek to rival Stephen Crane, for instance; and yet the pregnant period, with its conflicting passions, interests, emotions, hopes, fears, is there, and you live with it and are a part of it all. It was a stroke of genius to lay the scene in St. Louis, and to bring together the contrasting racial types of men and women. To be sure, they are old types in life and in history, but to bring them together in such a masterly way was another evidence of Churchill's talent.

We waste adjectives and phrases upon inferior books, and when something really good comes along we have nothing to apply to it but those that have become hackneyed and lost their meaning through misuse; but this book is a human document. The characters live, move, and have a being. Brice is a manly, splendid fellow; the old Colonel is the beau ideal of Southern chivalry; Silas Whipple—why, we know men just like him! And as for Virginia, there is nothing to be said in derogation of her charming personality but that the author will call her "Jinny"—hideous word!

Of the historical characters the portraiture of Abraham Lincoln is very fine. True, there is almost a deification of the man in the delineation, but the exaggeration is, perhaps, pardonable; at any rate

THE CRISIS. A novel. By Winston Churchill. With illustrations by H. C. Christy. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

the fault is in the right direction. In that picture of the great martyr is the use of the book. He is not dragged in like a piece of scenery, either. I dare say that many people will be led to study Abraham Lincoln from the author's brilliantly deft description of him, and of the issues in which he took part; people to whom so called "serious books"—serious, being the name for a certain kind of history, which is deadly dull, what Carlyle would call "dryas-dust"—make no appeal!

And the Americanism of it all is so sturdy and splendid. It warms the heart to read it.

The book is above all other things a tactful book. It treats of a period the memory of which is still fresh in many minds. The bitterness of experience has not yet died out, whatever theorists may say. You never have any doubt as to Mr. Churchill's views, as to his position, as to the side he undoubtedly espouses; yet that position is taken, those views expressed, with such exquisite tact, with such generous and affectionate regard for those who differ, that no one could take offence. Indeed, that is hardly the correct phrase. No one could fail to be pleased. This is not theory; I gave the book to one of the most vehement of the still unreconstructed, as an experiment. My words were borne out by her testimony.

I grow enthusiastic, I perceive, but if I feel that way, why not express it? There are some defects in the story, to be sure. In my opinion it was a weakness to drag in the Carvel name and intrude the meaningless references to the Carvel family and Dorothy Manners—good enough people in their way, but not to be compared to their descendants. Then, too, we should like to know definitely what became of old Colonel Carvel. He is too good a character to be dismissed so lightly. And we should have appreciated a further word about the fascinating Colfax. There

are a few errors in proof-reading, also. While the pictures are charming, I question whether they accurately reproduce the dress of the time. Some of them have distinctly a present-day appearance.

These, however, are trifles which are lost sight of in the general excellence of the book. As a fellow alumnus of Mr. Churchill's college, I congratulate him on his work, which is at once the despair of other writers and their inspiration.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

THREE BOOKS ON THE BOER WAR

THE large mass of literature which has followed the war in South Africa has emphasized the changed conditions which have come over the vocations of author and correspondent. Men who have produced these volumes have in several instances been writers who already had made names in literature. In no other conflict of modern times have exactly similar conditions been seen, although participants in war have produced notable books in all the great conflicts since at least the Napoleonic era. Indeed, the wars of Napoleon led to books by officers rising even to the grade of marshal which remain among the most significant and valued that we have. Our own Civil War produced volumes quite as notable, chief among them all being, of course, the memoirs of Grant. The Franco-Prussian war was also marked by more than one

WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE. The Story of "The Friend" Newspaper, edited by the correspondents with Lord Roberts's forces, March to April, 1900. By Julian Ralph, with contributions from A. Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, and others, and a letter from Earl Roberts. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

MY EXPERIENCES OF THE BOER WAR. By Count Sternberg. Translated from the German with introduction by Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$2.00.

contribution, springing from sources of importance, while the Russo-Turkish war became perhaps more notable in this respect than any other since Napoleon's time. But none of these writers could be said to have achieved distinct names in literature before they went out to the conflicts of which they made chronicles.

The war in South Africa had scarcely become a certainty before a considerable number of authors packed their bags and sailed away as newspaper correspondents. Notable among those from America were Richard Harding Davis, James Barnes and Julian Ralph; notable from England were Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle. The result is that the published writings which have since flown from the press rise to a more interesting level from the literary side than had been reached before. I do not mean to say that Grant and Marbot, that Forbes and MacGaham, have been outdone, because there were indeed giants in those days who by personality and the conditions in which they labored accomplished deeds to which the work done in South Africa can scarcely hope to offer a parallel. It nevertheless remains true that when books on a war are produced by men already familiar to the reading public as authors, a new interest attaches to their productions. We come, therefore, to volumes written by Mr. Davis or Mr. Ralph with a certain sense of security and a personal interest that are novel.

Mr. Ralph's present volume, with its happy title, chronicles an experiment in journalism, which in its success, amply justified itself. Lord Roberts desired that a newspaper should actually be published in the presence of the army, and for its benefit. He called to his service naturally the men who were engaged there as correspondents of newspapers, and when the necessary funds had been secured for the enterprise, a matter of \$200 a week,

the work was taken in hand with the understanding that any profits which might result should be turned over to the families of British soldiers and sailors, who, as the affair finally resulted, became beneficiaries in the sum of nearly \$700. The paper received for its title "The Friend." Twenty-seven numbers were issued, and the amount of matter printed reached the large total of 270,000 words. Mr. Ralph, in his capacity of editor, has wisely condensed this matter into a volume comprising perhaps less than one-half that amount, selecting the articles of widest interest to general readers.

The interest which such a volume inspires is obvious. The men producing it were in a sense off duty; it was a sort of play time for them, and we everywhere catch notes of the joyousness with which their work was done. After it was all over Mr. Kipling caught the note of the entire enterprise when he said; "Never again will there be such a paper! Never again such a staff! Never such fine larks!" The volume opens with a chapter devoted to the birth of the paper, "showing how it was fathered by a field marshal, sponsored by a duke and three lords, and given over to four certificated male nurses." Even Tommy Atkins was permitted to have his hand in the work. But here, of course, Mr. Kipling was called in to revise and correct. The compositors were Boers, and what a time of it writers had with them over their proofs, a specimen corrected proof by Mr. Kipling beautifully shows. With Mr. Ralph for editor-in-chief, the lesser honors as associate editor fell to Mr. Kipling. But to James Barnes for a single number fell all the honors, since he produced that number, while the others left the office "to see a fight."

The title of the second volume in this list must have been chosen with a view to catching the reader's attention, and possibly with recollections of the melancholy

success of certain recent so-called "love-letters." If this subaltern actually addressed the various chapters of this book to his wife as letters, he was a very singular sort of husband. They are in no sense domestic bits of correspondence, but papers dealing with the serious side of the war, and are often extremely critical. They were obviously intended, not for home consumption, but for the world at large, in so far as the world would take interest in them. They have already provoked criticism in England and may well arouse keen interest here. The author was attached to a body of fighting men who seem to have borne some resemblance to our own Rough Riders in the war with Spain—men composed of many nationalities and races, all possessed of indomitable courage even to the point of daredevil, and to whom fighting was not a terrible task so much as a source of wild delight.

Out of this experience has come the most striking of the author's criticisms. Conditions in war he holds to have changed the source of the best soldiers. Drill and tactics, such as are taught in the regular army, he thinks to have been misapplied, at least when applied to the highest type of soldier, since they have reduced him to conformity and routine, making one man about the equivalent of another. Personal bravery and skill in the use of arms are lost sight of. It is the best shot nowadays, as this subaltern holds, who makes the best soldier, at least in the British army, where natural courage seems to be almost the birthright of every man who enlists. It thus has come about that a civilian who can hit the mark may do more effective service than the highly-drilled regular. Marksmanship and intelligence have become qualities of highest value, so that, in handling the rifle as well as in aiming or firing a gun on ship, the man behind the gun is the factor which counts. The author carries his point so far that he re-

inforces it with the statement that in the Boer war the only troops who ran away were regulars.

Other points to be found in this volume are perhaps equally interesting, though not quite so pertinent in great matters. Of the women of the Transvaal he writes to praise their valor, which reached the point sometimes of fanaticism. Strong, fierce and uncompromising as they were, they became a great element in Boer aggression and resistance. Of one woman he records that she said to her husband: "Go and fight; I can get another husband, but not another Free State."

Count Sternberg's volume scarcely makes such strong claims to attention as the two others. He seems to have had no fixed convictions as to the merits of the war, and, experienced soldier though he is, discloses indifference as to which side he served so long as he had an opportunity to be in the thick of it. There is life in his narrative, and yet it is simply related. At the outset he had farsightedness. He was in London when the war began, and at a dinner party where he expressed his wish to join the Boers, was assured that before he arrived on the scene the war would be over. When he advanced an opinion that at least 150,000 men would be needed to win success for England, he "became the laughing stock of the party." He has pleasant things to say, both of Boers and British, and unpleasant things as well. The volume makes a readable narrative, and while it here and there brightens up various aspects of the story, it scarcely leads one to alter any conclusions he may have previously formed.

Francis W. Halsey.

VICTOR HUGO'S LOVE LETTERS

AND these are Hugo's love letters! On laying aside this book some such disappointed cry is sure to spring from

those who know and appreciate the man who came nearest, in the nineteenth century, to occupying the post of primate in literature, held by Voltaire in the eighteenth. What a pity, we must feel that Madame Lockroy should have discovered the yellow, time-stained packet in that old trunk, one day! What a thousand pities she sent it to M. Meurice! We feel thus because the letters contained therein (written in 1820-22) betray such stammerings of a formative period as should have been allowed to remain in the gracious cell of oblivion prepared for protoplasms. "Letters of Early Manhood, Virtue, Love." Yes, so they are; nevertheless they show the young lover to be but an awkward one, abandoning himself with bucolic ardor to the object of his desire. They are not the letters of Marius to Cosette. Victor Hugo was not one like Keats, who, "turning grandly on his central self, ensphered himself in twenty perfect years." He grew to be great. And what is in the making is not for a public spectacle. Whether posthumous volumes of personal literature (*littérateur intime*, the French call it, with finer distinction) should be given to the world at large is a question which it seems useless to discuss, but quite apart from any moral issue and solely from a literary point of view, ought it not to be considered very outrageous, on the death of an artist, to exhibit those first rough drafts which he, living, far outgrew?

You do not feel the absence of a glossary in this volume—the letters tell little of Hugo's political, literary or personal life. "They are solely about love," cries M. Meurice in a sort of ecstasy. Now "love," as we all know, is a word continually rolled under the tongues of a multitude of men and women these days, but it is

to be feared that, like Ben Achmed's cheer, it means fish to one, flesh to another, and fowl to a third. Besides, Adèle Foucher, as her devotée makes her stand forth, does not readily catch hold of you. Repeatedly he complains that it is almost impossible for him to express any opinion, to defend any idea, without discovering signs of displeasure on her countenance. It is obvious that what Adèle enjoyed was her former playmate, not the ambitious young writer who would be "Chateaubriand or nothing!" Perhaps this very trait of irresponsiveness or incapacity throws a psychological side-light on the kind of estrangement which, over a decade later, manifested itself between Madame Victor Hugo and her husband; and, listening to her lover's praises of her charms, we are tempted to ask: "Was the lady such a lady?" Just here, however, it may be only fair to quote the words spoken over Madame's grave after forty-six years of wedlock: "She was the wife of the greatest man that lives—and her heart was on a level with his genius."

At his wedding-breakfast Leopold Hugo (Victor's father), holding up a wineglass, said to his witness, Pierre Foucher, "Do you have a daughter; I'll have a son; and we'll set them up in housekeeping some time or other. Here's to their health!" Yet, in after years, when this jovial declaration proved itself prophetic, the conjunct housekeeping arrangement was effected only by means of young Victor's obstinate devotion to the struggle with opposition that was bound to mark the great patriot-poet's career. M. Foucher, head clerk in the War Office, had nothing but his salary to live upon; Adèle would receive no *dot* on her marriage. Victor's worldly condition was even less flattering. He lived for a whole year in a poor lodging in the midst of bustling Paris on seven hundred francs! Naturally, there was opposition, both on the part of the Hugos

and of the Fouchers. Victor, however, seemed to find a bitter joy in braving destiny. He looked a child, but must needs conquer men. These were the days when he had that duel (it will be remembered the author made use of the occasion when he created Didier) with an officer of the *gardes-du-corps* who tore a journal he had half read out of his hands in a café at Versailles. These, too, were the days when the light began to dawn. Alexandre Soumet, in behalf of the Académie des Jeux Floraux, wrote congratulating the young poet on "the prodigious hopes he held out to French literature;" and when, in June, 1822, a volume of his collected poems appeared under the title, "*Odes et Poésies diverses*," its success was rapid. Louis XVIII read the Odes; he, also, read an intercepted letter in which Hugo offered an asylum to a friend of his childhood implicated in the conspiracy of General Berton. The King was touched, and allowed the author a pension of a thousand francs from his privy purse. In October the marriage of Mlle. Foucher to her determined lover took place, thereby affording one more proof of the dictum, "*Vouloir fermement c'est pouvoir*."

"My Adèle," exclaims Hugo, well on towards the close of the Letters, "each time that I write you, a fresh struggle occurs in my heart against the insufficiency of words . . . but if you love me, you must *know* all that I yearn to tell you, you must be able to supplement the failure of the words *love, adoration, idolatry*, to picture what I feel for you."

That is the whole matter in a nutshell; and that is why it must ever be foolish and idle to publish mere love letters, as such. They are locked doors. The key is held only by the elect one. Love cannot be described. It can but be stated. Those who have never loved would not understand a description of it. Those

who have—to them any description would be inadequate.

And so, this volume seems to answer no purpose. The Browning love letters, in spite of the censure to which they were subjected, enhanced, not impaired, the reputation of the writers; students of psychology found in them rarely interesting material for a study of life, and lovers of their poetry rejoiced in such a mental photograph of the poets. The Love Letters of Bismarck have their value too—they disclose to many a new and unsuspectedly charming side in the Man of Iron. But Hugo? Whoever for a second doubted that he who made a Marion Delorme to cry, in the transfiguration of her human soul, "*L'amour m'a refait ma virginité!*" had failed to comprehend, and set high value by, the miracle called Love? Nobody ever doubted it. As to additional literary laurels, did Hugo stand in any need of them? If the simple outcome of his talent had been "*Notre Dame de Paris*" or "*Les Misérables*," he would still rank among the foremost masters of prose fiction; if he had produced only plays, he would still be remembered as the author of "*Hernani*," and "*Ruy Blas*"; if we possessed nothing from his pen except "*Les Chatiments*" or "*La Légende des Siècles*," or even "*L'art d'Être Grand-père*" or "*La Pitié Suprême*," he would still be the greatest French poet of our times.

And here—because space has its economies of demand—perhaps it would be well to have recourse to Balzac's famous saying: "Victor Hugo! Why, he is an entire universe—let us talk of him no more."
Virginia Leila Wentz.

BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION AND BOOKS OF CHARM

CERTAIN books of travel, national traits and customs, and books of nature should be bound in red covers, uniform

with Baedeker, so that one might know them at once for what they are, and pack them in one's portmanteau to be consulted when the time comes, along with maps and pocket Meisterchafts.

There is a public—a sober, earnest and thorough public—whose hunger for information ranges all the way from the statistics in the Almanack to the elucidation of the Occult, and it is to this public that such books directly appeal. Then again, fiction is not always adequate to the need for being taken out of themselves and the dreary monotony of their surroundings which comes so insistently to people in lonely places. The every-day life of real people in other countries, their ways, their houses and modes of dress, all are of absorbing interest. The book need not add anything to the wisdom of scholars, nor contain any new facts, if it is written readably, from the point of view of personal observation—if, as children say, it's really true.

The series of books about life in foreign countries, which is being published by the Putnams, fills just such a requirement. The series is called "Our European Neighbors," and the three books already out are, *French Life in Town and Country*, by Hannah Lynch; *German Life in Town and Country*, by William Harbutt Dawson; and *Russian Life in Town and Country*, by Francis H. E. Palmer. The Russian life, coming as it evidently does from a writer who knows his subject, is perhaps the most interesting, since he takes his reader back into the primitive life of the deep country where the average correspondent has had no access. The book is illustrated by photographs taken by the author. Photographs from life,

and reproductions of famous "genre" pictures illustrate the French and German books, making them particularly attractive.

To such books of information we pay a willing tribute. There are, however, books that suggest an earlier day, when instruction was the only pardonable excuse for a book, and literary value was less important than the moral in hand. We remember Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' first contribution to the *Youth's Companion*, which began, "Julia loved the country, because when she went out into it she saw God in the face of nature." This fragment is certainly literary, but it somehow fails to charm. In *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny, the Life Story of Two Robins*, the author, Effie Bignell, has described her experiences with two pets, and it will interest many children. Only an overwhelming weakness for birds can possibly induce a grown-up with critical perceptions to consider himself enthralled by this book. Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson has spoiled us for lesser things.

One turns joyfully to an entirely different variety of book, one which may deal with travel, autobiography, or the moon, of which facts are neither desired nor expected, and which is just as likely to misinform as not. To this type of book all things are forgiven, if it has charm. To it belongs most of the literature that we have best loved, from "Prue and I" to "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Golden Age," from "The Delectable Mountains" to "Penelope," though Penelope is apt to be conscientious about facts when they stare her imperatively in the face. These are the books that take us back "to breathe again, if only for a moment, the airs of our youth."

FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Hannah Lynch. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.20.

GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By William Harbutt Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.20.

RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Francis H. E. Palmer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.20.

MR. CHUPES AND MISS JENNY. By Effie Bignell. The Baker and Taylor Company. 12mo, \$1.00.

THE CROW'S NEST. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). Dodd Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

It does not in the least matter that we have never been banished to a garden in the Himalayas and that we come to *The Crow's Nest* with a suspicion and a prejudice of gardens inspired in us by Elizabeth, which only our confidence in the author of "An American Girl in London" can so far overcome as to make us enter at all. We are surprised and relieved to find that we are not expected to enjoy it, at first, at all. The lady herself resents it. She looks at you with humorous gray eyes—somehow we are sure her eyes are gray—and repeats in italics—"but to remain! The word expands, you will find, as you look into it. My eye is to find its entertainment all day long in bushes—and grass. All day long. They have not locked the doors, that might have been negotiated. They have put me on my honor. I am depressed to think that my garden is only less remote than Eve's. Simla. What is Simla? An artificial little community which has climbed eight thousand feet out of the world to be cool. Who ever leaves Charing Cross for Simla? Who among the world's multitudes ever casts an eye across the Rajputana deserts to Simla? Does Thomas Cook know where Simla is? No; Simla is a geographical expression, to be verified upon the map and never to be thought of again, and a garden in Simla is a vague and formless fancy, a possibility, no more."

But it is neither to hear about Simla, nor about the flowers, that we willingly take root in the Himalayan garden. It is much more to look off across the blue distances and to agree that it would be difficult to recognize a photograph of one's own foot, and to condemn the Average Woman and hearth seats, and the "kindness" of the confirmed visitor-to-the-sick whom one could barely tolerate when one was in the fullness of health, but whom one must endure stoically and thank into the bargain for coming to see

one in one's fallen estate, thus helping her to go away better pleased with herself than ever. And it is only fair to state that the invalid-visitor is the only invalid that appears in the book. The occupant of the garden left her invalidism behind her when she stepped out into the garden.

Penelope's Irish Experiences, being foot free and untrammelled by the dictates of a Tiglath-Pileser, are much more active. The philosophy is less meditative, has a brisker youthfulness. Penelope, Francesca and Salemina's journeyings into the imagination are always accompanied by actual geographical progress, which certainly lends a spirit to journeyings that cannot be competed with in journeyings around one's room, even when one's room is a garden, with a fifty mile view of the plains.

It was evident that a book must be devoted to the love affairs of Salemina, Penelope and Francesca having been disposed of, and no one who has followed the three in their earlier pilgrimages through England and Scotland will be able to resist them from the moment they set foot on the green sward of Ireland, to the moment in which Penelope helps to precipitate the refractory pair of middle-aged lovers, and, in bringing to a happy conclusion their twenty years of faithfulness, brings to an end, for the public perhaps, Penelope's cheerful journeyings.

Marguerite Tracy.

BOOKS AND PLAYS AND WRITERS

AMONGST the readers of books with whom reading is not a profession, there are few whose opinions are founded

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.25

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

on absolute knowledge, acquired through searching study at first hand. These non-professional readers, of course, constitute the large majority of those for whom books are written. Their opinions, carefully analyzed, appear very often to be mainly the reflected ideas of the instructed friend or critic whose point of view is most congenial with their own. A volume of sane, judicious, intelligent criticism not only interests them for its own sake, but imparts something of the pleasurable sensations which comes from seeing one's own most sensible thoughts in print—albeit they are written down by some one else.

The writer of criticism who can produce this effect does a good service to many of his contemporaries. He is like a good talker who makes his listeners feel that they have contributed largely to the value of his discourse. A part of the skill which Professor Matthews has used in this new volume bears fruit in the sense of acquiescence and sympathy which he inspires. He says what some of us have thought—but adds that quality of conviction which comes from a wide familiarity with chapter and verse best calculated to point the remarks he is making. His touch is light, rather than superficial, but it opens the doors to many chambers of which the casual reader knows the existence rather than the contents. Three of the twelve essays printed and read at various times since 1890, and now first brought together, have to do with the drama—its relation to literature, its conventions, its criticism by Mr. William Archer. The sympathy with which these themes are treated extends to the more purely literary subjects. The opening essay on the Historical Novel needs no date to show that it was written just before the recent invasion of fiction by the industrious writers of our current romances. No less interesting on this account, however, is the author's brief sur-

vey of the evolution of the historical novel, or his thesis that the work of fiction is great never because of its historical setting, but rather in spite of it—always excepting the cases in which the writer describes the contemporary history of his own race. When it does deal with the past, and still wins distinction, the success is due either to the purely human interest of the characters, or to the romantic plot—never to the historical background. Surely this is a timely critical canon; and it is equally well to be reminded that admiration for a historical novel, as such, is no proof of superior intelligence on the part of readers, who too often deceive themselves into thinking that a pill of so-called fact is beneficial to the mind, when it is only the sugar-coating of fiction that tickles the fancy.

A BOOK ABOUT MR. BERNARD SHAW

MR. BERNARD SHAW has published a new volume of prefaces containing also three new plays. They are good plays, well conceived and well executed, interesting, full of movement and originality, and with some fine touches of character drawing. Indeed, it is safe to say that without them the book would not be the book it is. But, after all, it is the prefaces that count. In these Mr. Shaw has a character to portray which is worthy of his steel, and he can do it unhampered by technicalities. With Bernard Shaw in the centre of the stage, and his admirers ranged round him in solemn silence, while strains of low music quiver up from the orchestra, one can almost hear him give his boastful vindications:

Why should I get another man to praise me when I can praise myself? I have no disabilities

THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS. By George Bernard Shaw: Being the third volume of his collected plays. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

to plead ; produce me your best critic, and I will criticize his head off. As to Philosophy, I taught my critics the little they know in my "Quintessence of Ibsenism": and now they turn their guns—the guns I loaded for them—on me, and proclaim that I write as if mankind had intellect without will, or heart, as they call it. Ingrates: who was it that directed your attention to the distinction between Will and Intellect? Not Schopenhauer, I think, but Shaw.

There is quite a new type of humor in these prefaces, and they are interesting and very, very clever. In one of them Mr. Shaw remarks: "I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner, because I *can*;" but he does not give us any reason for his writing plays. Though his prefaces are more or less frankly humorous, his plays are not farces, nor are they supposed to be funny; the humor in them is mostly confined to the stage directions. But are we to take Mr. Shaw seriously as a playwright? Yes, for in spite of himself he deserves it. The dramas in this volume read well, and hold the interest from first to last. "The Devil's Disciple" is as strong and stirring on the printed page as when it was acted with such success by Mr. Mansfield three years ago; "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is not meant to be travesty, but if it were it would be excellent; "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" contains the delightful character of Lady Cicily which would make even a dull play worth reading, and this play is not dull. The plays should not be judged by the palaver and blare of the prefaces. Taken by themselves they show an excellent sense of proportion, and a much truer conception of life than the prefaces would lead one to expect.

Henry David Gray.

A FAMILY PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND

MATERIALISM and the pride of youth are fast crushing out the manners and ideals which once made

social intercourse a succession of graceful events stimulating and uplifting in influence. The proverbial "gentleman of the old school" has almost become an historical personage, so rare is his appearance in the mad rush of modern society. When he does appear, his rightful place as the centre of attraction is generally usurped by youth, upon whose apotheosis all the world seems intent.

To those of us that regret the passing of old traditions and old-fashioned courtesies, *Home Thoughts* makes a strong appeal. The thirty-one chapters were originally printed in the New York *Evening Post*, and have now been made into a book, which every mother, wife and daughter in the land should read. The author treats home subjects of interest to women of all ages and conditions: the relation of parents and children concerning marriage, the relation of the mother to her son's wife and her daughter's husband, living up to the wedding presents, the lady of the house, the homelessness of certain married women, mistresses and maids, the eldest born, disagreeable children, children as judges, the snares of useless regret, wives as partners, the etiquette of family life, the moral responsibility of entertaining, and a dozen other matters close to the hearts of women.

The author gives complete evidence of what Mrs. Carlyle said women rarely possess: straightforwardness and clear-sightedness. Her point of view is sane, her judgment wise. If the spirit of her words informed the hearts of more women of to-day, how true it would be that "marriage, when it is marriage at all, is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love;" how humbly would women assume the responsibility of bearing and rearing immortal souls:

HOME THOUGHTS. By C. — A. S. Barnes & Co. 12mo. \$1.50.

how strenuous would be their endeavor to create that greatest of earthly blessings, a happy home!

The chapter called "A Neglected Subject of Education" is particularly suggestive. How many mothers and fathers are there who are wise enough and on terms of enough confidence with their children to discuss with them the grave responsibilities following upon marriage? To how many daughters is maternal instruction given to guide their own children wisely through the pitfalls and temptations of youth? How many families observe the niceties of social intercourse so that refinement and good breeding are the atmosphere from which children go forth into the world? Happy the daughters, proud the sons, who have in their mother a friend and guide like the author of this book. Such a woman teaches loyalty to the highest standards, temperance, gentleness, courage, all that makes for the best in life.

C. S.

AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS

UNTIL more headway shall have been made in exploration of the ruins of Yucatan and Honduras, knowledge of aboriginal America must rest practically where it is, since the civilization they represent was by far the highest, as it probably was the earliest, of which this continent retains any trace, and offers about the only present hope of obtaining any concrete, consecutive record of the great nations of this Newer or perhaps Older World. The contributions of the modern North American Indian tribes to the history of the continent have at best been vague, mythical and meagre. Altogether, they furnish enough in the way of tradition and ceremonial to encourage belief in universal brotherhood, though ethnology has traced some more definite kinship.

Light from without is even more dim. In P. De Roo's *History of America Before Columbus*, however, we have a work of exemplary patience, a most laborious compilation of what is thus far recorded, not alone of the first Americans themselves, but of visitors to these shores, from whatever quarter, time out of mind. In the first of his two octavo volumes the author treats of the aborigines, but with his gaze always turned to the East, naturally enough, since his work avowedly looks toward demonstrating a Christianization of America by Catholic agencies, long before the caravels of the Genoese crossed the sea. All of knowledge or theory that can be employed is devoted to that end—setting back the Roman claim to precedence on this continent, some eight centuries or more.

The author has read everything from the secret records of the Vatican, as he says, the richest of historical treasures, through a world of codices and chronicles, down to the latest theorizings of American local historians, and has culled from them all. The list of his sources is a chapter itself. If, as he with some reason seems to fear, the *odium theologicum* has pervaded and at times perhaps warped his work, the industry with which he has brought out from old books and forgotten records, inaccessible to most men, a vast amount of curious information, and the care with which he has sifted it and put the residuum together, more than make amends. If his purpose is too single to permit strict impartiality, at least it is a righteous one.

He first masses authority and argument to dissipate the notion that the early races of America were autochthonous. Citing in turn all the theories of origin, he seems in the main to share with Win-

HISTORY OF AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS. According to Documents and Approved Authors. In 2 volumes. By P. de Roo. Vol. I: American Aborigines. J. B. Lippincott Co., 8vo, \$6.00, net.

chell the belief that the North American tribes were pre-Adamite, and of Mongoloid derivation. There is hardly a doubt that the Tartars and Scyths were among the first ancestors of our American Indians. The indications of Turanian descent in them are strong. Witness the language, features, eyes, hair, frame; the beardless faces, the cold, impassive temperament, the tendency to cruelty. Payne says: "The Turanian man has reached his perfect development in Kentucky and Virginia." The Scyths, it is interesting to know, scalped their victims. The Mexican *teocallis* or great altars had the same truncate pyramid form employed by certain Brahman sects in Siam. There is inscription of Chinese character in the wonderful ruins of Palenque. For all this Asiatic invasion not alone is it proven that the Aleutian Islands served as a bridge, but the passage of the Pacific by ships from China and Japan is tolerably well established.

But in speculation on the source of the Yucatecan and Peruvian civilization there is even wider latitude, which is serviceable for the purpose of the author's thesis. The rise of Babylonia and Assyria made wanderers of one of the most highly civilized of Asiatic peoples—the Sumeri. That they went as far as India is certain. The inference urged upon the reader here is that they did not stop in Hindustan, but carried their civilization to Yucatan and Honduras. In all parts of America adjacent to the Isthmus of Darien, there are traceable from the earliest times certain pre-Christian traditions. The Deluge is one of these, the Tower of Babel and the Confusion of Tongues is another; the Garden of Eden, the Tree and Serpent superstition, the Temptation and Fall of man—all these things are found full-fledged.

There are other indications, not so much a part of the author's theological argu-

ment, but none the less corroborative, which he mentions but does not emphasize, such as the worship, by the victor, of the gods of all the vanquished, which was a well established custom among the Assyrians and Babylonians, inherited without doubt, from the people of Sumeri and Akkad. There was also the science of making auguries from the entrails of sacrifices, which was thoroughly characteristic of western Asia. The phallic form of worship, evidence of which is most conspicuous in the ruins of Uxmal and Chichen-itza, he omits all reference to, including it inferentially, no doubt, under the general debasement which befel the Yucatecans in the progress of time, and which he contends was a departure from primordial inspiration. It assuredly prevailed, nevertheless, in Western Asia at the time of the Sumerian downfall.

But passing beyond the traditions which parallel Genesis, the author shows by numberless quotations that among our aborigines, long before any recorded advent of Christian explorers to the Atlantic side of the continent, there were distinct evidences of a contact, at some point, with the instructions of Christianity. "The Catholic Church," says the author, "has always considered as the basis of her teachings the same primeval truths which our aborigines seem to have preserved from the time of original revelation. In the intensely religious communities of Mexico and its neighborhood, especially among the Pueblo Indians, there was handed down a belief in the triune God, a Father, Son and Holy Spirit (which was the Sun) and a Mother; the knowledge of the Immaculate Conception of God the Son was widespread. In the celibacy of the priesthood, in pilgrimages and in funeral rites the true faith was bodied forth, though dimly. Even Palenque has its Christian emblems. For the explanation of all these, which are of too

ancient introduction to be attributable to any visitation from Christian Europe, resort is had to the hardly sustained theory that St. Thomas the Apostle, journeying eastward from Palestine for the evangelization of Asia, shortly after Christ's death, followed the path which Sumerians and Tartars had taken, and himself came, with his companions, to the Isthmus empire and the Peruvian coasts. If not authoritative, this assumption is at least interesting, and is upheld with all the applicable literature extant.

Thus Mr. de Roo leads down to the mysterious advent in Yucatan of him who was known as Quetzalcoatl, a bringer of new civilization, whom the natives first deified and then overthrew; who went away again to the East whence he came, having foretold that after six hundred years others should come who would take possession of the land. When Montezuma, after feeble resistance, yielded to the advance of Cortez and his Spaniards, it was in the belief that the prophecy of Quetzalcoatl had been fulfilled.

The author's next step, to which much space is devoted, is to show that Quetzalcoatl was an Irishman, and that long before the Scandinavian exploration of the Eastern coast of America Irish priests had carried Christianity to the islands and the far shores of the sea. As in the former cases, he precludes the demonstration with facts, and some fictions, to prove that there was free and frequent communication between the eastern and western shore of the Atlantic, from history's very dawn. The arguments and writings regarding Atlantis, and the usual reference to the Basques of Spain as being of American origin, the Platonian description of the western world, in the "Critias," and many geological reasonings, all are reviewed. Sanchoniathon, the Phœnician historian, who 2,300 years before Christ had accurate knowledge of the Western

Continent; Dante, who in the *Divina Commedia* discovered America two hundred years before Columbus; the belief that even Egypt itself was settled from America, and the discoveries of Schliemann at Hissar-lik, which add to the proofs of it; all these and many more are discussed.

Then the objective point is reached. Celtic nomadism found expression in St. Brendan, who sailed from Ireland into the Western Sea, to Iceland, to Greenland, and had an island of his own, which appeared on all the mediæval maps. The theory here held is that St. Brendan and his companions reached America, invaded it perhaps as far as the Ohio River, then returning reared the cross in Greenland and Iceland; that other Irish voyagers followed, passing as far to the south and west as Mexico. Humboldt believes that the high priests or *papas* of Iceland came from America, and that they were Irish. By this word *papa* much store is set, inasmuch as it was the name by which Quetzalcoatl and his priests were known to Yucatan and Peru. There is strong suggestion, too, in the white robe he wore, which was the costume of the early Irish priests wherever they officiated, whether in Germany, Iceland or Mexico—or Ireland.

In the light of the presentment here made from the old ecclesiastical and other documents, Columbus looks like a sailor-man of yesterday, navigating a route which a multitude had traversed before him, toward a land which for centuries had been known to all Northern sea rovers, part of it as Ireland the Great, and part as Vinland the Good. In the eleventh century, Mr. de Roo says, the attractions of the country were known all over Northwestern Europe. Long before that Feargal, an Irish priest preaching in Germany, proclaimed the sphericity of the earth. Pope Zacharias ordered that he be

examined. Feargal defended himself with such force of argument and fact that he was elevated to the See of Salzburg.

There was the Welshman, Madoc, too, who in 1170 came to America, and, certain writers believe, went to Mexico. Traces of the Welsh tongue are found among several of the Indian tribes. Some affidavits, indeed, are presented, of Welshmen who, in Virginia, Illinois and other parts of the United States have carried on conversation with the Indians in the Welsh tongue. In one part of his argument Mr. de Roo speaks of the outcroppings of the Irish speech in the Indian tribes of the Northeast. Inasmuch as he has in the earlier chapters endorsed the

theory of Tartar origin for the Indians, it would be interesting to know what disposition he would make of the statement of O'Donovan, who on his famous journey to Merv was deeply impressed with the Irish cast of countenance of certain tribes of Turkomans, and their use of words and practice of customs with which he had been familiar from boyhood, in his home in the west of Ireland.

A large and interesting part of Mr. de Roo's second volume is given to telling over again, with amplification from original documents, the story of the Scandinavian occupation of America, and a larger part to the rise and decline of Christian civilization in Greenland. J. K. M.

SUMMER NOVELS

THE flood of historic fiction still pours in. The clash of swords, the glint of daggers, the hand-to-hand struggles of combatants, and the sometimes inextricable commingling of plots and counterplots leave such a glut of action and incident on the mind that the reader may well be pardoned if he finds himself at times unable to keep up any sharp line of demarkation between the stories themselves, or differentiate accurately the native merits of their respective authors.

Among the few romances that stand out sharply from the mass may be mentioned *The Lion's Brood*, by Duffield Osborne. In the first place its period, people and incidents separate it from the outflow of half-mediæval or sixteenth- or seventeenth-century romances which have vied in popularity with those of the American colonial period during the past few years. The action of the story centres around Rome in the days when it was overrun by

Carthaginian legions under the great Hannibal; the *Lion's Brood* being the sons of the old Carthaginian leader, Hamilcar, of whom Hannibal himself was greatest. The story is told with marked vigor and dash. The pictures of the life of the times are vivid, and bear on their face an air of verisimilitude. The moment chosen is that in which the Romans were for the time cowed into seeming submission, and when some of Rome's highborn time-servers were knuckling to the Punic strangers. The young hero, Sergius, is one of those wonderful fellows who seem to reincarnate themselves at will in fiction, and of whose prototype actual history gives us a rare, occasional glimpse. The other leading personages are a young and beautiful Roman lady, who risks life and even reputation, intriguing for her country's benefit in the camp of the enemy, and a priest of the Carthaginian god, Melkart, who becomes infatuated with her, and whose juggling on her account with the oracles of his deity is

THE LION'S BROOD. By Duffield Osborne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

made to account for the delay in attacking the Romans which proved so fatal to Hannibal. This great general is made a figure to admire rather than love; brave, severe, pure of life, and touched by that sadness which foreshadows destiny. Altogether it is a strong story, well sustained and very dramatic.

Garcilaso, by J. Breckenridge Ellis, a story of the time of the Spanish Inquisition and of Columbus's voyage of discovery is another story of incessant action—the action of melodrama. The motive turns upon the love of the hero—Garcilaso—for a beautiful Italian lady, one of the small band of primitive Christians who inhabited Piedmonte, and who refused allegiance to the Church of Rome. Living in Spain she comes under ban of the Inquisition. In some of its aspects the story is revolting, and to make any part of it appear credible, one must divest oneself of all modern thought and feeling in the effort to understand a period of such incredible bigotry and abnormal cruelty.

In Search of Mademoiselle, by George Gibbs, is another romance of melodramatic interest, but with a difference. Mr. Gibbs, being an artist, he makes, as might be expected, a picturesque story. The particular setting, too, is one hitherto unsought in fiction—namely, that of the struggle between the French and Spanish for the possession of Florida, while the theme is the love of a young Englishman for a noble young lady of Huguenot family. The religious animosity between the two peoples within the new territory was quite as rabid as that shown in Spain; with the difference that the victims, through the aid of Indian allies and others, found somewhat better chance of escape. One feels that the author gave full

rein to his imagination unhampered by a too troublesome regard for historic text.

From these melodramatic scenes one turns with a sense of entering totally different ground, and touching almost historic fact in *A Soldier of Virginia*, by Burton Egbert Stevenson. It opens with the fortunes of a certain Stewart family in Virginia, whose ancestor left Scotland—after begging himself through adherence to the royal Stuarts—three generations before the hero is born. The hero serves with Washington in Braddock's army, and the disasters that befel that proud, wilful and brave man are depicted with a force that carries conviction. A charming love story runs throughout the tale, and the habits of the periods it covers are delightfully pictured. The literary quality of the story is refreshing. It marks the contrast between mere storytelling and that enhanced by the charm of an artistic use of language.

A State Secret, and other tales, by B. M. Croker, makes up a volume of ten short stories, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland. While these tales reveal no fresh outcome they are very well told, and in effect pleasing. They have neither the rollicking fun of some of the Irish tales of the older generations, nor the sparkle and incessant play that marked those of May Laffan at her best, nor yet the delicate fancy and pathos of the modern Celtic School, of which Jane Barlow is an exponent; and yet Mrs. Croker's stories are in another way racy of Irish life. We feel the things she tells could not have happened anywhere else, and she gives us real Irish speech. Not the clumsy, farcical bad spelling and misplacement of vowels commonly made to do duty for Irish brogue, but real native idiomatic speech.

GARCILASO. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. H. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE. By George Gibbs. H. T. Costes, 12mo, \$1.50.

A SOLDIER OF VIRGINIA. By Burton Egbert Stevenson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

A STATE SECRET. By B. M. Croker. J. M. Buckles, 12mo, \$1.25.

Mr. George Horton's is the latest name to be added to the long list which links the United States diplomatic and consular service to American letters. At one time Consul at Athens, he has utilized his experiences in *Like Another Helen*, a story of the last rising of Crete and of the concert of the Powers. His heroine is like Helen of Troy in beauty only; she lures men unconsciously, and in the ruin and rapine which surround her, she is a victim, not the cause. The American wandering abroad in search of adventure, or finding it without the seeking, has been a figure of growing importance in our fiction, since the West became civilized, and is woolly no more. We are expanding in territory, industry, commerce, and enterprise; therefore the American rescuing princesses, fighting for alien causes in romance, is but a reflection, a projection, one might say, of that very real countryman of his who builds bridges across the Atbara, furnishes locomotives to Japan, and rails to England. Mr. Horton's story of adventure has a novel background and surroundings, for which let us give thanks; it has a soldier of fortune of the best type in the person of the Swede, Peter Lindbohm, who goes wherever there is fighting, whether in the Argentine, in South Africa, or in China, and, above all, it has the merit, none too common nowadays, of being written by a man who has the literary instinct, and the power of description. So, while there is here all the fighting, adventure, and intrigue, all the heroism of the Cretans, all the cruelty of the Turks, the reader can possibly desire, Mr. Horton does not omit to give us a series of descriptions of the pastoral life of Crete, almost Homeric in its simplicity, which commend themselves to all who like good work. Again, in the opening chapter, there is a picture of falling night on the Attic

coast, which, an aquarelle rather than an oil-painting, is a little gem in its simple, effective way. Taken altogether, *Like Another Helen* is a novel that should not be classed with the mass of average fiction of the moment.

Lysbeth, A Tale of the Dutch, by H. Rider Haggard, carries us to the city of Leyden in the year 1544, when the destinies of the Dutch people were being worked out under the auspices of Philip II and William the Silent, respectively. It is mainly the story of the adventures, trials and final triumphs of a Burgher family, and through these we are made to witness what must have been the daily life panorama of the people of Holland during a period of as cruel suffering and persecution as ever fell to the lot of any nation under a foreign yoke. It is a painful picture, relieved by glimpses of family love and devoted friendship. As in all the many romances of that period now issued, the blackness of Spanish cruelty stands out unrelieved, until for very lack of anything like the shadings and variations which we know to belong to human nature at all periods, we first protest and then question the accuracy of the drawing. The literary style touches the author's best.

The world of young readers who have come to greet with pleasure anything from the pen of General Charles King will be likely to read with approval his *In Spite of Foes*. It deals with garrison life and the social conditions which cluster around it, of which this author has shown himself a master narrator. The story has the usual vigor, dash and charm, and hair breadth escapes; and ends in an uplift of happiness for the parties most active in bringing about its denouement.

LYSBETH, A TALE OF THE DUTCH. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

IN SPITE OF FOES. By General Charles King. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

LIKE ANOTHER HELEN. By George Horton. Illustrated. Bowen-Merrill Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

Max Pemberton's *Pro Patria* treats us to something really novel in a day of sensational romance, for he unearths from his imagination nothing less than a fiendish scheme put into operation by a half caste Englishman for placing London at the mercy of the French and thus subjugating the whole country. The author of this scheme is pictured as an engineer with a genius for construction on a large scale. With a vindictive soul smarting under innumerable snubs, inflicted on him because of his strain of African blood, he broods on revenge, and finally finds means of constructing a vast tunnel under the sea from Calais to Dover, and landing a French army unawares in London. Into this tunnel he tries to entrap a young Englishman whom he fancies had suspected his scheme. The latter, as by a miracle escapes, and explodes the story to unbelieving Englishmen. Subsequent adventures are as astounding to credulity as a leaf from the Arabian Nights. The chief interest of the story lies in the dreams it awakens of the possibility of such a scheme. It is cleverly told.

Another Woman's Territory, by Alien, has little to do with episodes of romantic interest, but indulges in much probing into the heart of events and situations of every-day life. It concerns itself with matters that might befall any family—even the proverbial best regulated ones. There is a brother who shames the women of his family by forgery; women who might die to screen him, but yet will not lie to cover what they regard as social degradation. There is the prolonged revelation of the estrangement of a husband and wife, both of whom try to do their respective duty—or what is conceived as such—to each other. And there is that other

personage—more common in life, perhaps, than in fiction—the unmarried woman whose sympathies are worked upon in the interest of the husband, and thus becomes the victim of her own unoccupied affections and vanity combined. Despite these tangled and somewhat *risqué* situations, the story strikes a severe moral tone and sustains it well to the end. The woman friend and the wife come face to face, and the scene between them is well worth reading. They are honest women both, and do not blink the truth from one another. More, each respects the other, and they become friends. This is a situation sure to make the cynical man smile derisively, and will as surely make the woman who really knows life nod approval to the firm touch of the author's hand. The style is both refined and vivid.

Philbrick Howell, by Albert Kinross, is another story of everyday life—in England. It deals with the rather pathetic childhood and early youth of a lad who knew no other home than that provided for him by friends. He develops more than average literary ability, and as he reaches manhood makes his mark. Through all his gropings his inspiration has been a playmate whom he loved and idealized. The unfolding of this girl's character affords the reader an interesting psychological play. From the start her quality may be more than suspected, for none but the poetic author-lover is really blind to it. The contrast between the two natures is admirably delineated, and the story is altogether rich in subtle touches. The tone is both leisurely and engaging, and the literary style much above the average.

Mr. Will Payne's *The Story of Eva* de-

PRO PATRIA. By Max Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY. By Alien. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

PHILBRICK HOWELL. By Albert Kinross. F. A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

THE STORY OF EVA. By Will Payne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., crown 8vo, \$1.50.

serves a hearty welcome, notwithstanding the somewhat melodramatic episode which the author has chosen for the turning-point in the realistic career of his chief characters. The book is honest, it deals with real people and real life, and it is admirably constructed and written. It boldly envisages one of the problems of existence for which the traditions of fiction know but one ending—retribution—whereas in reality the question of the breaking of the moral law and its consequences is far more complex. The woman, having left her husband for good reason, loves again, and forms an irregular union which leads, not to disaster, but to worldly advancement and respect. Their sin does not find them out, and ends in marriage. This situation is in itself sufficiently interesting to carry the book, but Mr. Payne has cleverly complicated it by a study of contrasts in character on sectional lines, the woman being of the West, strong, noble, but untutored, the man of decaying New England, the last scion of a house whose mental and moral strength has come to an end. Hence an estrangement, when they rise in the social scale, he to an environment where he belongs by birth, she to a strange world in which she flounders strangely. Mr. Payne has written a book that is worth reading, because there is thought in it and food for thought for others.

The authors of *On Peter's Island* have wisely kept their vivid tale well within the bounds of probability, and thereby enhanced its interest to the reader. Nihilist conspiracies we have had in numbers in fiction, often from English writers who never had seen Russia. Arthur R. Ropes and Mary E. Ropes, however, whose relationship towards each other, whether husband and wife, brother and sister, or father and daughter, is not indicated on

their title-page, furnish on every page of their story convincing evidence that they know Russian life and Russian conditions, revealing their knowledge incidentally in their picture of environment, which strengthens the action, but never usurps its place, but still more in the native characters they employ. There are two Americans in the story—oil refiners on Peter's Island in the Neva—a Polish adventurer, a weak, traitorous, degenerate son of a broken race, and two young women—enough to furnish an intricate but well handled love intrigue. But, after all has been said, it is the ingenious employment of Underground Russia, with an unmistakable knowledge of the facts, that makes the sustained interest of the story. It deals not with the Russia of melodrama, but with Russia as it really was in the reign of Alexander III.

Sir Christopher, Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin's new colonial story, is remotely connected with her "The Head of a Hundred." Hence in it appear the sons and daughters of the early pioneers she drew in that novel. Her present romance is of Maryland in the middle of the seventeenth century, of the feuds then raging in Virginia and Maryland between Roman Catholic and Protestant, Cavalier and Roundhead. The murder of a Jesuit priest, in truth, furnishes the incident around which revolves the whole plot of chivalry and villainy, of love and trust, of wrongful accusation and ultimate vindication. The tale reads well, Mrs. Goodwin having a knack of composing attractive pictures and telling climaxes—a sense for the dramatic without which a story of this kind cannot succeed. Hers is conscientious, scholarly, polished work, which slights no detail, and makes no mistakes in the appreciation of the values of her material. Her love stories—there is more

ON PETER'S ISLAND. By Arthur R. Ropes and Mary E. Ropes. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

SIR CHRISTOPHER. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

than one—are cleverly contrasted, the one of happy youth, with life all before it, the other of maturing manhood and womanhood, with suffering and trial to give it strength and dignity.

Miss Geraldine Anthony, makes her bow to the public holding in her very lady-like hand one of the Harper series of American novels, entitled *A Victim of Circumstances*. Miss Geraldine Anthony—more power to her elbow—would have been ranked by the great Dr. Johnson with “the charming S.S., a most agreeable rattle!” Her story deals with the fashionable New York of 1887, a sort of Dark Ages period, contrasted with the electrically-lighted “society” of to-day. It is a simple story enough of “vacuity trimmed with lace, and poverty proud of its purple clothing.” Half a dozen young persons cherish somewhat criss-cross and unmanageable love affairs, and an elderly Tartar, the dowager-duchess of her own Hudson River dukedom, and reigning autocrat of half New York besides, plunges purposes into confusion, or brings order out of chaos, as may happen. The story is pre-eminently “smart.” The young people talk with the glibness of youth, and with not a little of the polite effrontery that passes for cleverness, or even for wit, until it is cold. There is the clash of varying temperaments, very clearly delineated. There is the showing of the inexorable grip of tendency and environment on the very lightest of these agreeable trifles. There is even a strain, very lightly and skilfully touched, of pathos—almost of melancholy. Who is the victim of circumstances is not clear, all the characters seeming to receive a rebuff from Madame Fortune, in their dearest desires. Miss Anthony’s story is a capital summer-afternoon companion, entertaining with the fun of youth and

high spirits, with plenty of movement, kindly in mood, and clever in method. When she does something a great deal better, which her ability justifies her reviewers in expecting, she need not be ashamed of her first story—and this is high praise.

Life in the open, the healthful, invigorating air of the Virginian hills, a true love of horses, and an appreciation of the primitive virtues that are the coin current in the cattleman’s life—these are the elements that make Mr. Melville D. Post’s *Dwellers in the Hills* a book worth reading. It is a new country in fiction that he opens up to us, and we ride through it with delight in the company of his two stockmen and their young companion, learning by the way to love and appreciate their mounts as they do themselves, and growing more and more interested in the chances of success of their venture, which is to bring a herd of steers within three days to a certain point in the teeth of the unscrupulous opposition of their purchaser, who has discovered that he has made a losing venture. They win, though their chief is confined to his bed by a fall, another trick of a tricky enemy. Stout hearts and skill do not work alone, however; a woman’s brain assists them, unbeknown to them, in apparent league with their opponent, but in reality misleading him with love’s strategy. The story is an episode, nothing more, but it suffices for the filling of this book, which deserves a word of hearty recommendation.

When Mr. Justin McCarthy has time to spare from history-writing and law-making, instead of idling down the sweet shady side of Pall Mall, or traveling, or collecting, to quiet his nerves, he turns to and composes a novel. The list of these novels is now so long that it has disappeared from his title-pages. Presumably, however,

Mononia: A Love-Story of the Forty-eight, is the youngest of an intelligent family of at least three-score-and-ten numbers.

It is a narrative of the good old-fashioned kind, full of leisure, well-rounded out with the observations of the author, with the customary number of customary figures with speaking parts. Young lovers; inadequate and difficult heavy father; villain not too villainous—not at all a lion to fright the ladies; fraternal brother and sister of brilliant parts, which modesty compels them to conceal from the reader; an informer; Irish patriots in plenty; stern judge; a general atmosphere of young Ireland; and, finally, emigration to the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. The book is four hundred pages long, and there is not a line in it which Mr. Podsnap would hesitate to expose to the gaze of his Georgianna. The ladies of Cranford might well have rejoiced in it, feeling that they were tasting the wild adventurous flavor of life in desperate times.

There is no better king of good fellows living than Mr. McCarthy, but for romance, color, vividness, invention, one must go to his histories, leaving the statistical and the laborious to improve their minds and to sober their judgment with his fiction.

Alta California has yielded material for a good story of adventure to Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, an Englishman who was for many years a resident of the state, which has already furnished him subjects for more than one modern romance. Here he draws upon the past, the days of the Mexican, of the rule of *mañana*, of indolence, chivalry, political intrigue, and strong passions. His hero is an Englishman, who, with his well-born foster-

brother, proceeds to the Pacific coast in the early years of the century, there to be drawn into the politics of the day, and to fall in love with a charming señorita, who proves herself a noble, steadfast woman as well. The romance and the adventures are equally good of their kind, the pathetic ending being achieved with a happy hand. California in its Spanish days has been generally overlooked by American novelists. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has done the best work in this field, in "The Doomsman" and "Before the Gringo Came." Mr. Vachell is a less painstaking student, and the colors on his palette are far less glowing. But no comparisons need be drawn, for his book is, above all else, a tale of love and action.

The "American Novel Series" has progressed to its third number, *Martin Brook*, which carries its readers back to the first quarter of the century, and then forward to the close of the Civil War. The growth of the abolition sentiment is traced in it; the persecutions of its early advocates are introduced, but are not made so prominent as they might have been. The story of Martin Brook is the main interest, and he is a waif of the rural districts, adopted by the great man of the village, advancing from step to step until he gives up all he has gained to preach the negro's freedom. But half the story has been told before this point is reached, and the first half, it must be confessed, is a chronicle of small beer, conscientiously done, but not particularly enlivening. There is a runaway negro, and an exposition of the legal and ethical views of slavery held in the first half of the century by good men and true, including clergymen; but the reader feels that all this should have been compressed within half the space it occupies, and the later episodes expanded and added to. There

MONONIA: A LOVE-STORY OF THE FORTY-EIGHT. By Justin McCarthy. Small, Maynard & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

JOHN CHARITY. By Horace Annesley Vachell. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

MARTIN BROOK. By Morgan Bates. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

is so much more in the story of the abolition movement than this author has seen fit to tell.

Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler strengthens with each new book from his pen, his claim to the serious consideration of readers of American historical fiction. He is a conscientious student, therefore the foundations upon which he builds his romances are deep and sound; admiration of the men who made this country is of their essence, whether in the days of the Revolution, the war of 1812, or the struggle for the preservation of the Union. But, patriot in the widest sense though he be, his native state is ever present in his thoughts and fancies; the backwoodsmen of 1812, the pioneers of the close of the eighteenth century, have inspired him to do his best work. They live, these tall, lean Kentuckians, sons of hardship and danger, in "A Herald of the West," and again in *The Wilderness Road*, in which Mr. Altsheler takes us through the disastrous campaign of St. Clair, and Mad Anthony Wayne's victory. He skilfully employs the vast gulf then existing between the new freemen of the East and their silent brethren on the border of the wilderness, giving freer reign to his fancy in the weaving of his love-story than is usual with him. We have somewhat lost sight of the Indian as a factor in our national history and romance. Here, of course, he plays an important part, and we meet him again gladly, for he is still as he was in the days of Cooper, magnificent "material" for the novelist. Mr. Altsheler has steeped his book in the mystery of the eternal forests; their atmosphere pervades its pages; and the red men who were its children, and the pioneers who wrung it from them in the battle for a continent of which they bore the brunt, stand out in it, clearly, distinctly,

silent men of daring and determination, of suffering and duty.

The cry for *the* novel of New York, like that vainer one for the "great American novel"—the novel of a continent, if you please—is still raised periodically in academic circles. While waiting for the local masterpiece, we can well be satisfied for the moment with Mr. E. W. Townsend's *Days Like These*, which is a satisfactory picture of the whole range of our municipal life, from Cherry Hill and Hell's Kitchen to Fifth Avenue, and to even a ducal castle in England. The author of "Chimmie Fadden" knows *le dessous des cartes* as a New York newspaper man learns to know it; from the ward heeler to the boss himself, from the newsboy to the head of a trust, from a Grand Street millinery establishment to the Waldorf-Astoria—that refuge of the exclusive multitude—he takes us, backward and forward; and he does it so plausibly that we do not bother ourselves about the probability of his intricate plot. We rise by the golden links of an inheritance, accompanying two admirable *parvenus* into the great world, and learning by the way a good deal of the inwardness of our politics, the life of the other half, the methods of thieves and thief-catchers, the tyranny of the district leader, the growth of the consolidation of great business interests, and hundreds of other things which we accept as prosaic facts in our daily life, without considering their value as material for novels. Yet Mr. Townsend's book is good fiction from first page to last—worldly-wise but full of human kindness, optimistic and sunshiny. We may be more interested in the "scrapping" twins of Mrs. Cassidy, who sells papers at the bridge entrance, and in Micky (Kid) Cassidy, the middle-weight champion, the apple of her eye, than in the *grand monde*

of Gotham; but even there Mr. Townsend manages to give us a most interesting personage in Mrs. Polly Foster. *Days Like These* is a book to be read with pleasure, and to be remembered with pleasure, for it is optimistic and close enough to possible truths to satisfy the longing for realism of the average reader.

Back into colonial days does Jessie van Lile Belden take us in *Antonia*, which is a story of New Amsterdam, Rensselaerswyck, and the Dutch traders in the Mohawk Valley. For some reason or other, the novelists who have chosen this phase of a colonial history have thus far presented it as a period of peace and plenty, of Boeotian Dutch phlegm and successful sharp trading, whereas in reality the Dutch on Manhattan and along the Hudson had their full share of the strenuous life of the pioneers, in the matter of Indian wars. This is the subject selected by this writer for her romance, which is particularly well printed. There is no evidence in these pages of a profound story of Dutch manners, life and character—certain generalities, many of them erroneous, have come to be accepted, and to bear the stamp of tradition,—but the tale is mildly interesting, and its love story refreshingly naïve—so simple, indeed, as to cause a doubt regarding the author's seriousness. *Antonia* is a romance of the past, not a historical novel: it

fails as an interpretative study of the Dutch in America.

The Autocrats is a not particularly well-written and not particularly convincing picture of the methods by which a great financier attempts to secure for his own benefit a valuable street railway franchise in a Western city. It is a foregone conclusion, therefore, that among the characters in the book there are capitalists, politicians, lobbyists, newspaper men; while the fact that this is a novel makes patent the presence of a young woman to whom somebody makes love. The fact that the millionaire aspires to a United States senatorship brings his local politics into relation with national politics. Mr. Lush evidently knows what he is writing about, but so do all readers of the daily papers, and he reveals nothing that is dark and hidden. He is not a good novelist; his plot is somewhat invertebrate; he reports rather than narrates, and none of his types rises beyond mediocrity. The political novel requires masterly treatment if it is to succeed, for otherwise it falls at once into the ranks of journalism bound in cloth covers. This is the case with Mr. Lush's book, which is readable as a good newspaper "story" is readable. What can be done with a subject of this kind by a greatly gifted writer has recently been demonstrated by Mr. Norris, in "The Octopus."

ANTONIA. By Jessie van Lile Belden. L. C. Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE AUTOCRATS. By Charles K. Lush. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

565.—Can you tell me where I can find a poem descriptive of the burial of Alaric? It was a spirited recital of the turning from its bed of the river Busento, the interment of the chieftain on horseback, completely armed, and the leading back of the waters to hide the grave. I do not refer to Edward Everett's poem called "The Dirge of Alaric, the Visigoth." Can you also tell me whether the story is legendary, or founded on fact? Everett records a command of Alaric's for a river burial in order that no monument might ever be erected over him, but if I remember correctly, the poem I am in search of attributes the deed to the desire of Alaric's comrades that no enemy's eye should rest upon his tomb, or even learn that he had met the fate of common men.

L. H.

The story is legendary, yet it may be true. The most serious objection to it lies in the extreme difficulty of turning the course of a river, especially in a country like Calabria.

566.—Was not Boswell's "Life of Johnson" the first biography of note, excluding, of course, Plutarch's Lives? What was there earlier of a similar kind, if anything?

M. B. W.

Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography, for instance, and Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

567.—Will you, or some reader, tell me who is the author of a poem beginning with this stanza:

"Oh, he was pure! The fleecy snow,
Sinking thro' air to earth below,
Was not more undefiled!
Sinless he was as fleeting smile
On lip of sleeping child."

Or, can any one give me the other stanzas of the poem?

M. F.

568.—Can you give me any information with reference to an English novel probably called "The Sea-Horse Frigate"? The Sea Horse is the name of the frigate on which Nelson and one of his admirals served as midshipmen.

R. G. W.

569.—Can you inform me in which of Ruskin's works he criticizes Rossetti's poem, "The Blessed Damozel"?

F. H. P.

570.—Why was Andrew Marvell called "The British Aristides"? He seems to have rather made a flourish of his righteousness. Is it supposed that he made his contemporaries tired by that means, so that they felt toward him as did the fellow-citizens of "the Just" toward him?

E. M. O.

He refused to be bribed, resisted in Parliament the misapplication of public funds, fiercely satirized political "pulls," and died poor.

571.—(1) What is the best biography of Roger Williams, and where can I find the record of his descendants down to the present generation?

(2) Which of Swedenborg's works gives the essence of his philosophy?

(3) Which three of Balzac's novels would you recommend as most characteristic?

J. B.

(1) Perhaps that by William Gammell But see also the monographs by Henry M. Dexter and Oscar S. Straus.

(2) You will get it most readily if you consult the "Swedenborg Library," edited by B. F. Barrett, in small volumes, published by Claxton, Philadelphia.

(3) Perhaps *Père Goriot*, *Les Parents Pauvres*, and *Eugénie Grandet*.

572.—Can any reader enlighten me as to the authorship of a poem entitled "The Spirit of Gold," of which I have an apparently old manuscript copy? The first stanza is as follows:

"Mine is the rare magician's hand,
Mine is the mighty fairy wand;
Monarchs may boast, but none can hold
Such powerful sway as the Spirit of Gold.
The wigwam tent, the regal dome,
The senator's bench, the peasant's home,
The menial serf, the pirate's hold,
All, all are ruled by the Spirit of Gold."

R. C.

573.—(1) Can you give me the addresses of John Williamson Palmer and Isabel Barrows?

(2) Who is "Bright Eyes," and what has she written?

(3) Has the Indian, Dr. Eastman, ever written anything, and whom did he marry?

(4) What book was recently published regarding punctuation?

(5) Where can I procure autographs of Stephen Crane, Richard Hovey and R. Wildman?

T. Z.

(1) Dr. Palmer resides in Baltimore. Address Mrs. Barrows, in care of the "Christian Register," Boston.

(2) Dr. Eastman married Elaine Goodale in 1891.

(4) There are several.

(5) For Crane's, apply to his father, Rev. Mr. Crane, Newark, N. J. For Hovey's, to Bliss Carman, 140 Fifth Avenue, New York. For Wildman's to the editor of the "Overland," San Francisco.

574.—Please give me whatever facts you can concerning Matthew Bacon, the author of "Bacon's Abridgment."

F. A.

We do not know a single one.

575.—Is there any good Life of John Selden? His "Table Talk" I know, but have not been able to find anything but the merest outline of his life.

J. R. F.

John Aiken wrote one which was published in 1811, and there is one by G. W. Johnson (1835).

576.—Will you give me the pronunciation of Aymer in "Rose Aymer" and "Aymer's Field"?

A. N. C.

Pronounce it as if it were spelled Alemur.

ANSWERS

546.—(3) The astronomical work desired by T. E. H. is by R. A. Proctor, and was published in 1887 by the Putnams. The title is "Half Hours with the Stars."

A. C. W.

553.—(2) Chas. Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary of England (sister of Henry VIII), at a tournament in celebration of his marriage bore on his shield the motto:

"Cloth of gold, do not despise
Tho' thou art matched with cloth of frisee.
Cloth of frisee, be not too bold,
Tho' thou art matched with cloth of gold."

See Notes and Queries, Fifth Series, Vol. I, pp. 127, 183, 272.

R. M. H.

555.—(1) The ballad of "Mary Ambree," in Percy's "Reliques," begins:

"When Captaines Courageous whom death could not
daunte,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt."

A. N. C.

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